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CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ADVENTURES

OF THE RENOWNED

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN SPANISH,

BY THE LICENTIATE

ALONZO FERNANDEZ DE AVELLANEDA.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY WILLIAM AUGUSTUS YARDLEY, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON:
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MDCCLXXXIV.

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TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

IN the following pages the publick are presented with that Continuation of the History of Don Quixote, which is so frequently mentioned and reviled in the Second Part of the Knight's Adventures by Cervantes. How far this contumely is just, or how much of it may be attributed to other motives than those of dispassionate criticism, the generality of readers have hitherto had little opportunity of deciding. To many of them (and those, too, conversant enough with the Quixote of Cervantes) the existence of Avellaneda's work has probably been unknown: and the disadvantage they must have laboured under from the want of it, is too obvious to enlarge upon; since, without it, Cervantes himself frequently appears (like the doughty hero of his tale) combating a phantom of his own heated imagination. It has therefore always astonished me to observe, that, whilst a long succession of translators and printers seem to have vied with each other in improving and multiplying editions of Cervantes's Don Quixote in English, this Continuation by Avellaneda has never been more than once rendered into our language. The translation is now not very easily to be met with; and, when found, is dissatisfactory in point of style. If, by those who are acquainted with it, the present attempt shall be judged to possess some superiority in that particular, I shall esteem my labour sufficiently rewarded. With regard to Avellaneda, truth requires me to declare, that neither of the translations stand in the first degree of relationship: they are both copies from the French *. This circumstance is honestly avowed by Captain Stevens †, my predecessor in the undertaking; and the plea which he alledges in excuse for his conduct, will not, I hope, be condemned as frivolous, when applied to mine. In his preface, the Spanish original of Avellaneda is asserted to be scarce even in Spain; and my own enquiries all concur in confirming this assertion. 'In England,' adds he, 'it perhaps was never seen; at least, that I can hear of.'—I have, indeed, been somewhat more fortunate; I once obtained possession, for a few hours only, of the Spanish original: and I then discovered that the anonymous French translator had in some places rendered his author very paraphrastically. One story in the French, which I had noticed with more particular attention, as it is introduced by Mr. Pope in his Essay of Criticism‡, I searched for in the Spanish original;

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* The earliest edition of the French translation that I have met with, was printed at Amsterdam in the year 1705.

† I apprehend this Captain Stevens to be the person who translated from the Spanish a History of the Discovery and Conquest of India by the Portuguese; an edition of which translation was published in 1695, in three volumes octavo.

‡ The story above alluded to is to be found in Book III. Chapter 10. of this work; and is told by Pope as follows.

'Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
'A certain bard encountering on the way,
'Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
'As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage;

nal; but ſearched in vain. Such a diſcovery of interpolation in the Frenchman, at firſt almoſt determined me to commit to the flames the preſent tranſlation from him, in which I had then made conſiderable progreſs, and (as the procurement of a copy of the Spaniſh original remained a hopeleſs ſpeculation) to ſurrender my deſign to utter oblivion. As ſoon, however, as the vexation of diſappointment had ſubſided, my cooler reaſon could not help acknowledging, that light, though faint or refracted, was preferable to abſolute darkneſs; that to ſee, though through a medium ſomewhat diſtorted, was ſtill better than to be blind; and that, upon any ſubject whatſoever, the beſt evidence that the circumſtances would admit of, was always deſirable. I therefore returned again to my work: how far I have been wiſe in judgment, or ſucceſsful in execution, it remains with a candid publick to determine. My ſole motive for undertaking it was the deſire of rendering acceſſible and amuſive, an author, whoſe connection with Cervantes, had he no other claim to immortality, ſeems to require that his book ſhould not be forgotten. I will not affront the obſervation of my readers, by pointing out the various paſſages in which he is alluded to in the ſecond part of that author's Don Quixote; but I cannot forbear requeſting they will refer to Book IV. Chapters 7. and 20. which will be found particularly relative and ſtriking. In the mean time, I muſt crave leave to remark, that if I may be ſuffered to indulge any confidence in my own judgment, or in the concurrent deciſions of ſeveral literary friends; the intrinſick merit of Avellaneda, at leaſt as he appears under the hands of his French paraphraſt, is alone ſufficient to recommend him to notice. Who this paraphraſt was, I confeſs I am in ſome degree doubtful. Dr. Warton, in his Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, Vol. I. page 144, Edit. 1772, mentioning the ſtory of Don Quixote which that poet has introduced in his Eſſay of Criticiſm, informs us, that the incident is taken from the Second Part of Don Quixote, firſt written by Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, and afterwards tranſlated, or rather imitated and new-modelled, by no leſs an author than the celebrated Le Sage. 'The book,' continues he, "is not ſo contemptible as ſome 'authors inſinuate; it was well received in France, and abounds in 'many ſtrokes of humour and character worthy Cervantes himſelf.' Dr. Warton then proceeds to relate at length the latter part of the dialogue between Don Quixote and the ſcholar, for which he refers us, in a note, to 'Continuation of Hiſt. of Don Quixote, B. III. Ch. 10.' and, according to this reference, it will be found in Captain Stevens's tranſlation before-mentioned. It is evident, then, that Dr. Warton conſidered the French book from which the preſent work is tranſlated, as the production of Le Sage; and yet, notwithſtanding

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'Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools,
'Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
'Our author, happy in a judge ſo nice,
'Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
'Made him obſerve the ſubject and the plot,
'The manners, paſſions, unities, what not?
'All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
'Were but a combat in the liſts left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight.
"Yes, or we muſt renounce the ſtagirite."
"Not ſo, by Heav'n!" he anſwers in a rage;
"Knights, ſquires, and ſteeds, muſt enter on the ſtage."
"So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain."
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

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the deference always due to ſuch an authority, I have ſome reaſons for doubting in the caſe before us *. Thus much, however, is univerſally allowed—that Le Sage actually wrote, or at leaſt has always been reputed to have written, a hiſtory in French of the adventures of Don Quixote: I believe, alſo, that it was the firſt production of his pen. Le Sage, as Dr. Warton informs us, generally took his plans from the Spaniſh writers, the manners of which nation he has well imitated. Le Diable Boiteux was drawn from the Diabolo Cojuelo of Guevara; his Gil Blas from Don Guſman d'Alfarache. Le Sage made a journey into Spain to acquaint himſelf with the Spaniſh cuſtoms. He is a natural writer, of true humour. He died in a little houſe near Paris, where he ſupported himſelf by writing, in the year 1747. He had been deaf ten years.

Having thus laid before my readers ſuch imperfect intelligence concerning Avellaneda and his tranſlators, as it has been in my power to procure, I ſhall now proceed to communicate ſome additional notices relative to the preſent ſubject.

It is well known, that the Firſt Part of Don Quixote's Hiſtory, by Cervantes, was publiſhed at Madrid in the year 1605. In 1614, Avellaneda put forth his Continuation; and in 1615 appeared the Second Part of Cervantes. Theſe are the dates of the original Spaniſh Don Quixotes. But the French nation, never ſatisfied (as it ſhould ſeem) with haraſſing the unfortunate knight-errant, have preſumed, in defiance of the prohibition iſſued by Cervantes at the cloſe of his work, to drag the mouldering warrior from his tomb, and compel him to ſet forth in purſuit of new miſchances and rib-roaſtings. I have ſeen a Hiſtoire de l'admirable Don Quichotte de la Manche, in ſix volumes duodecimo, the purport of which is as follows. The firſt four volumes contain a tranſlation (not in all parts faithful to the original) of Cervantes's Don Quixote, as far as the laſt chapter. The cloſe of that chapter is altered; and the tranſlator, inſtead of ſuffering his hero to die in peace, informs us, that he recovered from his illneſs, and returned ſo perfectly to his right ſenſes, that one would ſuppoſe he had been crazy for no other purpoſe but to evince the danger of indulging one's ſelf in the ſtudy of books of chivalry. The fifth volume opens with telling us, that another Arab, called Zulema, (and, ſince his baptiſm, Henriquez de la Torre) having diſcovered that Don Quixote had fallen again into his former extravagances, determined to continue the hiſtory of his adventures. That he had made conſiderable progreſs, when he took it into his head to go to the Indies. Being unwilling, however, that the work ſhould remain unfiniſhed, he commited his papers to a friend, requeſting him to add thereto ſuch farther account as he could procure of Don Quixote's atchievements; ſo as to finiſh the work againſt his return. The beginning of the ſixth volume acquaints us, that Henriquez dying on his paſſage from the Indies, Cid Ruy Gomez, the perſon to whom he had entruſted his papers, omitted to pub-

* The looſe paraphraſtical manner in which the French book is rendered from the Spaniſh, is, however, a ſtrong internal evidence of the hand of Le Sage. How little Le Sage ſcrupled taking liberties of this ſort w th his author, is ſufficiently evinced by his Roland L'Amoreux; a proſe tranſlation, publiſhed in 1716, of the Orlando Innamorato. In this work he has indulged himſelf in moſt unwarrantable licence; not only changing the order of the incidents, but very often altering the fables, retrenching from the Italian, and adding circumſtances of his own invention. See Preface to Hoole's Arioſto.

liſh them. That Ruy Gomez dying alſo, the Hiſtory of Don Quixote's Atchievements fell at laſt into the hands of a Spaniſh valet, who attended his maſter in the train of Philip V. of Spain. By this valet it was ſold to a French gentleman attendant upon Philip, and from him procured, upon promiſe to tranſlate it into the French language, by the anonymous editor of the work. At the cloſe of the ſixth volume, Don Quixote dies with the ſentiments of a good Chriſtian.

Still I have more torment in ſtore for the perſecuted Knight of La Mancha. Beſides the work juſt mentioned, I am in poſſeſſion of ſix volumes of Suite Nouvelle et Veritable de L'Hiſtoire, &c. de Don Quichotte de la Mancha; traduite d'un Manuſcrit Eſpagnol de Çid Hamet Benengely, ſon veritable Hiſtorien. The preface to this work is ſaid to conſiſt of extracts from the Letters of Caraſco and Benengeli, explaining the whole progreſs of Don Quixote's hiſtory from beginning to end, and furniſhing information alſo reſpecting the enſuing Nouvelle Suite of his adventures. The author, after dragging the wretched knight through five volumes, at the end of the fifth informs us, that he renders up his ſpirit, together with a doſe of his own precious Balſam of Fier-à-bras, which had been in vain adminiſtered to him in the agonies of death. The ſixth volume of this Nouvelle Suite contains the exaltation of Sancho Panza to the poſt of Alcalde of Blandande; his abdication of that office; his return home to his wife; and his final determination to renounce governments and dignities for ever.

By this time, I fear, I have exhauſted my reader's patience on the ſubject of the French Don Quixotes. I was willing, however, to accumulate in this preface whatever I conceived might be connected with, or illuſtrative of, the work I had undertaken. I have endeavoured to prevent miſtake by diſcrimination; and, if unable to produce the ſubſtance, I have at leaſt ſerved to point out the ſhadow. That the preſent attempt may ſtimulate ſome poſſeſſor of the original Spaniſh work to favour the publick with a genuine and critical tranſlation of the rival of Cervantes, is the ſincere wiſh of my heart: it's accompliſhment would be the moſt ſatisfactory reward of my labours,

W. A. YARDLEY.

P. S. Since the above was written, I have met with the ſecond volume of an edition of Avellaneda in Engliſh, printed for Paul Vaillant in 1745. It is ſaid in the title-page to be 'Now firſt tranſlated from the original Spaniſh, by Mr. 'Baker.' That this aſſertion contains more of impudence than of truth, I need little ſcruple in affirming; ſince I find, upon examination, that the work is Captain Stevens's Tranſlation from the French, literally reprinted; and the *curious* cuts (in truth they deſerve that epithet) with which it is ſaid to be illuſtrated, are copies from the ſame book. Mr. Baker's book made a ſecond appearance in 1760, for T. Warcus, Fleet Street.

AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA,

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

WHICH MENTIONS ANOTHER ARABIAN BESIDES BENENGELI, AND TREATS OF THE SUCCESS OF DON QUIXOTE'S IMPRISONMENT IN THE CAGE.

THE ſage Aliſolan, an hiſtorian of equal veracity with Cid Hamet Benengely, relates in his memoirs, that the Moors, from whom he was deſcended, having been expelled the kingdom of Arragon, he accidentally found certain annals, written in the Arabian language, which contained the third ſally made by the invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, from his village of Argamaſilla, in order to be preſent at the tournament which was ſoon after to be held in the city of Saragoſſa. The relation he gives us is as follows.

Don Quixote having been conveyed home in the cage by the kind care of Peter Perez the curate, and Maſter Nicholas the barber, was cloſely confined to his chamber with a chain at his heels. He was there daily plied with ſtrong broths and cordial liquors, in which, queſtionleſs, there was a ſufficient portion of hellebore; and, in ſhort, nothing was ſpared that might conduce to reſtore him to his reaſon. The poor gentleman was himſelf well diſpoſed; for he ſo much dreaded relapſing into his madneſs, that he never ceaſed preſſing his niece Magdalen to find him out ſome excellent book, which might employ and divert him during the ſeven hundred years continuance of his enchantment. She gave him, by the curate's direction, Villegas's Flos Sanctorum; the Goſpels of the Year; and the Sinner's Guide, by Father Louis of Granada. The reading of theſe books inſenſibly blotted out all the ideas he had conceived of knight-errantry, ſo that in ſix months time he ſeemed to be perfectly recovered. Then was his chain taken off, he was no longer locked up in his chamber, but was allowed the liberty of going to church, where he heard maſs; and was ſo attentive to his curate's lectures, that all people were very much edified at it. In ſhort, Mr. Martin Quixada (for he was now no longer called Don Quixote) was looked upon as a man perfectly reſtored to his wits, and all men bleſſed Heaven for it. However, none as yet durſt talk to him of any thing that might ſeem to have relation to his former madneſs;

madneſs; which indeed was a great argument of their diſcretion: though it muſt be owned that the pleaſant companions of the village made amends for this caution by diverting themſelves with his adventures in his abſence. It happened about this time, that the great heat of the weather caſt his niece into ſuch a fever as the phyſicians call Ephemera; which, though it generally laſts but a day, very often proves dangerous; and, to be brief, poor Magdalen died of it. Don Quixote could not but be much concerned at her death, notwithſtanding it was worth to him eight hundred ducats as her heir; but having ſtill a good old houſe-keeper, who was an excellent houſewife, and took great care of him, the trouble wore off inſenſibly.

One holiday, after dinner, as he ſat in his chamber, reading the lives of ſaints, his old ſquire Sancho Panza came to viſit him, as he was wont to do frequently at other times. 'Are you 'there, my friend?' ſaid Don Quixote; 'you come very opportunely to hear 'the life of a great man.'—'By no 'means, Sir,' replied Sancho; 'I will 'not enquire into other men's lives and 'converſation, for that is an unlawful 'curioſity. Every man muſt mind his 'own buſineſs, without concerning 'himſelf with other people's matters.' —'What ſimplicity!' exclaimed Don Quixote: 'the book which I deſign to 'read to you is holy, and for your im-'provement. Draw a chair, that you 'may liſten to me more at your eaſe.'— 'What book is it that lies before you?' ſaid Sancho; 'is it not ſome book 'of knight-errantry?'—'No,' replied Don Quixote; 'it is the Flos Sanctorum.'—'And pray who was that 'Sanctorum?' quoth the ſquire. 'Was 'he a king, or was he one of thoſe 'giants that were converted into wind-'mills laſt year?'—'What a ſilly fellow thou art,' anſwered Don Quixote. 'This book contains the lives of ſaints; 'ſuch, for inſtance, as St. Lawrence, 'who was broiled on a gridiron; St. 'Bartholomew, who was flayed; and 'ſo of all other ſaints, whether mar-'tyrs or confeſſors, whoſe feſtivals 'are kept by the church.'—'As God 'ſhall ſave me,' ſaid Sancho, interrupting him, 'I believe you deſign to 'become a ſaint-errant, to gain the 'terreſtrial paradiſe. But pray, tell 'me, Sir, when St. Bartholomew was 'flayed, and St. Lawrence broiled, 'were they dead or alive?'—'Both of 'them alive,' anſwered Don Quixote. 'Heaven preſerve me!' exclaimed the ſquire; 'that's ten times worſe than 'toſſing in a blanket. Hang me if 'ever I follow the example of your 'ſaints! As far as mumbling over the 'Creed and Lord's Prayer half a ſcore 'times on my knees, I'll not be out-'done by e'er a capuchin of them all; 'but for being roaſted, or broiled alive, 'I am your humble ſervant; my talent 'does not lie that way.'—'Enough 'of that!' quoth Don Quixote: 'let 'us read the life of St. Bernard, whoſe 'feſtival is kept to-day.' Though the honeſt gentleman had read one half of it before, yet was he ſo complaiſant as to begin it again; and, at every leaf he turned over, he made ſuch judicious comments upon the text, that the beſt moral philoſopher would have been puzzled to outdo him. This, though for the moſt part it was but labour loſt on Sancho, ſo far moved him, that he cried out, 'Let me die, if you 'do not preach as well as the curate, 'when he makes a ſermon for the tithes! 'But now you talk of St. Bernard, I 'remember, that laſt Sunday, Peter 'Alonſo's ſon, that goes to ſchool, 'read a book to us under the tree by 'the mill. By'r lady 'tis the fineſt 'book! Oh 'tis quite another thing 'than your Flos Sanctorum. In the 'firſt place, before you read a word, 'juſt at the beginning of the book, you 'ſee a knight on horſeback, who with 'a ſword broader than my hand ſtrikes 'a rock, and cleaves it aſunder.'—'I 'know who that is,' quoth Don Quixote; 'it is Don Floriſbran of Candaria, 'a moſt worthy knight. Beſides, that 'book mentions ſeveral other valiant 'knights; as, the Admiral of Quaſia, 'Palmerin de Olivia, Blaſtordas of the 'Tower, the dreadful Giant Maleorto 'of Brandanquia, and the famous en-'chantreſſes Zuldaria and Dalphadea.' —'Right,' quoth Sancho; 'and the 'book ſays, that thoſe two enchant-'reſſes carried away I know not what 'king, I know not how, into I know 'not what caſtle.'—'It is the caſtle of 'Azefaros,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'But 'Peter Alonſo's ſon muſt certainly 'have ſtolen that book from me.'— 'If ſo,' quoth the ſquire, 'he ſhall

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'not enjoy it long, for I will take my 'turn, and ſteal it from him; and will 'bring it you next Sunday, that we 'may read it inſtead of your Flos Sanc-'torum: nothing pleaſes me like the 'ſtories of thoſe ancient knights, who 'at one ſtroke would cut both man 'and horſe in two.'—'You will do 'me a pleaſure,' replied Don Quixote, 'if you can bring it me again; but 'pray let it be done ſo privately that 'nobody may know of it.'—'Let me 'alone for that!' anſwered the ſquire; 'till then, Sir, I wiſh you well: I muſt 'go to my wife, who perhaps may 'want me.' Sancho being gone, Don Quixote's head began to be much agitated with thoſe things that had laid buried, and were now revived in his memory. He put by the Flos Sanctorum; and, walking about the room in a diſorderly manner, began to recal into his diſturbed imagination all the former ideas of his knight-errantry: however, as much diſcompoſed as he was, hearing the bell ring for veſpers, he took his cloak and his beads, and went away to church.

CHAP. II.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S RELAPSE.

NOtwithſtanding Mr. Martin Quixada was greatly diſcompoſed by what had happened, yet he did not diſcover it in his behaviour; and he might by degrees have recovered his peace of mind, had not Sancho diſtracted him again the next Sunday. That viſit put him paſt all recovery; for the moment Don Quixote took into his hands the Hiſtory of Don Floriſbran of Candaria, the very picture of that armed knight overthrew all his reaſon, and made him as mad as ever. 'Sancho,' ſaid he to his ſquire, 'the book you 'have brought me, without all doubt, 'contains moſt wonderful feats of chi-'valry; but it is much better that we 'endeavour to imitate, and, if poſſible, 'to outdo them, than to ſpend our 'time in reading them. We have al-'ready ſacrificed ſeveral months to a 'criminal inactive courſe of life, and 'omitted the exerciſe of thoſe duties 'incumbent on us; on me as a knight-'errant, and on you as a faithful ſquire. 'It behoves us, my friend, to return 'to our employment, which will be 'very pleaſing to God, and beneficial 'to the world; ſince we ſhall deliver 'the earth from thoſe immenſe and 'haughty giants, who, againſt all 'right and reaſon, do inſult both 'knights and ladies. Thus ſhall we 'revive the fame of our anceſtors, and 'purchaſe infinite glory for ourſelves 'and our poſterity. This it is, my 'ſon, will make us rich for ever. We 'go to conquer kingdoms for ourſelves 'and for our friends.'—'Fair and 'ſoftly,' quoth Sancho, interrupting him: 'it is no ſuch eaſy matter to 'catch them. Pray, good Sir, do not 'buzz your chivalry any more in my 'ears: you promiſed me, laſt year, 'that you would make me a king, or 'governor of ſome conſiderable coun-'try; my wife an admiral; and my 'children princes. And what is come 'of it? I am ſtill but poor Sancho 'Panza; and all governments ſhun me 'as if I had the plague. Let us talk 'no more of it, good maſter Don 'Quixote; let us both keep ourſelves 'well whilſt we are well; and let thoſe 'fools be beaten who make it their buſineſs to look for it. The Yangueſians *, God be praiſed, did ſo curry 'my ſides that they left no itching in 'them. Beſides, it coſt me my dapple; and when the mule is dead, 'the phyſician muſt travel a foot†.'—'As for that, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'we will be better provided 'this year to perform the duties of our 'profeſſion than we were the laſt. I 'will buy you a bigger aſs than that 'which was ſtolen from you, and we 'will take along with us proviſions, 'money, and linen; for, to ſay the 'truth, I have obſerved that thoſe are 'very neceſſary precautions.'—'Upon theſe terms,' ſaid the ſquire, 'and provided you pay me my wages 'every month, I am at your ſervice: 'I will return with you to the exerciſe 'of chivalry. Give me but the money, and I will away immediately to 'my goſſip Thomas Cecial, who has a 'ſtately aſs to ſell, and we will ſet out 'to-morrow.'—'I am pleaſed to ſee

* The Yangueſians are carriers of Galicia.
† In Spain the phyſicians ride on mules.

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'you ſo eager,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'and I take it for a good omen: 'but we cannot be quite ſo expeditious, 'my friend; I muſt firſt provide me 'with arms, for I know not what is 'become of mine. Beſides, that our 'ſally may prove the more auſpicious, 'I muſt ſend you to the Princeſs Dul-'cinea, to inform her from me, that I 'am going to ſeek new adventures. 'Were not that cruel enemy of my 'repoſe the moſt hard-hearted princeſs 'in the world, I would go and pro-'ſtrate myſelf in her preſence, and 'make a tender to her celeſtial beauty 'of all the heroick actions my courage 'is about to undertake; but ſo unpa-'ralleled is her rigour, that ſhe will 'not permit me to be bleſſed with her 'raviſhing ſight, till I have by my in-'finite atchievements obliterated the 'memory of the exploits of the moſt 'famous knights-errant, and even of 'Hercules himſelf: and therefore I 'think fit, my friend, that you go this 'very day to that adorable inhuman 'creature. Deſcribe to her the exceſs 'of my amorous pain, in ſuch a lively 'manner as may move her compaſſion: 'in ſhort, ſpeak to her ſo feelingly, 'that your relation may touch her 'heart; and be ſure to remember all 'ſhe ſays to you, that you may repeat 'it to me word for word.'—'Nay, as 'for matter of talking,' quoth Sancho, 'I defy a lawyer to outdo me: 'I will anſwer for it, and will not fail 'to make it good. There is but one 'thing that troubles me; and that is, to 'know what I ſhall ſay to her.'—'You 'ſhall ſay,' replied Don Quixote, 'that 'her moſt humble ſlave, the Knight 'of the Sorrowful Aſpect, is ſtill ready 'to expoſe himſelf for her ſake to the 'moſt dreadful dangers; and that he 'conjures her ſovereign beauty not to 'forſake him when he ſhall invoke her 'in his adventures.'—'Enough, Sir,' anſwered the ſquire; 'I ſhall well 'enough remember what I can of thoſe 'words.'—'Let us hear, I pray you,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'whether you can 'repeat them well: deliver yourſelf to 'me as if I were the Princeſs Dulci-'nea.'—'That is very pleaſant,' quoth Sancho: 'how would you have me 'take you for the Lady Dulcinea, 'when you are my maſter Don Quixote?'—'Why, numſcull,' replied the knight, 'cannot you, whilſt you 'talk to me, imagine you are ſpeak-'ing to Dulcinea?'—'No, by my 'grandame's ſoul, can't I!' anſwered the ſquire; 'for when I talk to you, I 'know very well I do not talk to ano-'ther: and, again, I am poſitive that 'you are my maſter Don Quixote.' —'What a blockhead you are!' quoth the knight: 'peaſants are generally 'ſharp and malicious; but, for your 'part, it muſt be owned your ſimpli-'city is not to be matched. It is bet-'ter that I write to my amiable queen, 'and that you carry her my letter; for 'you would entertain her with ſome 'fooliſh diſcourſe.'—'Some fooliſh 'diſcourſe!' replied the ſquire: 'no, 'indeed! God be praiſed, I have as 'much wit as another in my under-'ſtanding; and you muſt not think to 'perſuade me that the moon is made of 'green cheeſe.' However, Don Quixote, reſolving not to truſt to Sancho's memory, went into his cloſet, took pen, ink, and paper; and, after long pauſing and deliberation, at length compoſed an epiſtle in a ſtyle incomparably ſingular. Before he would write it out fair, he read it to his ſquire, who cried out in a tranſport, 'By the Lord, 'a moſt curious letter! a ſchoolmaſter 'would ſcarce write a better. It is a 'bow-ſhot beyond that you ſent Ma-'dam Dulcinea from the Black Moun-'tain. I underſtand ſome few words 'of that, but I can make nothing at 'all of this, with a pox to it! Give 'it me, and I will be gone immediately 'with it to Toboſo; and this very 'night will bring you a good or a bad 'anſwer.' Don Quixote read his letter over and over ſeveral times, then tranſcribed it fairly; and, delivering it to his ſquire, ſaid to him, 'Take it, 'my ſon, and go ſee that heavenly 'wonder, who has the ſupreme diſpo-'ſal of my deſtiny. Farewel! I ex-'pect your return with impatience. 'May the Heavens grant that you 'bring back a favourable anſwer!'

A few minutes after Sancho was gone, one of the alcaldes* of the town came to call upon Don Quixote, and carried him to the market-place, or ſquare; where they found the curate, the barber, and other men of note of

* An inferior miniſter of juſtice among the Spaniards.

the

the place, in a little ring. Whilſt they ſtood there diſcourſing, they eſpied coming up towards them four gentlemen, attended by ſeveral pages, and by twelve grooms leading as many horſes, with rich furniture. They all beheld this ſtately cavalcade with attention; and the curate, turning to Don Quixote, indiſcreetly (contrary to his cuſtom) ſaid to him—'Tell us the truth, Mr. 'Quixada, if you had ſeen theſe cava-'liers arrive here ſix months ago with 'this equipage would it not have puz-'zled you? You would have imagined 'that thoſe gentlemen were no leſs than 'the four immenſe giants, keepers of 'Bramiforan, the enchanter's caſtle, 'and that they were come abroad to 'ſteal away ſome princeſs of high re-'nown.' Though theſe words were ſuch as might have moved Don Quixote to ſome extravagant action, conſidering his brains were already in a ferment, yet he anſwered very diſcreetly—'Mr. 'Curate, if you pleaſe, let us lay aſide 'raillery; and let us rather go up to 'thoſe gentlemen, who ſtop in the vil-'lage: let us know who they are, and 'what they look for.' His advice was followed; all the company drew near the gentlemen; and, after the uſual ſalutations, the curate very courteouſly aſked them who they were, and whether they deſigned to lie in the village. 'Maſter Licentiate,' replied one of them, 'we are gentlemen of Granada, 'who are going to the tilting at Sara-'goſſa: our deſign was to have tra-'velled on two leagues farther, but our 'ſervants and horſes were ſo tired, that 'we thought fit to reſt them here; and 'we muſt deſire you to give us leave, 'though it were but to lie in your 'church, rather than oblige us to go 'any farther.'—'Well, gentlemen,' ſaid the curate, 'ſince there is no inn 'in this place fit to entertain ſo many, 'I will take care to lodge you myſelf: 'the two alcaldes ſhall each of them 'take one gentleman and his followers, 'and Mr. Quixada and I will take care 'of the other two. You will not be 'treated, gentlemen, ſuitable to your 'quality, nor as we could wiſh; but 'it ſhall be with a great deal of good-'will and affection.' The curate having thus ordered their lodging, every man carried his gueſts home; the gentlemen having firſt agreed amongſt themſelves that they would ſet out very early in the morning, to avoid the great heat of the weather.

CHAP. III.

HOW DON QUIXOTE ENTERTAINED HIS GUEST, AND OF THE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

DON Quixote having conducted his gentleman to his houſe, ordered his houſekeeper to make ſupper ready, and not to ſpare the poultry; with which, as good luck would have it, he was then well ſtored. Whilſt ſupper was dreſſing, his gueſt and he were taking the freſh air in the court before the houſe. Don Quixote being deſirous to know his name, aſked his family, and why he came from ſo remote a part to the tilting of Saragoſſa. The gentleman anſwered, that his name was Don Alvaro Tarfe; that he was deſcended from the ancient family of the Tarfes, a race of noble Moors in Granada, nearly allied to their firſt kings. 'You 'know,' ſaid he, 'what account there 'is in hiſtory of theſe affairs, and how 'all the Ahencerrages, the Zegris, the 'Gomeles, the Maças, and other noble 'families of Granada, embraced the 'Chriſtian religion, and remained in 'Spain, after the Catholick King, Fer-'dinand, had conquered that flouriſh-'ing kingdom. As for the motive of 'my journey, I muſt confeſs it is love. 'A lady, whom I admire, chuſes that 'I ſhould be preſent at the tilting at 'Saragoſſa, as her knight; and to pleaſe 'her I go thither, to contend for the 'prize which is to reward the con-'queror.'—'I wiſh you may ſucceed,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'However, though 'Fortune, which diſpoſes of events, 'ſhould not prove favourable, you will 'ſtill have the ſatisfaction of approv-'ing yourſelf a faithful lover, perform-'ing all that in you lies for the honour 'of your lady. Be ſo kind as to give 'me an account of that moſt excellent 'perſon's rare qualities, and of the 'principal adventures of her life.'—'It would take up more time than I 'ſhall ſtay here,' replied Don Alvaro, 'to ſatisfy your curioſity I can only 'tell you, that my miſtreſs is in the 'ſixteenth year of her age, and that ſhe 'is counted the greateſt beauty in An-

'daluſia. It is true, ſhe is of the ſmaller 'ſize; but——' 'That is pity,' ſaid Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'for 'Ariſtotle ſays that a woman, to be 'perfect, muſt be large.'—'With A-'riſtotle's leave,' replied the Grana-dine, ſmiling, 'I am not of his opi-'nion in that particular, no more than 'in many others. I admire nature as 'much in it's ſmall as in it's greateſt 'works. Precious ſtones are ſmall; 'and the eyes, which are the moſt beau-'tiful and moſt moving parts of hu-'man bodies, are the leaſt.'—'You 'are in the right,' quoth Don Quixote; 'yet you cannot deny, that tall, well-'proportioned women, have a more 'noble and majeſtick air than the 'others.' This debate concerning the ſize of women held them till one of Tarfe's pages was ſent by the houſe-keeper to acquaint them that ſupper was ready: then Don Quixote led his gueſt into the room where the cloth was laid, and both ſat down to table. Dur-ing the ſupper, Don Quixote fell into a deep reverie: one while he would ſit with the victuals in his mouth, gazing earneſtly on the cloth, without ſo much as winking; another time, Don Alvaro aſking him whether he was married, he anſwered—that Rozinante was the beſt horſe Cordova ever produced. The Granadine being much ſurprized at this extraordinary diſtraction of thought, was deſirous to know the cauſe of it after ſupper. 'Mr. Quixada,' ſaid he to him, 'if you will give me leave to 'be free with you, I muſt declare that 'you ſeemed to me juſt now ſo wholly 'abſent, and abſorbed in thought, that 'I have reaſon to believe you have ſome 'diſcontent upon you: if ſo, I beſeech 'you do not hide it from me, and I 'will alleviate your trouble, if it be in 'my power. Grief, when confined, 'and, as it were, ſhut up in the heart, 'has always violent effects; whereas, 'by communicating it to a friend who 'will bear part, it is diminiſhed and 'diſſipated.'—'I am obliged to you, 'Don Alvaro,' anſwered Don Quixote, very formally; 'and I wiſh I could 'ſerve you in return for your generoſity. 'But be not ſurprized at having ſeen 'me diſcompoſed: it is not eaſy for 'us, who glorioufly profeſs knight-'errantry, who daily engage with gi-'ants or enchanters, with Endriaguſes* 'or rhinoceroſes, for the purpoſe of 'diſenchanting princeſſes, and redreſ-'ſing wrongs; it is not eaſy for us, I 'ſay, to keep down our thoughts, filled 'with all theſe ideas, from ſoaring 'aloft.'

Tarfe was aſtoniſhed to hear Don Quixote talk ſo wildly; he conjectured the poor gentleman was not ſound in his intellects; and, to be the more fully convinced of what he fancied, he ſaid to him—'For all this, Mr. Quixada, I 'do not comprehend what it was that ſo 'wholly took up your thoughts at ſup-'per.'—'Though it does not well be-'come knights to reveal ſuch ſecrets,' replied Don Quixote, 'nevertheleſs, 'ſince you are a gentleman, and ſub-'ject, as well as myſelf, to the God of 'Love, I will not conceal from you the 'troubles of my ſoul. The incompa-'rable princeſs who has captivated my 'liberty ſeems inſenſible to my paſ-'ſion; and yet, Don Alvaro, I proteſt, 'before God and man, that I have 'never tranſgreſſed the laws of chi-'valry: I have ever ſtrictly followed 'the examples ſet before me by thoſe 'ancient and primitive knights-errant, 'the invincible Amadis of Gaul, his 'ſon Eſplandian, Palmerin de Oliva, 'the Knight of the Sun, Tablantes of 'Richemont, Don Belianis of Greece, 'and, in ſhort, by all others who have 'had the honour to profeſs the ſacred 'order of knight-errantry.' Don Al-varo, who had a quick apprehenſion, hearing this extravagant diſcourſe, found immediately how the matter ſtood: he perceived that his hoſt had given himſelf too much to reading books of chivalry; and, reſolving to divert himſelf, he ſaid to him—'Pray, 'Mr. Quixada, is the lady whom you 'adore, of this country? for you being 'a perſon ſo judiciouſly nice, ſhe who 'had qualifications to charm you muſt 'be at leaſt another Diana of Epheſus.' —'She ſurpaſſes in beauty,' replied Don Quixote, 'not only Diana of 'Epheſus, and Polixena of Troy, but 'even Dido of Carthage, and Doralice 'of Granada. Her eyes and her com-

* Endriagus is the name of a moſt dreadful monſter, ſlain by Amadis de Gaule, who at that time had aſſumed the title of the Knight of the Green Sword.—See Amadis de Gaule, Book III. Chap. 10.

'plexion

'plexion are like the rising sun, and 'the natural red on her cheeks re-'sembles a rose when it is new blown; 'her teeth are of ivory, her lips of co-'ral, and her neck is whiter than ala-'baster: her name is the Princess Dul-'cinea del Toboso; and mine, Don 'Quixote de la Mancha, the Knight of 'the Sorrowful Aspect.' With much difficulty did Don Alvaro restrain himself from laughing, when he heard the appellation Don Quixote had made choice of; an appellation he highly approved, as being so happily descriptive of the original. 'It is that princess,' continued our hero, 'who gives life to my 'thoughts, who raises my imagination, 'and causes those distractions which 'make me so much a stranger to my-'self. I quitted my house and coun-'try, to perform a thousand glorious 'undertakings abroad for her honour; 'and I sent to her all the fierce giants 'and unparalleled knights I encoun-'tered, having conquered and reduced 'them to submission. And yet, would 'you believe it, Don Alvaro? not-'withstanding such unheard-of ser-'vices, she is to me more cruel than an 'African lioness, or an Hyrcanian ty-'ger: she receives my passionate letters 'with disdain, or rather with horror. 'I have made speeches to her longer 'than those of St. Catharine to the 'senate of Rome: I composed verses 'for her more tender than Petrarch's 'to his beloved Laura; and poems 'more sublime than those of Homer or 'Virgil, and more full of digressions 'than Lucan's Pharsalia. I have this 'very day sent her a letter replete with 'the most respectful expressions; and 'I expect no other return but an an-'swer teeming with rigour and dis-'dain.' No sooner had he spoken these words than he saw his squire. 'Well, 'Sancho,' said he to him, 'what news 'do you bring me from my infanta? 'Am I to live, or must I die?'—'Sir,' replied the squire, 'here is a letter she 'got the sexton of Toboso to write for 'her, and which she ordered me to de-'liver to you.'—'A letter from her!' quoth Don Quixote, transported with joy; 'What a mighty favour! Good 'God! is she at length grown sensible 'to my love?'—'Sir,' said Sancho, 'read the letter first; perhaps you have 'no such great cause to rejoice.'—'Be 'pleased, I beseech you, Don Alvaro,' said our knight, 'to give me leave to 'read this note, and satisfy the impa-'tience I am under to know my doom.' This said, he kissed the letter, opened it, and, after having read it to himself, cried out, 'O Heavens! can I receive 'such an answer without dying for 'grief? Never did lady send such an 'unworthy threat to a knight! Did 'the Infanta Oliva ever use the Prince 'of Portugal thus, though she had so 'great an aversion to him?'—'What! 'Don Quixote,' said Don Alvaro, 'can 'the Infanta Dulcinea del Toboso de-'spise you, when there is no princess 'in the world but would look upon it 'as an honour to be favoured with 'your love?'—'Do you judge of it,' answered Don Quixote; 'hear what 'that inhuman creature writes to me.' He then read to Don Alvaro Dulcinea's letter; which was as follows.

'TO MARTIN QUIXADA THE BRAIN-'LESS.

'IT is long since my brothers ought 'to have treated you with a good 'cudgelling, in return for all the im-'pertinent letters you have sent me. 'Had they been at home when that 'old fool Sancho Panza brought me 'your last, he had not gone away with 'all his ribs whole; but patience for 'that—if ever he comes hither again, 'he shall pay for it all together. And as 'for you, Mr. Martin, I would have 'you to take notice, that if ever, for 'the future, you call me Dulcinea del 'Toboso, and entitle me Queen, In-'fanta, or Empress, you may have cause 'to repent having given me those 'Shrovetide names the longest day you 'have to live. Be it known to you, 'that by sea and by land my name is 'Aldonza Lorenzo, alias Nogales.'

'By this abusive letter, you may 'judge, Don Alvaro,' said Don Quix-ote, 'whether I have not reason to 'complain of the unparalleled ingra-'titude of Dulcinea.'—'O the jade!' cried Sancho. 'Mind me, good Sir; 'I wish I may be troubled with the 'snivel as long as I live, if my master 'has not performed more acts of chi-'valry, by day and by night, for that 'jilt, than any other would have done 'for a lady-abbess. But what a pox

'need he trouble himself? He who has 'garlick eats it with his bread; he 'that has none must be content without 'it. Between friends, my master Don 'Quixote is too patient. If instead 'of writing to that brazen-face, he had 'sent her by the post, or any other way, 'half a score good kicks in the guts, she 'would never have been so squeamish. 'I am well acquainted with that sort 'of cattle; if you give them their way, 'they will shew no mercy. If a man 'turns sheep, the wolves will devour 'him; if he takes a cuff on the ear, he 'shall have two, and so-forth. I would 'fain see them put their tricks upon 'me: but, egad! they are not such 'fools; I can fence with my foot as 'well as brother Jerome's mule, when 'I have my Sunday shoes on full of 'hob-nails. If Dulcinea had made 'her two brothers, Basil and Bertrand 'Nogales, beat me, it had been the 'dearest beating they ever bestowed in 'their days.' Sancho's hand was too much in to stop here; and Don Quixote was fain to bid him hold his peace; but all would not do. 'I must tell you,' continued he, 'how that toad served 'me one day, when I carried her ano-'ther letter from my master. I found 'her in the stable, filling a pannier of 'dung; and no sooner did I open my 'mouth to tell her that my master Don 'Quixote most humbly kissed her 'hands, but she saluted me with a 'shovelful, steeped in horse-piss, across 'the face. My beard being that day, 'unfortunately for me, thicker than 'Master Nicholas the barber's brush, 'the filth stuck to it like pitch.'—'In 'good truth,' said Don Alvaro, smil-ing, 'that was an ill reward, my 'friend, for carrying the letter. Dul-'cinea, as far as I can perceive, does 'not follow the examples set her by the 'ancient heroines of chivalry, who 'loaded those squires with presents who 'brought them love-letters.'—'Love-'letters!' quoth Sancho; 'on my con-'science, if a cardinal's squire should 'carry her an ass's burden of them, 'she would not so much as thank him. 'You never beheld such a sour face as 'our lady makes when a letter is de-'livered to her: a body would think 'she was eating crabs; and may the 'devil blow his bellows in the poop of 'her!'—'Hold, Sancho!' cried Don Quixote, 'do not curse that princess: 'ingrate, unjust, and barbarous as she 'is, still I adore her. Think she is the 'sovereign over my will, and respect 'what I love.'—'In truth, worthy Don 'Quixote,' said the Granadine, 'I can-'not but be amazed. I confess your 'infanta's stile is harsh: but have not 'you, perhaps through inadvertency, 'given her some cause of offence? Ex-'amine yourself well; perhaps you 'have, without reflecting on it, in-'serted in your letter of this day some 'word which she may have taken in a 'wrong sense: you know that some-'times happens among ladies.'—'No, 'Don Alvaro,' replied Don Quixote, 'there is nothing in that letter which 'could give her cause of offence; and, 'to convince you it is so, I will this 'moment shew you the foul copy.'—He went immediately, and brought it out of his closet; and, sitting down again, read distinctly, in a grave tone, these following words.

'TO THE MATCHLESS PRINCESS
'DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

'WOULD the faithful love which 'boils over in the veins of this 'your slave, O ungrateful fair! permit 'me to be angry to rebellion against 'your perfection and absolute empire, 'I should soon by oblivion take revenge 'of the contempt with which you treat 'my scorching flames! But perhaps 'you, my sweet enemy, imagine that I 'never exercise my thoughts in any 'thing but undoing of wrongs, and 'punishing of felons; yet, though 'every day I have employed my body 'against outrageous giants, and have 'often shed the blood of such monsters, 'my thought, which is so nimble-'winged, hath nevertheless not for-'borne joyfully to call to mind your 'most admirable endowments, and 'that it was captivated by the most ex-'cellent lady among the queens of 'high rank. However, O noble prin-'cess, be pleased to receive me to mercy, 'if I have committed any discourtesy 'towards your high majesty and royal 'beauty: and I may well deserve it; 'for through love all faults are par-'donable. This is the favour humbly 'sued for to your imperial perfections,

'by

'by him who is so much yours till his 'departure out of this world; the 'Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect—

'DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.'

'In good truth,' said Don Alvaro, smiling, 'I never saw any thing more 'exquisite than that letter: it is so good, 'that it might verily pass for an epistle 'written in days of yore by Sancho, 'King of Leon, to the noble lady 'Ximena Gomez, when the famous 'Cid Ruy Diaz comforted her in his 'absence *. But how comes it, Don 'Quixote, that, being so polite and ele-'gant in your discourse, you wrote to 'your infanta in that stile, which, as 'you well know, is now quite out 'of date?'—'I will tell you the rea-'son,' said Don Quixote; 'I did it 'to try whether, in imitating the stile 'of our ancient knights, I could bow 'the inflexible Dulcinea, and soften 'that heart of adamant, whose hard-'ness my common expressions only 'serve to increase.'—'And why,' quoth the Granadine, 'did you take the name 'of the Knight of the Sorrowful As-'pect?'—'As for that,' quoth Sancho, 'you must excuse him, for it was I 'that gave it him; and, to deal plainly, 'it does not misbecome him.'—'I took 'the name of the Knight of the Sor-'rowful Aspect,' said Don Quixote, 'because my absence from my sove-'reign lady made me sorrowful to ex-'cess; and in it I imitated Amadis, who 'took the name of Beltenebros †.'

Tarfe seemed concerned at Don Quix-ote's afflictions; and said to him, 'Posi-'tively that letter is very full of respect; 'and I cannot conceive what should set 'Dulcinea so unreasonably against you, 'or why she thus abuses a knight of 'your worth.' Then changing the discourse, he said—'Being to set out to-'morrow before day, to avoid the heat, 'I would willingly go to bed, with your 'leave.' Don Quixote answered, he might use his pleasure; and went out to fetch some sweetmeats to treat his guest before he went to bed. The Gra-nadine drawing near to the bed, which was made for him in the chamber they were then in, called two of his pages to undress him: but Sancho, fearing to lose the privileges of a squire, would not suffer any but himself to do that service; which so pleased Don Alvaro, that, holding out his leg to have the boot drawn off, he said, 'Go to, then, 'my friend, since your good-will is 'such, draw steadily; for it will be a 'great honour to me to be able to boast 'I was unbooted by one of the most 'famous squires of knight-errantry.' —'Give me leave, Don Alvaro,' quoth Sancho, 'I do really believe I am as 'good as another; and though I have 'not the title of Don, yet my father 'had.'—'How so!' said Tarfe. 'If your 'father bore that title of honour, have 'you degenerated from it?'—'No, 'Sir,' replied Sancho; 'but my father 'placed that honourable title as best 'pleased him; and, instead of placing 'it before his name, as you gentlemen 'do, he put it after, or behind.'—'Then his name,' said the Granadine, 'was Francis Don, John Don, or Mar-'tin Don?'—'You have not hit it yet, 'Sir,' answered the squire; 'his name 'was Peter Remendon ‡.' Don Al-varo could not forbear laughing at this dull piece of wit; and asked Sancho whether his father was yet living. 'No, 'Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'he died of 'kibed heels ten years ago.'—'Of 'kibed heels!' cried the Granadine, laughing; 'he is the first man I ever 'heard of that died of such a distem-'per.'—'God take me, Don Alvaro,' cried the squire, 'may not every man 'die of the distemper that pleases him 'best!' Don Alvaro and his pages were still furnished with new subject of laughter when Don Quixote re-turned, followed by his housekeeper, bringing a plate of dry sweetmeats, and a flask of white wine; but Tarfe would accept of none. 'I dare not eat,' said he; 'for I never eat between meals but 'I suffer for it. I have often made the

* An old story in Spain, of which there are ridiculous ballads.

† Amadis de Gaule, (Book II. Chap. 6.) being in disgrace with Oriana, his mistress, withdraws to the habitation of a very old hermit, from whom he receives, at his own request, the name of Beltenebros; which may be interpreted the Beautiful Obscure; or, as it is ren-dered in the English translation of the first four books of Amadis de Gaule, Edit. 1619, The Fair Forlorn.

‡ Remendon, in Spanish, is a botcher, or cobler.

'experiment

'experiment on myself of the aphorism 'of Avicen, or Galen, that to eat before 'the last nourishment taken be digested, 'is prejudicial to health.'—'Well,' cried Sancho, 'there is never a villain 'nor a Gilian of them worth a straw: 'I would no more forbear eating when 'I had got a bit in my hand, than I 'would spitting when I have occasion, 'though those fellows should jabber 'more Latin to me than there is in the 'A, B, C.'—'You are in the right, 'friend Sancho,' quoth Don Alvaro; 'and, with your master's leave, you 'must take this bit from me.' This said, he took up a preserved pear on the point of the knife, and gave it him.—'Pray excuse me, Sir,' said the squire; 'these dainties do me harm when the 'quantity is too small.' He took it, however, and eat it, notwithstanding. Don Quixote then wished a good-night to his guest, who retired to bed immediately.

CHAP. IV.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S MIGHTY PROJECTS AND DESIGNS, WHICH WERE ALL APPROVED BY HIS SQUIRE.

DON Quixote having quitted Don Alvaro's chamber, led Sancho into another, where he said to him, 'Stay here, my friend, and lie with 'me this night; I have an affair of the 'greatest moment to communicate to 'you.'—'Hold a little, Sir,' replied the squire; 'I must first take one turn 'in the kitchen, for I have not had 'my supper yet; and I am like the 'cuckow, I cannot sing till my belly is 'full.'—'Go down then to supper,' said Don Quixote; 'and come to me 'again instantly.'—'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I will put in double bits to have 'done the sooner; I will be with you 'in a very little time, and perhaps 'sooner than I could wish myself; for 'I am much afraid that Don Alvaro's 'servants have not left me much to 'do.' This said, he went down into the kitchen; and Don Quixote went to bed to wait his return. The housekeeper had killed so many fowls, that there was enough to satisfy Sancho: she set before him all that was left of the supper, and he crammed himself up to his throat; then returning, in a good humour, to his master's chamber, 'So now, Sir,' said he, 'we may talk 'about business. I am now fit to give 'advice, for I am as full as a tick.'—'Shut the door,' quoth Don Quixote; 'and come to bed to me.' The squire stripped without any ceremony; and his master having him by his side, spoke to him as follows. 'Friend Sancho, 'I have one of the greatest designs in 'hand that ever occupied the thoughts 'of a knight-errant; but, before I 'acquaint you with it, it will be con-'venient I put some questions to you, 'which I did not think fit to ask be-'fore Don Alvaro. How did Dulci-'nea look when she received my let-'ter? Did she read it?'—'No, Sir,' answered the squire; 'but she caused 'it to be read.'—'And did she not 'express any token of satisfaction?' replied Don Quixote. 'I beg your 'pardon,' quoth Sancho; 'she laughed 'like a mad woman, till her sides 'shook again.'—'She is a very re-'served princess,' said the knight. 'And how do we know that it was not 'the better to conceal the tender affec-'tion she has for me, that she coun-'terfeited so much rigour, and writ 'to me in such a harsh manner? But in 'short, since a heart that is full of 'love cannot but betray itself, did she 'not, when she dismissed you, let slip 'some word that might cherish my 'love? Did not some obliging expres-'sion escape her against her will?'—'Yes, indeed, Sir,' replied the squire; 'she spoke words enough: she told me 'that you and I were the two greatest 'madmen in all this country of La 'Mancha; besides, I don't know how 'much more, which I am sorry I did 'not remember, to have told it you 'again word for word, as you com-'manded me.'—'Nay, that is too 'much!' cried Don Quixote; 'I be-'gin to open my eyes; I perceive the 'haughty one despises me, and that I 'impose upon myself when I give a 'favourable construction to her cru-'elty. It is decreed! I must set my-'self free from her unworthy bands; 'I say unworthy bands, because ne-'ver princess threatened to cudgel a 'knight-errant. This way of pro-'ceeding is abusive: for knights to be 'hated is tolerable; let it pass, they 'are not therefore the less amorous or 'faithful;

'faithful; but they must not endure to 'be despised. I will therefore oblite-'rate the memory of Dulcinea; the 'resolution is fixed; and this is one of 'the great designs I had to acquaint 'you with!'—'Faith and troth,' quoth Sancho, 'I am glad at my heart that 'Madam Dulcinea is no longer one of 'us, for her having taken so much 'pains to daub me in her stable. May 'I never get my government, if she 'does not one time or other bite her 'nails for madness, when she hears 'you are a king, and I a governor; 'and that it is her own fault she is not 'an empress, and her two brothers 'princes! who are now never like to 'be any thing but poor labouring fel-'lows. God knows how they will 'curry her hide for having behaved 'herself so like a sow towards you, 'instead of receiving your letters like 'a gentlewoman, and granting you all 'knightly favours you desired. Oh, 'how mad she will be! but then it will 'be a day after the fair: after meat, 'mustard; and like sending for the 'doctor when the patient is dead. And 'when a man has scalded his throat 'and guts, it is too late to blow.'—'That is not all neither, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'I have another project 'in my head, which I am pleased to 'take your advice in.'—'Be quick, 'then, Sir,' quoth the squire; 'for I 'perceive, by the many and powerful 'wamblings of my brain, that I shall 'soon fall asleep.'—'I have under-'stood,' answered Don Quixote, 'that 'there is to be a solemn tilting at Sara-'gossa very speedily. We must not 'by any means let slip so favourable 'an opportunity; and I design to-'morrow to take measures for provid-'ing myself with new arms, that we 'may set forward immediately.' Sancho told his master he was ready to follow him through the world; which so pleased Don Quixote, that he embraced him for joy, though the squire was too far overcome with sleep to be duly sensible of it. However, the knight, who did not perceive this, held on his discourse in the following manner. 'Then 'we will go to Saragossa where I shall 'win the first prize at the jousts; and 'since that ingrate Dulcinea has repaid 'my constancy with contempt, I will 'seek some other lady who will better 'requite my services. Perhaps you 'will say I ought to make a scruple of 'changing my mistress; but to that, 'my friend, I answer, that the Knight 'of the Sun forsook Claridiana for the 'Princess Landabrides, though he had 'not the least cause to complain of her. 'And that I may find a person worthy 'of such a knight as I am, I design to 'repair to the court of Spain, where 'my reputation has already made me 'known. The beautiful princesses, 'who compose the queen's court, 'charmed with my mien and reputa-'tion, will vie with one another to 'make conquest of my heart; but I 'will not submit it to the disposal of 'any but of her who shall give me the 'greatest testimonies of her love, either 'by endeavouring to dress herself to 'please me, or by the passionate let-'ters, the scarfs, the bracelets, and 'other magnificent presents, she will 'bestow upon me. The court knights, 'and particularly those of the Golden 'Fleece, envious of my honour and 'good fortune, will use a thousand 'artifices to lessen me in the king's 'opinion: I will demand satisfaction 'of them; and, having killed or dis-'armed them all in the presence of the 'king and court, I shall certainly gain 'the reputation of being the best knight 'in the world. What do you think of 'my resolution?' He held his peace a while to hear his squire's answer; but finding he was asleep, he jogged him with his elbow, saying, 'Hey, my 'friend! give ear to me, I conjure you.'—'You are in the right, Sir,' cried Sancho, betwixt sleeping and waking; 'all that mob of giants is only fit to 'be hanged, and it is well done to lay 'them on.'—'Heaven confound thee 'and thy giants!' quoth Don Quixote; 'I am working my brains to beat 'into your head that which, under 'God, most behoves you and me in this 'world, and you sleep like a dormouse.'—'Good Sir,' said the squire, 'be 'pleased to let me sleep, and I will al-'low all that you have before said, or 'shall hereafter say to me, to be good 'and true.'—'By the living God,' answered the knight, 'it is none of the 'least misfortunes to be forced to com-'municate important affairs to such a 'clown as you are! Well, sleep on, 'poor wretch! and be for ever a slave 'to your senses: for my part, I will 'not deliver myself up to the arms of 'slumber,

'ſlumber, till I have imprinted in my 'imagination the means I am to uſe to 'win the firſt prize at the jouſts. I will 'imitate the wiſe architect; who, be-'fore he puts hand to the work, firſt 'contrives and diſpoſes in his fancy all 'the parts of the ſtructure he intends 'to raiſe.' In this employment Don Quixote ſpent the greateſt part of the night: he repreſented to himſelf, by the force of his diſtracted imagination, all that was to happen to him at the tilting. Sometimes he talked to the knights he was to run againſt; another while he demanded of the judges of the field the prize he had deſerved. Then having, in moſt humble and grave manner, ſaluted a lady, whom he conceited moſt beautiful, and moſt richly adorned, ſitting in a balcony, he gracefully preſented her, on the point of his lance, as he ſat on horſeback, the jewel he had won as her knight. At length, ſleep overcoming his ſenſes, for a while diſpelled all thoſe extravagant ideas which his diſtracted notion of knight-errantry had formed in his fancy.

An hour before day ſomebody knocked hard at the door of the houſe. The knight awaked; and having, not without much calling and ſhaking, rouzed his ſquire, he bade him riſe and ſee what was the matter. Sancho got up, though not without curſing thoſe who broke his reſt. He found the curate, and the two alcaldes, who came to call up Don Alvaro, that he might ſet out in the cool of the morning with the other gentlemen of Granada, as had been agreed among them the night before. That done, the curate and alcaldes returned home to give their gueſts ſome breakfaſt, who were after that to come and take up Tarfe in their way. All perſons were preſently up in Don Quixote's houſe; and, whilſt the ſtranger's ſervants packed up all things to be gone, the houſekeeper and Sancho made ready the breakfaſt. In the mean while, the Granadine, having dreſſed himſelf, ſaid to Don Quixote, who came into his chamber to bid him good-morrow, 'Sir 'Knight, I have a favour to beg of 'you; I am informed one of my 'horſes is lame, and cannot carry the 'leaſt weight, which will oblige me to 'leave here ſuch part of my equipage 'as is moſt cumberſome, and not ab-'ſolutely neceſſary. Among other 'things, I have a ſuit of armour 'wrought at Milan, which I do not 'much care to carry to Saragoſſa; for, 'beſides that it is more fit to run at 'the ring than for tilting, I have ano-'ther ſuit, which I ſet a greater value 'upon. I deſire, therefore, that you 'will order it to be laid up ſafe for me 'in your houſe till my return.' He had no ſooner ſpoken theſe words but two of his ſervants brought in a great trunk, and placed it at Don Quixote's feet; who, having had the curioſity to view the whole ſuit of armour, piece by piece, was in an extaſy of joy at ſo agreeable a ſpectacle. The armour was compleat, back and breaſt, gorge, head-piece, greaves, gauntlets, arms, and knees; in ſhort, nothing was wanting. Our knight, whoſe fancy travelled far in a ſhort time, preſently conceived what excellent uſe he could make of ſo rich a truſt; and being poſſeſſed with this imagination, he ſaid to the Granadine, with a chearful countenance—'I hope, Don Alvaro, you 'will not have cauſe to repent entruſt-'ing me with ſo precious a treaſure.' Then he aſked what ſort of equipage he would appear in at the tilting, what liveries he would give, and what device he would bear. To all which Tarfe anſwered him preciſely, without imagining in the leaſt what ſtrange projects his curious examiner had in his head. Whilſt they were putting up the armour into the trunk, Sancho came in, ſaying, 'Don Alvaro Tarfe 'may be pleaſed to come and ſit down 'to table, for I have taken care to get 'breakfaſt ready.'—'Say you ſo, 'friend Sancho?' quoth the Granadine: 'I perceive you are a man of diſ-'patch. But is your ſtomach come to 'you ſo early in the morning?'—'As 'for that,' replied Sancho, 'you need 'not queſtion it; and it deſerves to be 'recorded in the pariſh regiſter; for, in 'ſpite of the devil and all his works, 'my ſtomach is ſo good, that I never 'remember riſing full crammed from 'table in all my life-time; unleſs it 'were a twelvemonth ago, when my 'uncle James Alonzo, being ſteward 'of the brotherhood of the Roſary, 'employed me to diſtribute the dole of 'bread and cheeſe: that day, Sir, I 'muſt confeſs I was forced to let out 'two holes of my girdle.'—'God 'continue your good appetite!' anſwered Don Alvaro; 'I would give a

'great

'great deal to have such a sound con-
'stitution of body.' Tarfe had scarce eat a bit when the other Granadine gentlemen came in; and day beginning to appear, he mounted his horse, after returning thanks to Don Quixote for his courteous entertainment. But our knight thinking himself obliged by all the rules of chivalry, as well errant as sedentary, to bear them company some part of the way, caused Rozinante to be brought out of the stable, ready saddled and bridled; and, placing him before Don Alvaro, 'Behold,' says he, 'the finest horse you ever heard of: 'Bucephalus, Alfano, Sayan, Rapie-'ca, Bayard, Cornelin, and Pegasus 'himself, were not to compare to him.' —'I believe so, since you say it,' replied Tarfe smiling, after viewing the skeleton beast with astonishment; 'but 'in truth, good Sir Don Quixote, by 'his looks, a man would never believe 'what you say of him.' Most certain it is, that Rozinante, being prodigiously tall and long, and withal so lean that one might have shot straws through him, did not seem entirely to deserve the eulogy of his master. To conclude, the Granadines set forwards; and when they had rode about a quarter of a league, they entreated Don Quixote not to give himself the trouble of going any farther. There passed betwixt them some little courteous contest; but at length the most obliging knight of La Mancha gave way to the pressing instances of the strangers, and returned to his village.

CHAP. V.

OF THE FIRST USE DON QUIXOTE MADE OF THE ARMOUR HE HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED WITH BY DON ALVARO.

AS soon as Don Quixote came home, he sent for Sancho, who was just then got to his own house. The squire came running very readily upon his master's orders; who immediately double-locked his chamber-door, that nobody might interrupt him. 'Rejoice, 'my son,' said our knight; 'I have an 'agreeable piece of news to tell you: 'we may make our sally when we 'please, for I have met with a suit of 'armour already.'—'Pray where is it?' said the squire. 'In that trunk,' replied Don Quixote, shewing him that in which Don Alvaro's armour lay. 'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I doubt you 'know not what you say; we must not 'suffer ourselves to be tempted by other 'men's goods: that trunk is none of 'yours; it belongs to Don Alvaro 'Tarfe.'—'That's your mistake,' answered Don Quixote: 'I must disco-'ver all the mystery to you, my friend. 'These arms are enchanted; and it is 'the wise Alquife, my protector, who 'sent them to me privately last night 'by Don Alvaro Tarfe, that I may go 'to the tilting at Saragossa, and there 'win the most valuable prize. This 'is a common practice of enchanters, 'when they will not personally shew 'themselves to the knights they fa-'vour: it was thus, and by the hands 'of the Infanta Imperia, that the wise 'Belonia sent armour to her favourite 'Don Belianis, when he undertook to 'fight for the Dutchess of Isperia, whom 'the great Cham of Tartary would 'have caused to be burnt. Be not, 'therefore, so silly as to believe this ar-'mour belongs to Don Alvaro; it 'belongs to none but me; and I tell 'you it is a present the wise Alquife 'sends me by him.'—'If so,' said Sancho, 'let us examine this same armour 'a little, since the key is still in the 'trunk.' Don Quixote instantly opened it, and took out the armour. The squire, seeing it very highly polished, and adorned all over with flowers, trophies, and other delicate engravings, after the Milanese manner, concluded it must be all of beaten silver; and in rapture cried out, 'By the Lord, my dear 'master Don Quixote, that choice ar-'mour did doubtless belong to him 'that first laid the foundation of the 'Tower of Babel! If it were mine, I 'would cut it all out into curious shin-'ing pieces of eight, such as are cur-'rent at this time.' Having so said, he took up the head-piece; and, having viewed it attentively, went on, saying, 'By the sacred beard of Pontius Pi-'late, this silver cap were fit for an 'archdeacon! and if the brim were 'but two fingers broader, the king 'himself might wear it. The curate 'had best put it on at the procession of 'the Rosary: this rare cap, and his fine 'brocade cope, will make him outshine 'the sun-dial. By my father's ghost,

'I will lay a wager this armour is 'worth above ſixty thouſand millions! But tell me, pray, Sir, who 'was it that made it? Was it the wiſe 'old thief himſelf? or did it come into 'the world ready-made?'—'How ſilly 'you are!' replied Don Quixote: 'the 'wiſe Alquife may very likely have 'been the workman; for doubtleſs it 'could not be wrought but by ſome 'great enchanter. And when I exa-'mine the exquiſite workmanſhip of 'it, methinks I ſee the beautiful ar-'mour of Achilles, which Homer ſays 'was made by Vulcan, the infernal 'blackſmith, at the requeſt of the god-'deſs Thetis.'—'A plague rot him,' cried Sancho, 'for a curſed black-'ſmith, that works at the devil's 'forge! I will go to his ſhop to get 'him to mend my ploughſhare; but 'let him ſtay awhile, with a pox to 'him!'—'It muſt be confeſſed,' quoth Don Quixote, without regarding what his ſquire ſaid, he was ſo taken up with his own notions, 'that this is admira-'ble armour. I am reſolved, my ſon, 'to try it immediately; help me on 'with it.'—'By my faith,' ſaid Sancho, at every piece of armour he put on, 'theſe plates of ſilver delight my eyes; 'they look like a glittering piece of 'church ſtuff!' But, above all, the gauntlets pleaſed him; he could never ſufficiently admire them; and declared, if he had the like, he ſhould never want gloves as long as he lived. Don Quixote now, ſeeing himſelf in armour cap-a-piè, began to ſwell with pride and exultation. 'Well, Sancho!' ſaid he, in a louder tone than ordinary, 'what 'think you of this armour? Does it 'not add new dignity to my gallant 'demeanor? Tell me, do you think 'the genteel Don Seraphin of Spain, 'whom none could behold without ad-'miring, had ſo fine an air as I have?' Whilſt he uttered theſe words, he paraded pompouſly about the apartment with a ſtately ſtep and elevated deportment; ſometimes he ſtamped on the ground like one in a paſſion; ſometimes he lifted his arms as if he threatened: then would he move five or ſix paces haſtily; preſently he ſtopped all on a ſudden; and, at laſt, his extravagant ideas working with increaſed violence, tranſported him into a perfect phrenzy. He drew his ſword; and, gazing on Sancho with a wild and ferocious aſpect—'Stay! thou devouring dragon!' exclaimed he to him, in a tone that might have frightened all the Sanchos in Spain out of their ſenſes; 'thou dreadful 'monſter of Lybia; thou infernal ba-'ſiliſk! ſtay, and thou ſhalt feel the 'wonderful force of my arm! Thou 'ſhalt ſee whether with one ſtroke of 'my redoubtable ſword I cannot cut 'aſunder, not only thy venomous and 'monſtrous figure, but even the two 'ſturdieſt giants that ever the haughty 'and enormous race produced!' This ſaid, he advanced towards the amazed and terrified ſquire; who, perceiving him make towards him in that outrageous manner, ſheltered himſelf behind the bed, which being fortunately at a diſtance from the wall, gave him opportunity of avoiding the firſt aſſault of his maſter. Still the raving knight did not recover himſelf from his phrenzy; he vapoured about the room like a demoniack, flouriſhing his ſword round his head with ſuch ſkill and agility, that the moſt active gladiator could not have outdone him. He laid about him to the right and to the left, back-ſtroke and fore-ſtroke, ſlaſhing all that ſtood in his way, cutting the hangings and other goods in a moſt diſmal manner; but, above all, the bed-curtains and coverlid were hewn to tatters in an inſtant. 'Thou proud giant!' cried he to the quaking and miſerable Sancho; 'thou 'haughty animal! thy laſt hour is now 'come; thou ſhalt now ſatisfy the 'Divine Vengeance for all the ills 'thou haſt done in this world!'

As he thus cried out, he made ſuch a home-thruſt, that had the bed been a little narrower, or had not the curtains in ſome degree broken the force of the puſh, there infallibly had been an end of the faithfulleſt of all ſquires. The poor wretch did not ſpare his voice in this moſt imminent danger: he roared loud, and hideouſly; and ſqueezed himſelf up againſt the wall as flat as a flounder, to avoid the fatal blade of his maſter. Happy had it been for him to have poſſeſſed the ſtrength of Samſon, that ſo he might have driven back the wall a pike's length! Still he bawled out, as loud as he could ſtretch his throat—'Alas! my dear lord and ma-'ſter! by all the miſeries the devil 'brought upon holy Job; by the 'wounds of maſter St. Lazarus; by 'the holy arrows of Sir Saint Sebaſ-'tian;

Plate II.

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'tian; I conjure you have compaſſion 'on my poor ſinful ſoul!' Theſe words, inſtead of appeaſing Don Quixote, ſeemed rather to confirm him in his folly, and to encourage him the more to purſue a revenge which he thought neceſſary for the publick ſafety, honourable to knight-errantry, and meritorious towards purchaſing Heaven. 'Ah, ſubtle ſerpent!' replied he in the ſame haughty tone, 'thou crawleſt at 'preſent, and hopeſt to appeaſe my 'wrath with humble expreſſions; but 'thou art deceived! thou ſhalt not im-'poſe on me by thy fraudulent ſup-'plications! Deliver, deliver up, I 'ſay, thou luſtful monſter! all the 'princeſſes, whom, contrary to all right 'and reaſon, thou detaineſt in thy caſ-'tle, that harbour of robbers like thy-'ſelf! Reſtore, thou infamous thief! 'the immenſe treaſures thou haſt ſto-'len; ſet free the knights thou haſt kept 'enchanted for ſo many ages; and ſur-'render up to my hands the wicked en-'chantreſs that has been the occaſion 'of ſo much miſchief!'—'Good ma-'ſter Don Quixote!' cried the ſquire, 'recollect, for the love of God, that I 'am neither knight nor princeſs; nor 'much leſs that curſed enchantreſs you 'talk of: I am poor Sancho Panza, 'your neighbour and your faithful 'ſquire, and huſband to honeſt Mary 'Gutierrez, whom you have above 'half made a widow by putting me 'in ſuch a fright. Ah! ill luck on 'her that bore me!'—'If then you 'will have me give over purſuing you,' quoth Don Quixote, 'cauſe the em-'preſs I demand of you to be forth-'coming immediately; but let her be 'brought ſafe and ſound, pure and un-'ſpotted, and I will receive thy haugh-'ty figure to mercy, after thou ſhalt 'have owned thyſelf vanquiſhed. Wilt 'thou perform this, thou arrogant 'monſter?'—'I will, in the name of 'all the devils in hell!' quoth Sancho; 'but open the door for me firſt, and 'put up that curſed ſword which 'pierces me with fear, and I will in-'ſtantly bring you hither not only all 'the princeſſes you require, but even 'Annas and Caiphas, if you deſire it.' This promiſe laid the ſtorm; and our knight returned his ſword to the ſcabbard with as much gravity and deliberation as if nothing extraordinary had been done, yet bathed in ſweat, and very much tired by the terrible blows he had beſtowed upon the bed and furniture, during his conflict with the imaginary giant. Sancho, having ſomewhat recovered himſelf, crept out from behind the bed, pale and ghaſtly, and his eyes ſtill flowing with tears. He caſt himſelf at his maſter's feet, and with a weak and feeble voice exclaimed—'Sir 'Knight Errant, I own myſelf van-'quiſhed, and beg of you to forgive 'me, and I will never return to this 'place again!' Don Quixote gravely gave him his hand to kiſs in token of forgiveneſs, repeating a Latin verſe he was often wont to make uſe of—

'*Parcere proſtratis docuit nos ira leonis.*'

'The lion teaches us to ſpare the fallen.'

'I will receive thee to mercy, giant,' continued the knight, 'in imitation of 'ſome ancient knights, whoſe example 'I deſign to follow; but it muſt be 'upon condition that thou ſhalt tho-'roughly amend thy life, and ſhalt be 'ready to do all ſervice to young dam-'ſels, according to the rules of ancient 'chivalry; ceaſing to commit any out-'rage againſt them, and righting all 'wrongs to the utmoſt of thy power.' —'I do vow and promiſe ſo to do,' replied Sancho, 'with all my ſoul; and 'do offer the curate to be my ſecurity 'for performance, who I am ſure will 'be bound for me upon this occaſion: 'but that there may be no miſtake, your 'worſhip will be pleaſed to tell me, 'whether, when you oblige me to ſet 'right all that is wrong, you ſuppoſe 'that clauſe to include the licentiate 'Peter Garcia, prior of Toboſo; who, 'having a club-foot, is in that part not 'right naturally: for, to deal plainly 'with you, good Sir, it is God that 'made him ſo, and I will not concern 'myſelf with it.'

Theſe words removed the cloud from the eyes of Don Quixote; who being at length come to himſelf, eaſily concluded, that, after the ſcene he had been acting, Sancho would have no great reliſh for the profeſſion; and therefore, reſolving to turn it all into raillery, he ſaid to him, in a pleaſant tone, and ſmiling, 'Well, what think you of all this, 'my ſon? Is not the man who could 'give you ſuch a proof of his courage

'in a chamber locked up—is not he, I 'say, able to overthrow a multitude of 'enemies, though ever so brave, in 'open field?'—'By my troth,' quoth Sancho, 'all I can say to you is, that 'if you design to give me such proofs 'as these often, I have done with the 'calling. You may from this time 'provide yourself another squire: no 'wages, no ass, no equipage, shall 'draw me along; I leave it all to you!' —'Enough, friend!' answered Don Quixote; 'all that I did was only to 'shew you my courage and activity.'— 'Well, well,' replied Sancho, 'you 'make a pretty business of it, by my 'troth! What is past, is past; but, 'pray, why did you make those thrusts 'and cuts so home, that they grated 'upon my very ears?'—'I have not 'hurt you,' rejoined Don Quixote; 'and I took a great deal of care to a-'void it. Once more I tell you, all 'this is but mere pastime, which you 'ought not to take ill in the least.'— 'Let it pass, then, for once,' said the squire: 'but come no more there; for, 'by the Lord Harry, I do not like such 'pastime!'—'Talk no more of it,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but help to dis-'arm me, and let us think of nothing 'but our expedition.' Sancho being thus reconciled, they began to lay the project of their sally; and it was soon settled, that the eight hundred ducats which Don Quixote inherited from his niece Magdalen, should be appropriated to that purpose; that Thomas Cecial's ass should be bought with part of it that very day; and that all the rest should be put up in a cloak-bag, with some linen. This was accordingly put in execution to a tittle, as our Arabian historian relates it. Sancho bought his [illegible]ass, and came the next day to Don Quixote to acquaint him with it. 'I come to tell you, Sir,' said he, 'that 'I have the finest ass betwixt this and 'Salamanca: you need but hear him 'bray to be convinced. Oh, the rogue 'will perform the drudgery of chi-'valry most compleatly! I long to be 'upon him.'—'You shall not be de-'tained long,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for I design to set out this night. We 'have nothing to do now but to pre-'pare all things for it: and we shall 'meet with no hindrance, because we 'are alone; for my housekeeper is gone 'to wash linen at the pond of Toboso. 'Now let us examine whether Rozi-'nante be in good plight, and want 'nothing: then will we search all the 'house to see if we can find the lance 'and the buckler I had last year. If 'we do not find them, we cannot miss 'of something to make others.'— 'With submission to your better judg-'ment,' said the squire, 'I think we 'had best begin by searching the house; 'and if we happen to find your last year's 'lance and target, we will then carry 'Rozinante a measure of barley; we 'will saddle him, and all under one 'make him just ready to set out, which 'will put us in some forwardness.'— 'No great matter,' replied Don Quix-ote; 'but, since you will have it so, I 'am content; let us search the house 'out of hand.' They went directly, therefore, into the kitchen; where San-cho espying a broom, laid hold of it; and having viewed it well, 'Sir,' said he to his master, 'I have a thought 'come into my head: by my troth, I 'believe this is your lance; without 'doubt your lady housekeeper has made 'a broomstick of it.'—'I should be 'loth to swear for her,' answered Don Quixote; 'the poor housekeeper knows 'not the value of such things; and, 'besides, she is so ill affected to knights-'errant, that she is likely enough to 'have put one of the most glorious in-'struments of chivalry to that vile 'use.'—'Well, Sir,' quoth the squire, 'where the needle is lost, there it is 'found. If Madam Housekeeper has 'made a broomstick of a lance, why 'may not we make a lance of a broom-'stick? Nothing is easier; it is only 'kicking off the broom, and fastening 'a spear at the end of the staff.'— 'You are in the right,' said Don Quixote; 'and I have a sharp piece of 'iron in my chamber, which will be 'fit for the purpose.'—'Good,' quoth Sancho; 'if so, we want nothing but 'a buckler, and we are in the field. 'Let us look about narrowly, and per-'haps we may meet with it.' From the kitchen they went into a room where the housekeeper lay; and there they left no place unsearched: nor did they lose their labour; for our knight espying an old great brass-plate, on which they used to dry linen, on the top of a cup-board, which had been thrown there because the foot was broke off and the plate bruised and battered, 'Ah!

'what

'what is this?' cried he. 'What a 'miracle, Sancho! I eſpy on that cup-'board the moſt precious buckler in 'the world!' Having ſpoken theſe words, he mounted upon a chair to reach the braſs-plate; and as ſoon as he had it in his hands, 'O wiſe Alquife!' exclaimed he, 'how much is Don 'Quixote de la Mancha obliged to 'you! How ſhall I able to acknow-'ledge ſuch favours?—Son Sancho, 'admire what this great enchanter, my 'protector, does for me! He is not ſa-'tisfied with ſending me enchanted ar-'mour, but to that preſent he adds this 'wonderful buckler, which is the ſame 'the matchleſs Emperor Bendanazar 'formerly bore.'—'Sir,' replied the ſquire, ſhaking his head, 'I can aſſure 'you that is none of the buckler you 'talk of; for it is an old ruſty braſs-'plate to dry linen on.'—'I grant it is 'like one,' rejoined Don Quixoté; 'and it is that which deceives you. So 'you took Mambrino's helmet for a 'barber's baſon, becauſe it was like a 'baſon*. You give too much credit to 'outward appearances: but you may 'rely on me; knights are never im-'poſed upon. You muſt underſtand, 'friend, that Bendanazar had three 'things which made him invincible, 'and by means whereof he conquered 'the empires of Babylon, of Perſia, 'and of Trebizond. The firſt of them 'was a ring† whoſe virtue was ſuch, 'that the perſon who wore it could not 'be enchanted; the ſecond was a ſword, 'which at one ſtroke, and without any 'labour, would cut in pieces the beſt-'tempered armour; and, laſtly, the 'third was this wonderful buckler you 'ſee here, which is impenetrable, and 'would reſiſt even a thunderbolt!'—'Heaven be praiſed, Sir!' ſaid Sancho: 'in truth, it was well done of you to 'tell me all this; for the devil take 'him that would ever have imagined 'that target to be any other than an 'old braſs-plate to dry linen on, which 'I ſhould not have thought worth pick-'ing off the ground. Would to God 'we had the ring and the good ſword 'of that Bendanazar! But if we can-'not have all, we muſt be ſatisfied with 'what we have. The batchelor Samp-'ſon Carraſco was in the right, the 'other day, when he ſaid that all men 'could not be popes, nor archdeacons; 'and that, ſo he had but a good mitre 'and croſier, he cared for no more.'

Don Quixote was overjoyed that he was maſter of a buckler whoſe excellency he was ſo well acquainted with; yet he found one objection againſt it, and was a long while before he could contrive how to render it ſerviceable; for it had no ring within to hold it on the arm: however, being ingenious, he at length deviſed a remedy. He made two holes through it, and faſtened in them a great leather thong, which had formerly ſerved him for a girdle. The ſquire perceiving that his maſter had pierced the buckler, ſaid to him, 'Ho, 'Sir! did not you ſay this target was 'not to be pierced? I perceive there is 'no duty laid upon lying.'—'Do not 'wonder at that,' replied Don Quixote; 'for the great magician who made it, 'enchanted it after ſuch a manner, that 'the knights who are poſſeſſed of it may 'make what they pleaſe of it; whereas 'in battle it cannot be pierced or cut, 'or broken, as you may plainly ſee by 'theſe dreadful blows that have fallen 'upon it, and which have only made a 'ſmall impreſſion on it.' As he ſaid this, he ſhewed him the many bruiſes there were on the braſs plate. When the knight had fitted his ſhield and lance, he went out with Sancho to the bin where the barley lay, and taking out a double meaſure, carried it to the ſtable. Rozinante, who had a good noſe, ſoon ſmelt it, and began to neigh; which Don Quixote looked upon as an undoubted good omen of the ſucceſs of his ſally. They ſaddled that excellent horſe, and had leiſure to prepare all

* In an old romance in Ottava Rima, entitled Innamoramento di Rinaldo, is a long account of a Pagan king, named Mambrino, who comes againſt Charlemaign and the Chriſtians with a vaſt army He is at laſt killed by Rinaldo; but no particular mention is made of his helmet.—For the account of the Barber's Baſon, which Don Quixote takes poſſeſſion of as the helmet of Mambrino, ſee Cervantes. In the firſt book of Arioſto's Orlando Furioſo, Mambrino's helmet is mentioned as being worn by Rinaldo.

† This ring of Bendanazar's, or (as his name is ſpelt in an Engliſh tranſlation of the Romance of Belianis) Brandezar, was won from him by Don Belianis, who ſlew the emperor in a dreadful combat; but it does not appear in the above-named tranſlation, that this ring had any thing to do with Brandezar's conqueſt of Babylon, &c.

things for their departure before the housekeeper returned; who, not dreaming that any thing was in agitation, retired to bed peaceably, as she was wont. Don Quixote, taking the advantage of her first sleep, armed himself, and went down, without making the least noise, into the court, opened the street-door to let in Sancho, as had been agreed between them; and, taking Rozinante out of the stable, they both left the village.

CHAP. VI.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S THIRD SALLY; OF THE NEW APPELLATION HE MADE CHOICE OF; AND OF HIS FIRST ADVENTURE.

IT was towards the latter end of August, at least five hours before break of day, when the famous knight of La Mancha set forth from the village of Argamasilla, mounted on Rozinante, and fearfully equipped with the armour of the Granadine. In his right-hand he grasped his lance, and on his left-arm he bore the inestimable buckler of Bendanazar: his matchless squire followed him on his new ass, with his portmanteau behind him, and a wallet stored with provision. They rode without speaking a considerable time; when Don Quixote at length broke silence—'You see,' said he, 'my son, how favourable all things seem to our design: the moon lights us with all her borrowed rays; and we have as yet seen nothing which we can interpret to be an ill omen.'—'All is well hitherto,' quoth the squire; 'but I am very much afraid, lest to-morrow Master Nicholas and the curate, missing us in the village, should pursue us with all their retinue; and if once they catch us, beware of the cage, good Sir Don Quixote; you are well acquainted with every inch of it. By the Lord, the relapse would be worse than the disease itself!'—'O thou cowardly and perfidious barber!' cried our hero; 'I could find in my heart to go back to the village to challenge, man to man, all the barbers, physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, in the world; as also all the curates, archdeacons, canons, and chanters, of the Greek and Latin church. Is it possible, friend, you should make so small account of my valour, as to think I can be afraid of such weak enemies? Could you bring more lions than Africa contains in it's vast compass, more tygers than Hyrcania produces, and more monsters than the desart Lybia can breed on it's burning sands, for me to engage them all, you should see your undaunted master deliver himself up to the most dreadful dangers with such resolution, that you could not but compare him to Alexander the Great! And you would be in the right for so doing: for I will lay a wager, and it is past all dispute, that if my breast were opened, my heart would be found hairy, as was that valiant king's. Do not therefore give ear, my son, to the suggestions of that base fear; and from this time think of nothing but the honour that waits me at Saragossa, part of which will redound upon you: but for the fulfilling, in all points, the statutes and ordinances of ancient chivalry, I must adorn this buckler, which is infinitely better tempered than that of Atlas, with some ingenious device; and it being convenient that every device should express the inward sentiments of the knight's heart who appears at the tilting, I will therefore cause two damsels, ravishingly beautiful, to be painted on my shield; and they shall be deeply in love with my genteel mien and courage. On the top shall be placed the God of Love, who, extending his arms with his bended bow, shall level all his arrows at me; but I will appear unconcerned at his threats, receiving his arrows on my shield, and they shall drop, without doing execution, at my feet: at the bottom of the buckler shall be these words, "The Loveless Knight!"—'Upon my life, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'it is a rare device, and the name fits it well! I find by my hand we shall do well enough without a mistress; and we shall live the longer for it, for I have often heard the barber say that is the way to be long-lived.'

Such was the discourse between our adventurers, who rode on all the rest of the night, and most part of the day, without resting: but now the squire, who was not so indefatigable as his master, was upon the point of beginning

to

to rail againſt knight-eraantry, when they diſcovered an inn at a good diſtance from them. 'God be praiſed!' cried Sancho, 'I eſpy a good likely inn, 'where we may paſs the night; and 'to-morrow we will proſecute our 'journey merrily.' Don Quixote, who was then in the vein of taking inns for caſtles, looking on this, ſaid—'Upon 'the word of a knight, that is one of 'the ſtrongeſt caſtles in all Spain! I 'ſcarce think there is ſuch another in 'all Lombardy!'—'Pray, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'take heed what you ſay. Me-'thinks you are too raſh in ſwearing 'by your knighthood. Perhaps that 'which to you looks like a caſtle, and 'to me like an inn, may more likely 'be the one than the other.'—'I tell 'you it is a caſtle,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'and a wonderful piece of 'architecture! How regular it is, and 'how advantageouſly ſeated! Do not 'you ſee it's lofty towers and it's bat-'tlements, it's great draw-bridge, and 'the two fierce griffins that guard the 'entrance?' Sancho opened his eyes as wide as he could ſtare, the better to diſcover the towers and the griffins; and it was none of his fault if he ſaw them not. 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'you will make 'me mad: that houſe has neither towers 'nor griffins; and all I can ſay of it 'is, that if this be not an inn, there 'never was an inn in this world.'—The knight ſtiffly maintained the contrary; and, whilſt they were thus contending, two men on foot paſſed by them. The ſquire aſked them whether the houſe he ſaw was an inn, or a caſtle: they anſwered, it was an inn, and known in that country by the name of 'The Inn of the Hangdog;' becauſe formerly the innkeeper had been hanged for murdering a paſſenger that lay in his houſe. 'It is falſe,' cried Don Quixote, ſternly. 'Away! and evil go 'with you, baſe ſcoundrels that ye are! 'thus to take away the Conſtable's re-'putation, who has always been looked 'upon among us as a worthy and ho-'neſt knight! As for that caſtle, I 'maintain it is no inn; it is a caſtle, in 'ſpite of you, and all others that ſhall 'think the contrary.' The two travellers were no leſs ſurprized at theſe words, than at the ſtrange figure of him who pronounced them: but ſeeing him ſo wrathful, they would not venture to contradict him; and ſo went on their way, not knowing what to think of this encounter. When Don Quixote was within muſket-ſhot of the inn, he ſtopped, and ſaid to his ſquire—'Friend 'Sancho, we muſt not engage here 'raſhly: let us join prudence with va-'lour; and, ſince you ſerve me in the 'quality of a ſquire, it belongs to you 'to go and view the place. Draw, 'therefore, as near as conveniently you 'can to that caſtle, and view it ex-'actly, that you may be able to make 'a juſt report of all things to me: take 'by your eye nicely the breadth and 'depth of the ditch. Obſerve well the 'ſituation and manner of the gates, 'the draw-bridges, the turnpikes, the 'towers and turrets, the platforms, 'the covert-way, the counterſcarp, the 'parapets, the caponniers, the redoubts, 'the gabions, and the corps-de-guard: 'but, above all, enquire what ammu-'nition they have, and how many years 'proviſion; whether they have water in 'their ciſterns; and, in ſhort, what 'ſort of people, and what numbers they 'are, that defend ſo important a fort-'reſs.'—'Hey-day!' ſaid Sancho, interrupting him, 'where the devil do 'you find all that ſtuff? Why you 'will make me as mad as a March-'hare! We have here an inn at hand, 'and may go into it this minute, and 'eat and drink for our money without 'quarrelling or fighting with any-'body; and you would have me to go 'find out bridges, ditches, towers, 'and all the reſt of that confounded 'bead-roll you have juſt now run over. 'If the innkeeper ſees me rounding his 'houſe, he will fancy I deſign to ſteal 'his hens, and will come out and 'break my bones for me. For God's 'ſake, Sir, let us not play the devil in 'inns, leſt we meet with more blanket-'toſſers and enchanters in them! Let 'us not run ourſelves into miſchief 'when we are well; and ſince we can 'walk dry-ſhod, why ſhould we wet 'our feet?'—'Do what I bid you,' replied Don Quixote, 'and talk no more. 'Be docile, and let your valour be ac-'companied by a ready and exact obe-'dience: it is that, my ſon, which has 'rendered the Spaniards ſo formidable; 'and it is no wonder; for the ſubal-'terns being obedient to their ſupe-'riors, all things are performed or-'derly and regularly, which makes 'them more ſtaunch and ſolid; whereas

'other

'other nations, not obſerving ſuch 'ſtrict diſcipline, which is the key to 'ſucceſs, are eaſily broken and routed.' —'Well, Sir,' ſaid the ſquire, 'I will 'obey you; or elſe we ſhould never 'have done. Dapple and I will go put 'your orders in execution; Rozinante 'and you may follow us gently: but 'I muſt tell you, that if I find none of 'all that you have ſaid, I will enter the 'inn without farther ceremony, and 'will there give orders for our ſupper; 'for, by my faith, my guts are ſo 'empty, that they twiſt again for 'mere hunger!' Having ſo ſaid, he clapped his heels to his aſs's ſides, and ſoon got to the inn. There he looked all about him; and ſeeing nothing but a plain houſe, and a ſign to it—'I knew 'well enough,' ſaid he to himſelf, in a tranſport of joy, 'that this houſe was 'a good inn, an heavenly inn, and more 'uſeful than all the caſtles in Spain!' This ſaid, he went up to the door, and aſked the innkeeper whether he had entertainment. 'I have,' quoth the hoſt, who was a pleaſant fellow; 'your 'aſs and you ſhall be treated like 'princes.' Upon this fair promiſe Sancho alighted; and, taking off his portmanteau, deſired the landlord to lock it up for him. Then enquiring what there was to eat, he was told there was an excellent cabbage ſoup; and, if that was not enough, they would lay down a curious young rabbit. Sancho gave two ſkips in the air when he heard that bleſſed ſoup mentioned; and, hoping to ſtuff his carcaſe with it, he led his Dapple to the ſtable, and whilſt he was giving him ſtraw and barley, and ordering ſome for Rozinante, Don Quixote came up to the houſe.

The innkeeper and ſome travellers, who were then ſtanding at the door, ſpying ſo extraordinary a phantom in armour, imagined they beheld ſome figure cut out of old tapeſtry. They viewed him attentively from head to foot; whilſt he, caſting a ſide glance upon them, and looking very gravely, paſſed by without ſtopping, or ſpeaking one word. He rounded the inn, examined the wall nicely, and meaſured it's height with his lance in ſeveral places. At length, having thoroughly traverſed the whole building, and arrived at the door again, he then ſtopped, and raiſing himſelf fiercely on his ſtirrups—'In-'defatigable governor!' ſaid he, with a dreadful voice—'and you, redoubted 'knights! who watch day and night to 'guard this place you have been en-'truſted with—behold here the Loveleſs 'Knight! I do ſummon and require 'you to deliver to me inſtantly, and 'without the leaſt reply, my faithful 'ſquire; whom you, contrary to the laws 'of good chivalry, have taken by trea-'chery, or by the fatal art of the old 'ſorcereſs who affords you her black 'aſſiſtance. It is an exceſs of courteſy 'towards you which inclines me to de-'mand him by words, when it is in 'my power to right myſelf by force of 'arms. Reſtore him to me, then, 'unleſs you will have me put you all 'to the ſword, and raze this impreg-'nable caſtle to the ground! But re-'ſtore him to me ſafe and ſound, pure 'and unſpotted, as alſo all the knights 'and damſels whom your unheard-'of cruelty has immured in deep dun-'geons. If not, come out all toge-'gether againſt me, not unarmed as I 'ſee you are now, but with your beſt-'tempered arms, and your lances of 'hard aſh which you brandiſh in ſo 'dreadful a manner! Mount your ſwift-'eſt courſers, and all at once aſſail me! 'Here I expect you, to chaſtiſe your 'boldneſs!' Whilſt he thus ſpoke, he was forced every moment to tug with might and main the bridle of Rozinante, whom with much difficulty he reſtrained from entering a ſtable which the poor beaſt found himſelf near to, and laboured hard to take poſſeſſion of. The pretended defenders of the caſtle were much ſurprized at the knight's diſcourſe; and perceiving that, in purſuance of his challenge, he endeavoured to provoke them to the combat, calling them ſlaves and cowards, the innkeeper undertook to anſwer him, and ſaid—'Sir Knight, here is no caſtle 'that I know of, nor any knights to 'defend it. All our ſtrength is in our 'wine, which is ſo briſk that it will 'not only knock a man down, but will 'make him ſay as much or more than 'we have heard from your worſhip. 'I ſolemnly aſſure you that we have 'no ſquire ſhut up in our inn. If you 'have a mind to take up your lodging 'in it, why do not you alight. We 'will treat you handſomely; and, if you 'have a fancy to it, we will furniſh 'you with a briſk Galician laſs to pull 'off your ſtockings, and ſhe is as ready

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'to perform as to tender her ſervice.' Theſe courteous offers did not ſatisfy our Loveleſs Knight. 'I vow,' cried he, 'by the ſacred order of knight-er-'rantry, that unleſs this minute you 'deliver up to me the flower of truſty 'ſquires, and that Galician princeſs 'you talk of, you ſhall all periſh by 'my ſword!' As Don Quixote was not a man that would vent his threats in vain, it is impoſſible to ſay what might have happened, if Sancho, hearing the altercation, had not ſtept out to pacify his maſter. He ran to him; and, laying hold of his bridle—'The 'noble Don Quixote,' ſaid he, 'is 'welcome! He may ſafely come in. 'As ſoon as ever they beheld me, they 'all ſubmitted themſelves. Alight, 'then, Sir,' continued he; 'they are 'all our friends, and only wait to treat 'us with ſuch a cabbage ſoup as St. 'Chriſtopher himſelf would be glad to 'meet with; and which I think it long 'till I am engaged with!'—'But, my 'ſon,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'has nobody 'wronged you? Tell me ingenuouſly? 'I am ready to revenge your quarrel.' —'No, no, Sir,' replied the ſquire; 'nobody in this houſe has touched the 'tip of my finger, and all my limbs 'are as ſound as when I came out of 'my mother's belly.'—'If ſo,' quoth Don Quixote, 'take this buckler in 'one hand, and with the other hold 'my ſtirrup till I alight.' Our knight being diſmounted, went into the houſe; and Sancho led Rozinante to the ſtable. Whatever the hoſt could ſay to him, Don Quixote would not unarm; alledging that, among Pagans, it was not good to be too ſecure. He only took off his head-piece, and ſat down to table merely out of complaiſance. The ſoup and the rabbit were ſerved up. He ſcarce meddled with them, though he had not eaten a bit the whole day; and ſpent all ſupper-time in exhibiting the dignity and haughtineſs of a knight-errant. As for his ſquire, he was more complaiſant to his entertainment; for, after devouring all the ſoup, he ſwallowed down above three pounds of beef and mutton, and all the rabbit, beſides two bottles of white wine, which he drank to the laſt drop.

After ſupper, the innkeeper led Don Quixote into a handſome apartment. Sancho unarmed his maſter, and then went out to lead Rozinante and Dapple to water, and give them another meaſure of barley and ſtraw. Whilſt he was in the ſtable, the Galician maid, whoſe good-nature the hoſt had not commended without cauſe, went into Don Quixote's chamber, and accoſting him with more impudence than good grace, ſaid to him—'Sir Knight, I 'come to know of you whether you 'have any need of me. Though my 'complexion is a little brown, yet I 'am not dirty. Tell me, then, ſhall 'I pull off your ſtockings? I am very 'ambitious of ſerving you; for I ne-'ver ſaw any thing ſo like a rogue I 'was once in love with, as you are. 'But no more of him; what is paſt is 'gone. It was a damned dog of a cap-'tain, who ſtole me away from my fa-'ther's houſe, promiſing to marry me: 'but, as yet, he has not been ſo good as 'his word; and the ſcoundrel was gone 'in the morning with all my cloaths and 'jewels.' As the pretended damſel uttered theſe words, ſhe burſt into tears; and, immediately reſuming her ſpeech, ſaid—'Sir Knight, though you ſee I am 'ſervant to an honeſt innkeeper, yet I 'am a damſel and a maid of honour. 'But, unhappy orphan that I am, I am 'left alone and in want; without hopes 'of any relief but what I muſt ex-'pect from Heaven, and from the ge-'neroſity of the knight that now hears 'me. Would to God ſome good 'Chriſtian would revenge my wrongs, 'and pierce the heart of the traitor that 'deceived my unſuſpecting innocence!' —'Moſt beautiful princeſs,' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting her eagerly, 'leave that to me. It is the duty of 'knights-errant to right ſuch wrongs 'as thoſe; and I ſwear, by the order 'of knighthood which I profeſs, that, 'after the tilting at Saragoſſa, at which 'I cannot avoid being preſent, I will 'puniſh that perfidious man who has ſo 'baſely forſaken you! To-morrow you 'ſhall mount your white palfrey; and, 'covering your beautiful countenance 'with a veil, that the affliction which 'cauſes your tears to flow may not ap-'pear, you ſhall go with me, if you 'pleaſe, to the royal tilting at Sara-'goſſa, attended by your faithful 'dwarf. Do not make any longer ſtay 'here, moſt charming virgin! retire to 'your apartment, to taſte the ſweet re-'poſe of the night on that happy bed 'which alone enjoys the bleſſing of

'holding your tender limbs, and rely 'on a word which cannot fail.' The Galician wench, finding herſelf diſmiſſed with ſuch ſingular expreſſions, preſently concluded that Don Quixote was a different ſort of being from the muleteers that uſed to travel that road. But her deſign being to draw a few rials* from him; and perceiving that the ſtory of the captain had not ſucceeded as ſhe expected, ſhe immediately altered her method. 'Sir Knight,' ſaid ſhe, 'if 'you have any kindneſs for me, I be-'ſeech you to lend me two or three 'rials, becauſe I am in great need; 'for yeſterday, as I was waſhing the 'diſhes, I had the misfortune to break 'two curious earthen plates; and my 'maſter ſwears he will break my bones, 'if I do not pay for them.'—'Fear 'nothing, my princeſs,' replied Don Quixote very gravely; 'the audacious 'man that dares touch you, ſhall touch 'me in the apples of my eyes.'—'I 'am much obliged to you, good Sir,' quoth the wench; 'and I ſhould be 'much more ſo, if you would be pleaſed 'to give me the two rials I aſk. That 'will ſave me the beating my maſter 'has promiſed me; and he is the moſt 'punctual man in the world at keep-'ing ſuch promiſes.'—'How, two 'rials,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'I'll ſooner 'give you two hundred ducats, nay 'three hundred, if you want them.' The wench, who looked no higher than two rials, ſuppoſing by his offer ſhe ſhould eaſily have them, drew near to the knight, without any ceremony, to requite him with a hug; but Don Quixote, like another Joſeph, ſtarted up in terror at the danger this amorous innkeeping wife of Potiphar was like to bring him into. 'I have never read,' quoth he in great diſorder, 'that any 'knight-errant, of thoſe I intend to 'imitate, gave way, upon the like oc-'caſion, to any diſhoneſt action.' This ſaid, he called upon his faithful ſquire to come to the relief of his virtue, which was attacked ſo dangerouſly. 'San-'cho! Sancho!' cried he, 'bring me 'our portmanteau.'

The ſquire, who was then talking with the landlord, running up—'Open 'that portmanteau,' ſaid the knight, 'and give this beautiful infanta two 'hundred ducats. We ſhall be no 'loſers by it, my ſon; for when I ſhall 'have taken revenge of an outrage done 'to her, ſhe will not only return us 'that ſum, but ſhe will give you part 'of the jewels and precious ſtones a 'diſcourteous knight has ungraciouſly 'robbed her of.' The ſparing ſquire hearing ſuch an extravagant order, thought his very ſoul was going to be torn from him. 'What do you talk of 'two hundred ducats?' quoth he in a ſurly manner. 'Is it not much eaſier 'to give this impudent baggage two 'hundred kicks in the guts? By the 'giant Goliah's ears, I'll give no ſuch 'ſum! Does the brazen jilt think her 'ſtrumpet's face, and her tanned hide, 'are worth half that money? Was it 'not ſhe that aſked me juſt now in the 'ſtable to give her a groat. Oh, the 'jade! As I hope to live, Sir, if I 'lay hold of her hair, I'll make her 'ſkip down all the ſtairs at once!' When the wench ſaw Sancho in ſuch a rage, ſhe drew him aſide, and ſaid to him—'My dear friend, your maſter 'only bids you give me two rials, and 'I deſire no more; for I am ſenſible 'enough there is no thinking of two 'hundred ducats.' The knight of La Mancha was not a little ſurprized to ſee his ſquire treat a princeſs with ſo much familiarity. 'Sancho,' ſaid he to him, 'do what I bid you immediate-'ly, and let me hear no more of you. 'We will ſet out to-morrow with the 'infanta, to conduct her back into her 'country, where we ſhall be repaid 'with intereſt.' The ſquire perceiving he muſt ſubmit, ſaid to his maſter, 'Well, Sir, I'll retire and pay her 'that money below ſtairs at my lei-'ſure.—Let us go, Madam Infanta. 'Will you pleaſe to walk down, and 'help me to carry this portmanteau? 'I'll pay you immediately.' As ſilly as Sancho was, he had more wit than to obey his maſter. He gave the wench but a groat, ſwearing he would beat her like ſtock-fiſh, if ſhe did not tell Don Quixote ſhe had received two hundred ducats. To which the ſly gipſey made anſwer—'I am very well 'ſatisfied with this groat, maſter ſquire; 'and I wiſh you good night.' The innkeeper took the wench into the kitchen; and Sancho went to bed on a quilt they had laid for him upon two

* The Rial Plate is a Spaniſh coin worth about ſixpence; but the Rial Baſs is only worth a groat.

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mules pannels, making a pillow of the dearly-beloved portmanteau which he had so lately preserved from being embowelled by the extravagance of his master.

The first thing he did the next morning, was to give straw and barley to Rozinante and the ass. Then he caused a good piece of lamb, or mutton, (for none but the innkeeper could decide which it was) to be laid to the fire. That done, he went up to his master's chamber to awake him. The poor knight was but then got to sleep; he had not been able to close his eyes all night, his head was so full of the tilting, and of the revenge he was to take on the perfidious captain. He was so discomposed with these whimseys that, awaking in a consternation when his squire called him, he cried out—'O 'thou disloyal knight! who, after 'breaking thy plighted faith, art not 'ashamed to see the light of the sun! 'behold here the avenger of the Prin-'cess of Galicia!'—'Do not put your-'self into a passion, good Sir,' answered Sancho; 'the princess is well paid, 'and kisses your errant worship's hands. 'Rise quickly, for breakfast will soon 'be ready.'—'I am resolved to set out 'immediately,' said Don Quixote, getting up; 'for I think it long till I am 'at Saragossa. Help me on with my 'armour, and let us stay here no longer.' As soon as he was armed, he went down into the kitchen, where he took two or three mouthfuls standing; and then causing Rozinante to be brought out, vaulted gracefully into the saddle; and, raising his voice, said to the innkeeper, and other standers by—'Generous 'Castellano—and you, valiant knights 'of this fortress—consider whether I can 'do you any service.'—'Sir Knight,' answered the host, 'we want nothing 'at present, God be praised, but that 'you order your squire to pay for your 'meat, and the straw and barley for 'your beasts.'—'Friend,' replied Don Quixote, 'pray, with your leave, where 'did you ever read, that Constables, 'who have had the good fortune to en-'tertain knights-errant in their castles, 'made them pay for their entertain-'ment?'—'Every man has his way,' quoth the innkeeper; 'and my method 'is, not to lodge any man for nothing.' —'Well,' said Don Quixote, 'since 'you will be takn for an innkeeper, 'what is it you demand?'—'Fourteen 'rials,' quoth the host. 'Enough,' replied the knight; and ordered Sancho to pay him: but, at the same time, spying the Galician wench with a broom in her hand, he cried out—'O sovereign 'infanta, here am I ready to undergo 'all hazards in performing the promise 'I made to you. I burn with impa-'tience till I restore you to all your 'rights, and bring you back to your 'illustrious parents; whose eyes, since 'they saw you, are become inexhausted 'fountains of tears. Grieved am I to 'the heart to see so worthy a princess 'in the habit of a servant of an inn, 'and sweeping the house of such infa-'mous wretches as these are. Mount, 'then, your palfrey immediately; or, 'if ill fortune has deprived you of it, 'make use of my squire's indefati-'gable steed, and come along with us 'to Saragossa.' The innkeeper, who was apt to take what he heard in the worst sense, fancying by this talk that our knight had a mind to debauch his servant, and that she was consenting to it, grew angry; and, calling out to the girl—'How now, impudence!' said he, 'do you dare to put tricks 'upon me? By the Lord, I'll make you 'repent your intrigue with this mad-'man! May never barber's bason come 'near my beard, if you do not pay for 'this! Away, you slut! go wash your 'dishes, and leave off your lewd in-'trigues with that crack-brained fel-'low.' The Galician, relying on her innocence, would have cleared herself; but the furious innkeeper, not giving her time, stopped her mouth with a sound cuff on the face, accompanied by half a score good kicks, which overthrew the princess almost crippled.

O ye Heavens! what a spectacle was this for the Knight of La Mancha! To what a paroxysm of passion did not this dismal sight transport him! Achilles, when he ran to revenge the death of Patroclus; the god Mars, when he saw the blood run from the goddess Cytherea; were not half so exasperated or frantick. To delineate the dreadful aspect of Don Quixote at that moment, would require a pen dipt in the infernal streams of Tartarus. He instantly unsheathed his sword, and raising himself in his stirrups at least half a foot higher than ordinary, addressed himself to the innkeeper with a voice like that of

Mars when he agitates the mountains of Thrace—'O thou raſh knight!' quoth he, 'who haſt dared preſume in 'my preſence to inſult the moſt noble 'lady in all Spain, do not think ſo hei-'nous a crime ſhall go unpuniſhed!' Thus ſaying, he ſpurred Rozinante fiercely forward upon the conſtable of the caſtle, who thought of nothing leſs than this invaſion; and, whirling round his blade in the air, diſcharged ſuch a formidable blow on the ſeat of his antagoniſt's underſtanding, that had not the thickneſs of his hat cauſed it to glance aſide, the kitchen-princeſs had been compleatly revenged of the knight of the inn. The cruel blade, however, grazed his ſkull, mowed down one ſide of his hair, and carried away a ſmall piece of his ear. The blood ſtreaming from the wound, alarmed all the inn, and every man laid hold of the weapon that firſt preſented itſelf. The innkeeper ran into the kitchen roaring like a bull; and, ſeizing the longeſt ſpit he was maſter of, breathed nothing but ſpeedy revenge. In the mean while, Don Quixote, contrary to his cuſtom, had very diſcreetly withdrawn to a little diſtance, the better to ſtand the fierce attack which he expected to be made upon him. The inn was ſeated on a riſing ground, and about a ſtone's throw from it was a large meadow; in the midſt of that meadow the courageous avenger of inſulted beauties thought fit to encamp. There he cried aloud, 'War! war!' obliging Rozinante to traverſe the ground every way in a moſt aukward manner, and fiercely brandiſhing his ſword; for Sancho was left behind in the inn with his lance and target. The judicious ſquire, perceiving that, as the matter ſtood, he was in danger at leaſt of being toſſed in a blanket a ſecond time, laboured all that in him lay to ſtill the ſtorm: but the hoſt, who had thrown aſide his ſpit, upon ſeeing his enemy at ſuch a diſtance, called for his gun; and if by good luck his wife had not thought of hiding it, our knight had then certainly ended his days and his adventures. The hoſteſs, and all the paſſengers, repreſented to the innkeeper that he was going to kill a madman; and that, ſince his wound was not dangerous, he ought rather to let him go to the devil. Sancho put in to back all that was ſaid; and made not the leaſt exception againſt all the qualifications they aſſigned his maſter; perceiving that it was the only way to quell the diſturbance. He paid the fourteen rials to a doit, and then took leave of the innkeeper, his wife, and all their company; making them a thouſand legs, and uſing all manner of civility to pacify their reſentment: this done, drawing his aſs after him by the halter with one hand, and carrying the lance and buckler in the other, he haſtened with all ſpeed to his maſter in the meadow. 'Good God, Sir!' ſaid he, coming up to him, 'was it wiſely 'done of you to hazard your carcaſe 'for a wench ten times uglier than 'Pontius Pilate's maid? On my word 'you have eſcaped a ſcowering: had 'the innkeeper found his gun, you 'had gone away with a brace of bul-'lets in your guts; and all your fine 'armour would not have ſaved you, 'though it had been lined in velvet to 'boot.'—'Tell me, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'how ſtrong is the enemy. 'Do they march in platoons like ad-'vanced bodies, or in batallions? 'Have they a great train of artillery, 'many curaſſiers and pikemen? Are 'there many archers among them? 'Are they veteran troops, or new le-'vies? Are they well paid? Is there 'either plague or famine in their 'camp? Who is it commands in 'chief? What general officers have 'they? Inform me what numbers there 'are of Engliſh, Germans, Swiſs, Spa-'niards, Flemings, French, and Ita-'lians? Tell me quickly, that we may 'provide for our defence. Let us 'draw lines in this meadow; let us dig 'ditches, and throw up trenches; let 'us raiſe baſtions and redoubts; let us 'cover ourſelves with curtins and pa-'liſadoes: let us ſecure ourſelves, my 'ſon.'—'Mercy on me!' cried Sancho, 'where are we now? Conſider, 'for God's ſake, good maſter Don 'Quixote, that here is nothing of all 'that you talk of: all about is as 'ſmooth as my hand. And ſince 'Heaven has reſcued us out of the 'innkeeper's clutches, let us fly from 'his inn, as one would from the whale 'of Jonas.'—'Aye, but, friend,' quoth Don Quixote, 'ſhall we leave 'the princeſs in the hands of her ene-'mies? We ought to return to the 'caſtle to deliver her from them, and

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'to chaſtiſe that clown of a Caſtellain, 'who has been ſo baſe as to make 'himſelf an innkeeper, contrary to all 'the laws of chivalry.'—'Ads my 'life, Sir!' quoth Sancho, 'have not 'you puniſhed him ſufficiently, ſince it 'coſts him an ear?'—'But you do not 'conſider,' replied Don Quixote, 'that 'I cannot fly without diſgracing my-'ſelf.'—'Very good!' anſwered the ſquire; 'that is a pretty ſtory. Have 'not I often heard you ſay that a 'knight muſt be courageous, but not 'raſh?'—'It is true,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and you now put me in 'mind of it ſeaſonably; for I am ſen-'ſible my valour carries me a little too 'far at this time. It is reaſonable to 'give way to numbers, and not run 'into dangers unadviſedly. A good 'retreat is equal to a victory: what is 'delayed is not loſt. When we return 'from Saragoſſa we ſhall find means 'to relieve the Princeſs of Galicia; 'therefore I conſent that we retire, 'provided we do it in good order, and 'in ſuch manner as may not in the 'leaſt look like flying, for fear has no 'power over my heart: and that none 'may be ignorant of it, I here ſo-'lemnly declare that I retire, but that 'I do not fly!' Having ſpoke theſe words, he rode out of the meadow with a fierce and martial countenance, and took the road towards Ariza, followed by his courageous ſquire, who every moment looked behind him, believing the furious Caſtellain was at his heels.

CHAP. VII.

OF THE STRANGE AND DANGEROUS COMBAT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN Sancho loſt ſight of the inn, he fell again into his uſual good-humour, which the fear of toſſing in a blanket had with reaſon ſuſpended. 'So, Sir,' ſaid he to his maſter, 'are 'you reſolved in earneſt never more to 'think of Madam Dulcinea, nor to 'perform any acts of chivalry for her?' —'There is no doubt to be made of 'it,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'for ſhe 'has worn out my conſtancy. I own 'her no longer for my miſtreſs; and it 'being my will from this time forward 'to be called The Loveleſs Knight, it 'is proper that I merit that name by 'ſome remarkable action.' To this effect, as ſoon as he came into Ariza, he wrote a challenge, which Sancho affixed to one of the pillars or columns of the great ſquare, or market-place, the contents whereof were as follows: That any knight whatſoever, whether errant, or ſedentary, who would maintain that the ladies deſerved to be beloved, ſpoke falſely; and that he would make him own the contrary by force of arms, either man to man, or ten to ten; that it was true that, according to the laws of chivalry, there was no refuſing to defend them, and to revenge the outrages committed againſt them; and that it was alſo lawful to make uſe of them for procreation, provided it was under the indiſſoluble knot of matrimony. That the unheard-of ingratitude of the matchleſs infanta the renowned Dulcinea del Toboſo, was a ſufficient proof of this undeniable truth. The challenge was ſubſcribed, 'The Loveleſs Knight.' All the people of Ariza laughed heartily at this challenge; but no man ſo far concerning himſelf as to engage in the fair-ſex's quarrel, the Loveleſs Knight left the place, after cauſing the ingenious device he had contrived to be painted on his ſhield.

When he came near Ateca, a large open town in the neighbourhood of Calatayud, he eſpied, and at the ſame time ſhewed to his ſquire, a little hovel covered with thatch in the midſt of a field of melons, at the door of which ſtood a country-fellow who watched the melons, with a long bill in his hand. He gazed ſteadily on him, and then ſaid to Sancho—'Let us halt, my ſon; if I am 'not much miſtaken, here is one of the 'greateſt adventures we can meet with: 'you ſee that redoubted warrior, who 'ſtands at the gate of that mighty caſ-'tle with a lance, or a javelin, in his 'hand; that is one of the moſt cele-'brated knights you ever heard of.'—'Good again!' quoth Sancho; 'one 'day one miſtake, and the next day 'another. In ſhort, Sir, either you 'are dim-ſighted, or I am not the flow-'er of errant-ſquires: the man you 'ſhew me there is a country-fellow 'guarding his field of melons; and he 'is in the right, for there are people 'continually travelling this great road 'to Saragoſſa, who might make bold 'to ſtep into his field and refreſh them-

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'ſelves with his fruit.'—'Aye, San-'cho,' replied the knight, altogether wrapt in his imagination, 'it is the fa-'mous Count of Angiers, the moſt re-'nowned of all the Paladins* of 'France; it is Orlando Furioſo.'—'I 'tell you once again, Sir,' ſaid the ſquire, 'that it is an honeſt country-'man who is guarding his melons, and 'looks no more like a count than I do.' —'Surely I know better than you what 'he looks like,' anſwered Don Quix-ote: 'that prince, as the moſt authen-'tick book, called The Mirror of Chi-'valry, informs us, was enchanted by 'a Moor; who, by his wonderful art, 'brought him into that fortreſs you 'ſee, to defend the entrance of it 'againſt any mortal whatſoever. It 'is this ſame Orlando, who, tranſ-'ported with jealous rage, becauſe 'Medoro, a young Moor of Agra-'mante's army, had ſtolen away his 'miſtreſs the beautiful Angelica, tore 'up the talleſt trees by the roots†. So 'that, my dear child, I can this day 'ſay, as once the great conqueror of 'Aſia did, that I have at length met 'with a danger worthy of me: I will 'not therefore go any farther till I have 'tried this adventure, ſince my good 'fortune has thrown it in my way.' Sancho, who hoped to have diverted his maſter from that dangerous enter-prize by his uſual diſcretion, replied— 'It is my opinion, Sir, that we go 'forthwith into the village, and that 'we do not meddle with that Orlando, 'who has done us no harm; for if the 'holy brotherhood‡ once lays hold of 'us, we ſhall moſt certainly be ſent to 'the gallies, and be kept there till the 'grey hairs grow out at the calves of 'our legs.'—'Ah, Sancho,' replied the knight, 'how ill you reliſh adven-'tures! What would become of us if 'I ſhould follow your timorous ad-'vice? I ſhould ſhun all opportunities 'of acquiring honour, and ſhould be-'come the ſcandal of knight-errantry. 'Iſlands and empires are not to be 'gained after that manner. My 'friend, if you would have me make 'your fortune for you, rouze up your 'courage, and ſhew yourſelf worthy of 'the poſt you may expect from my va-'lour.'—'Well, Sir,' quoth the ſquire, 'ſince it is abſolutely neceſſary, for the 'gaining of kingdoms, to murder that 'poor melon-keeper, I will oppoſe it 'no longer; you may even put your 'hand to the plough. Since I am 'among wolves, I muſt howl as well as 'they. It is true, Orlando has done 'us no wrong; but why ſhould he 'ſtand in our way. When it rains, 'unhappy they who ſtand under the 'ſpouts.'—'Now that Paladin's body 'being rendered invulnerable by en-'chantment,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'and 'there being no poſſibility of wound-'ing him any where but on the ſole of 'the foot, you may plainly ſee I am 'going to encounter the greateſt dan-'ger that ever knight-errant was in. 'I muſt therefore recommend one thing 'to you: do you perform the duty of 'a faithful ſquire. Apply yourſelf to 'the god of battles; and beg, in the 'moſt fervent manner your zeal ſhall 'ſuggeſt, that I may come off conque-'ror in this combat: but if he ſhall 'diſpoſe otherwiſe, if I fall under the 'irreſiſtible force of the Count of An-'giers; if I periſh, do not fail to carry 'me back to my houſe at Argamaſilla, 'thus arrayed as I am in the beautiful 'armour of my great friend Alquife; 'provided that Orlando, pleaſed with 'it's goodneſs, and finding his own 'battered by the weight of my ſtrokes, 'does not take it away, as formerly 'the haughty Ferrau‖ took away that 'which belonged to the beauteous An-'gelica's brother. This is not all 'neither; you ſhall cauſe me, in all my 'armour, and in a fierce poſture, to be 'ſeated on a great chair of black cloth; 'and remember, that I will have my 'excellent ſword in my hand, as the 'Cid Ruy Diaz§ had; to the end that 'if any audacious Moor attempts to

* Paladin was a title of honour given by Charlemagne to his twelve peers. See Preface to Hoole's Arioſto.

† See the Orlando Furioſo of Arioſto.

‡ The Santa Hermandad, or Holy Brotherhood, is an ancient inſtitution in Spain, conſiſting of men enrolled from all parts, whoſe buſineſs it is to apprehend robbers and felons.

‖ See the Orlando Furioſo of Arioſto. Book I.

§ Ruy Diaz was a great Spaniſh general againſt the Moors, of whom many fables are told; and, among the reſt, that he ſat in a chair after his death ſeveral years, with his ſword in his hand, and a Jew coming to pull him by the beard, he ſtruck him. The Moors gave him the title of Cid, which in Arabick ſignifies Lord.

'pull

'pull me by the beard, as a Jew did 'that brave defender of the faith, I 'may, like him, take my revenge im-'mediately.'

Sancho could not forbear ſhedding tears, when he heard the knight talk after this rate. 'Ah, my good maſter 'Don Quixote!' cried he, 'I conjure 'you by Noah's ark, and by all the 'beaſts in it, not to meddle with this 'Orlando! Should you cut off one of 'his ears, yet you would not have an 'ear the more.' Thus ſpeaking, as one who loved his maſter entirely, and who was ſenſible that if he loſt him all his hopes would vaniſh, he fell into ſuch a fit of ſighing and ſobbing, that it was diſmal to behold him. 'Alas!' ſaid he, in a ſorrowful tone, 'what 'need was there that I, unhappy 'wretch as I am! ſhould come to ſerve 'your worſhip as your ſquire for ſo 'ſhort a time? Should your worſhip 'have the luck to periſh in this curſed 'battle, tell me what will become of 'your poor ſquire in theſe Indies, ſo 'remote from his own country? What 'will become of the poor forſaken 'damſels? They will have no protec-'tor left them. Who will defend 'them againſt the giants? Who will 'do and undo all wrongs? There is 'an end of all; and knight-errantry is 'gone to the dogs. Why did not I 'die laſt year at the hands of the Yan-'gueſians?'—'Do not weep, my 'friend,' interrupted Don Quixote; 'I am not dead yet. Have not all 'knights been in the ſame danger I am 'in? And yet how many of them end-'ed their days in peace, in their ancient 'ſeats, with their wives and children 'about them. Yet, ſince I may ceaſe 'to live this day, and ſince I am ig-'norant what fate is reſerved for me, 'what is ſaid, is ſaid. If I die, you 'ſhall punctually perform what I have 'ordered.' Having ſpoken theſe words, he gave Sancho his hand to kiſs, and ſpurred on towards the field of melons.

Rozinante, who was ſo ſpent with hunger and wearineſs, that he could ſcarcely ſtand, ſtopped, regardleſs of the ſpur, to regale himſelf, at every turn, with the leaves of the hedges that grew beſide the way. In vain did his maſter upbraid him for not performing to his ſatisfaction the duties of knight-errantry: the poor beaſt moved never the faſter. At length, however, they reached the fatal field; and Don Quixote, having now entered it, made directly towards the cottage. The imaginary Orlando, as ſoon as he beheld him, cried out with might and main, that if he did not ſpeedily retire, he might have cauſe to repent it; but the knight ſtill advanced. When he was come within forty or fifty paces of the peaſant, he ſtopped; and, brandiſhing his lance with a martial air, ſpoke to him in this manner—'Moſt valiant 'Count of Angiers, whoſe exploits 'have been ſung to ſuch melodious 'lays by the prince of poets, the divine 'Arioſto, this day I am to try with 'you the wonderful force of my arm; 'a day memorable in knight-errantry! 'At this time, fierce Paladin, it ſhall 'not avail you to have your whole body 'enchanted and invulnerable; for I, 'by thruſting a long pin up the ſole of 'your foot, will give unto you your 'death's wound. Reflect, great war-'rior, on the various fortunes of he-'roes! Thy proud head, which was 'the terror of the Saracen camp, and 'whoſe angry looks no mortal till this 'day could bear, ſhall be cut off by my 'ſharp and dreadful ſword, after a 'long and tedious combat, and then 'borne away on the point of my lance 'to the tilting at Saragoſſa: nor ſhall 'the army of the Emperor Charle-'magne be able to deliver you out of 'my hands. Nothing ſhall ſave you; 'the valour of your couſin Rinaldo of 'Montalban, the efforts of Monteſi-'nos, of the Marquiſs Olivier, and of 'the genteel Aſtolphus of England, 'ſhall not guard you from my ſtrokes: 'your two couſins, Grifon the white, 'and Aquilan the black, and the en-'chantments of the ſubtle Maugis of 'Aigren, ſhall nothing avail you. 'Come, then, renowned Frenchman, 'I make uſe of no fraud againſt you; 'I come not to deſtroy you attended by 'a numerous army, like Bernard del 'Carpio and the Mooriſh king Marſi-'lius of Arragon: I am but a ſingle 'Spaniard with my horſe and arms. 'What is it detains you?—Advance! 'Let not cowardice have any power 'over ſuch a heart as yours; and if 'you cannot avoid the ſad fate which 'threatens you, yet at leaſt preſerve 'your ancient glory from the tongue

'of

'of ſlander.' Here our knight pauſed a while, imagining what he had ſaid would be ſufficient to perſuade Orlando that he ought to prefer a glorious death, though certain, before an infamous life. But the peaſant continuing ſilent, as not knowing what to anſwer, Don Quixote proceeded in the following manner. 'Tell me, O 'warlike Orlando! whence comes this 'heavineſs, which renders you ſo un-'like yourſelf? Is it a time to ſtand 'idle, when you hear yourſelf chal-'lenged to the fight? Draw near, great 'Paladin, mount your truſty and ſwift 'Brigliadoro*. But I remember,' continued our knight, 'that the Mooriſh 'enchanter, who poſted you here to 'guard his caſtle, left you no horſe: 'I will therefore alight from mine; 'for it ſhall not be ſaid that I fought 'you at an advantage.' This ſaid, he alighted. 'Courage, courage!' cried Sancho, at a great diſtance; 'courage, 'maſter Don Quixote! fall on cou-'rageouſly! I help you at this diſtance, 'praying for you like a madman. I have 'already twice ſaid the *De Profundis* 'for your undertaking!' The melon-keeper ſeeing Don Quixote approach, covering himſelf with his ſhield, and brandiſhing his lance in ſuch manner as made him believe he could have no other deſign than to kill him, (which was the only idea he could affix to the ſtrange harangue he had juſt heard) called loudly to him not to advance. Finding this warning utterly diſregarded, he laid down his bill-hook; and, picking up a ſmooth round pebble, inſtantly fitted it to his ſling, and hurled it with all his force at the valorous Manchegan. By good fortune, the enchanted target being compoſed of braſs, was proof againſt the ſtone, which fell down at his feet, without execution; but the Count of Angiers ſoon catching up a ſecond pebble larger than the former, diſcharged it with redoubled might againſt the breaſt of the unfortunate Don Quixote: his armour rang like a bell, and he dropped ſenſeleſs upon a bed of melons. The ſlinger, upon this, apprehending he had killed his man, fled towards the town immediately.

CHAP. VIII.

OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS DON QUIXOTE SAID TO HIS SQUIRE; AND HOW THAT CURIOUS DISCOURSE WAS INTERRUPTED.

'ALAS, poor Loveleſs Knight!' cried Sancho, when he ſaw his maſter's fall; 'I told you this curſed 'melon-keeper, who is a greater he-'retick than the Giant Goliah, would 'ſpoil your dancing.' Having ſo ſaid, he entered the field, leading his aſs by the halter; and drawing near to Don Quixote, to ſee whether he was in a condition to receive any help, he found him ſtretched out at full-length, and not much unlike a dead body: in time, however, the knight came to himſelf; and Sancho aſking him whether he was wounded, he anſwered he was not; but that Orlando, in his fury, had thrown a whole mountain upon him, the weight whereof had almoſt cruſhed him to pieces. 'Help me to get up, Sancho,' continued he; 'and be not afflicted, 'ſince I can boaſt that I have obtained 'the victory.'—'Aye, aye,' ſaid the ſquire, 'you are the ſtouteſt, ſure 'enough; for you have borne the 'blows.'—'Is it not enough for me,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'that my enemy 'is fled? Is not that a plain demon-'ſtration that he durſt not ſtand me? 'But let him go for the preſent: I ſhall 'meet with him another time, and make 'him finiſh the combat we have begun. 'The worſt of it is, that I feel myſelf 'bruiſed all over with a dreadful blow 'he beſtowed on me with his club, and 'I am hardly able to breathe.'—'By 'my faith it was no club he had in his 'hand,' replied the ſquire; 'but a 'damned ſling, with which he threw 'the two ſtones that have put you in 'this precious ſituation!'—'Support 'me, my ſon,' ſaid Don Quixote, when he was got up; 'let us go into that 'caſtle to reſt ourſelves, and to ſet free 'all the knights and ladies that have 'been enchanted there for ſo many 'ages.' Whilſt he ſpoke, he moved towards the cottage, leaning on his ſquire, who had enough to do to ſup-

* Brigliadoro, which ſignifies Bridle of Gold, is the name given to Orlando Furioſo's horſe, in the poem of Arioſto.

port

port him and his armour: but when he came to the door, he ſtopped ſhort, and, ſeeming to be mightily aſtoniſhed, cried out—'What is it I ſee? I find nothing 'here but a poor cottage! The mag-'nificent palace, which but now ap-'peared to me, is vaniſhed!'—'As 'for my part,' quoth Sancho, 'I am 'not deceived in the leaſt; for, from 'firſt to laſt, this cottage ſeemed to 'me no more than a cottage; and I am 'glad that once in your life you will 'grant you took a pig for a dog.'—'I 'grant nothing,' replied Don Quixote; 'every man ſees after his own man-'ner. It is no wonder that you, who 'are but a peaſant, can ſee things but 'like a peaſant; but I, who am knight-'ed, and conſequently ſee things as 'they really are, have cauſe to be ſur-'prized at finding nothing here but a 'little hut.'—'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I am of opinion it is better for us to 'go into the cottage to reſt us, than to 'ſtand here arguing whether I ought 'to ſee like a peaſant or like a knight; 'and when we are there, we may eat 'of the melons, if we pleaſe, ſince they 'are in our power.'—'I conſent, my 'friend,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'for 'I am ſorely bruiſed, and it is my 'courage that ſupports me more than 'my ſtrength.'

Thus ſaying, they went into the cottage; and Sancho, having ſeated his maſter in a wicker-chair in the eaſieſt poſture he was able, went and unbridled Rozinante, and took off Dapple's pannel; and, leaving the two beaſts to range at diſcretion in the melon-ground, returned to his maſter, bringing the portmanteau and pannel on his back, and Rozinante's bridle in his hand. 'Ah, Sancho!' ſaid Don Quixote to him, 'I do not wonder now that 'I find neither knight nor ladies here: 'I ſee into the myſtery; I have diſco-'vered the deception. That malignant 'Mooriſh enchanter whom I told you 'of, ten thouſand times more crafty 'than Atlas the magician, knowing 'that all his conjuration could not de-'fend the Count of Angiers againſt my 'proweſs, nor exclude me from his 'magnificent caſtle, what has he done 'to diſappoint me? He has carried 'away the Paladin, and tranſported 'him and his caſtle, by the hands of his 'familiar devils, to the top of the 'higheſt mountain of Armenia, near 'Noah's Ark; and has left nothing 'here but a wretched hut to deceive 'our eyes and underſtandings. But I 'am not ſo eaſily impoſed upon: for, 'as ſoon as ever I have won the prize 'at the tilting, we will go into Ar-'menia; we will clamber up even to 'the ſummit of that high mountain; 'we will beſiege the enchanter's caſtle; 'and when we have made ourſelves 'maſters of it by killing Orlando, we 'will ſet free the great Cham of Tar-'tary, the two princeſſes his daughters, 'his baſtard, his uncle, and his ſiſter, 'whom the falſe necromancer keeps 'there enchanted.'—'Aye, Sir!' quoth the ſquire, 'but if that Orlando Fu-'rioſo guards the caſtle-gate with his 'ſtaff that has a ſpear at the end of it, 'and his deviliſh ſling, I declare to you 'I will not come within an hundred 'leagues of him.'—'Let not that 'trouble you,' replied Don Quixote; 'I will take care that he ſhall not hurt 'you; and, to do you honour, it is my 'will that you kill him, by running a 'long pin into the ſole of his foot 'when I have him under me.'—'Then 'you muſt be ſure,' quoth Sancho, 'to 'hold him ſo faſt that he can ſtir nei-'ther hand nor foot.'—'I will graſp 'him ſo hard,' ſaid the knight, 'that 'he ſhall not be able to breathe.'—'If 'ſo,' anſwered the ſquire, 'we ſhall 'be very unlucky if we do not compaſs 'our deſign. By Jove, I will clap my 'four fingers and my thumb to it, and 'I'll thruſt the pin up to his guts! 'But, Sir,' continued he, 'I have a 'thought juſt come into my head: I 'would fain know why that Mooriſh 'necromancer enchanted the baſtard of 'Tartary?'—'Why?' replied Don Quixote, 'I will tell you; for I know 'all the ſequel of the ſtory. The en-'chanter fell in love with the great 'Cham of Tartary's younger daugh-'ter: that princeſs, who was as beau-'tiful as the ſun, was called Guenipea. 'She was thought to be daughter to 'Charlemaigne; and there was reaſon 'to believe it: for that prince, in his 'younger days, going abroad to ſeek 'adventures, like a knight-errant as 'he was, the great Cham's wife ſeeing 'him, fell in love; and the hiſtory tells 'us that the matchleſs Guenipea was 'the fruit of their tender affections. 'However it was, the Mooriſh en-'chanter uſed all the methods gene-

'rally practiſed by lovers to pleaſe their 'miſtreſſes, to gain that princeſs's af-'fection; but Guenipea, who hated 'him mortally becauſe he was red-'haired, made ſuch harſh returns to 'his courtſhip, that the Moor, deſpair-'ing ever to gain her love by his ad-'dreſſes, had recourſe to the ſecrets of 'his art: but enchantments, as you 'well know, having no power over the 'affections, and the princeſs requiting 'all his love with hatred, he reſolved 'to ſteal her and all her family. To that 'end, he cauſed his demons in one 'night to build the palace you ſaw but 'a moment ago in this melon field, 'and in it he ſhut up the great Cham 'and his family. But you will aſk, 'and it will be an ingenious queſtion, 'what reaſon the enchanter had to 'build a caſtle upon ſuch a great road; 'for I agree with you, that magicians 'generally ſeat them in deſarts, on the 'top of ſome ſteep rock in the midſt of 'the ſea, or in the moſt ſecret part of 'a cloſe foreſt: I will inform you, 'therefore, what private motives in-'fluenced the Moor on this occaſion. 'His intention being to humour the 'Princeſs Guenipea, and to make her 'confinement as eaſy as poſſible, he 'cauſed the caſtle to be built in this 'field, well knowing the princeſs was 'ſuch a lover of melons, that ſhe could 'not live without them: in ſhort, San-'cho, Guenipea is paſſionately fond of 'them; and I think I have read that 'her ſtars ſeem to foretel ſhe ſhall die 'of a ſurfeit of melons.'—'Lord, how 'I pity Guenipea!' cried Sancho, 'for 'being now cooped up on that high 'mountain of vermin; where, I fancy, 'there are no more melons than in the 'pond of Toboſo. But, Sir, now you 'talk of the melons, let us taſte a little 'of thoſe that grow in this ground. 'Since you have gained the field of 'battle, we had as good reap the fruit 'of our victory.' Having ſo ſaid, he went and gathered two melons, which he choſe by making an inciſion in them; and returned with a joyful heart and ſmiling countenance. He gave his maſter ſome ſlices of them, who eat very little; for his part, he laid about him as faſt as he could ſwallow: but in the height of his jollity the Count of Angiers returned with three luſty fel-lows of the town; and ſeeing Rozinante and Dapple living at diſcretion in the melon-ground, breaking the hedges, eating ſome of the melons, and trampling on the reſt, they ruſhed into the cottage, curſing and ſwearing, and preſently rang a diſmal peal of baſtinadoes upon the bones of our adventurers. Don Quixote, who had unfortunately taken off his head-piece, to be the more at eaſe, received, among the reſt, ſuch a knock on the ſcull, as brought him ſenſeleſs to the ground. A ſtill ſorer portion of cudgelling fell to the lot of the ſquire; who, having no armour to break the fury of the blows, loſt nothing of the good-will with which they were laid on. This ſharp piece of ſervice being over, the Paladin and his companions, not at all concerned for the wounded men, whom they left ſpeechleſs in the hovel, returned to Ateca; taking Rozinante and Dapple along with them, in ſatisfaction for the damage that had been done in the melon-field.

CHAP. IX.

OF THE GREAT SORROW AND AFFLICTION DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO ENDURED FOR THE LOSS OF ROZINANTE AND DAPPLE—AND HOW THEY WERE ENTERTAINED BY MASTER VALENTIN, A CANON OF ATECA.

ALL this while Don Quixote and his ſquire lay entranced on the ground. At length Sancho coming to himſelf, and feeling his bones ache with the bruiſes he had received, cried out in an angry, whining tone—'Well, 'Sir Loveleſs, or rather Brainleſs 'Knight, will you believe me another 'time? I have adviſed you, over and 'over again, to go about your buſineſs 'and wrong nobody; and I could never 'prevail upon your dogged diſpoſition. 'Chew now upon theſe apples of af-'fliction; and God grant that half a 'ſcore more of thoſe Jews you talked 'of do not come to make an end of 'us if we ſtay here any longer. Lift 'up your head a little, if you can, 'brave knight! and you'll find it ſo full 'of bunches, that you'll have more 'reaſon than ever to call yourſelf the 'Knight of the Sorrowful Aſpect.'

Don

Don Quixote, at theſe words, raiſed his head, and exclaimed, 'King Sancho! 'King Sancho*! you cannot, however, 'ſay that I did not forewarn you a trai- 'tor would come out of Zamora dur- 'ing the ſiege, to ſurprize you.'—'A 'curſe on the ſpirit of antichriſt!' cried Sancho in a rage; 'our ſouls are juſt 'ready to ſkip out of our mouths, and 'you are muttering the ſtory of King 'Sancho! You had better ſing the 'Swan's Hymn†, methinks. For St. 'Apollonia's ſake, let us go home and 'look out for a ſurgeon to plaiſter our 'bodies all over!'—'You muſt un- 'derſtand, Sancho,' replied Don Quix- ote, 'that the traitor who has brought 'me into this condition is the perfi- 'dious Bellido d'Olfos‡, the lawful 'ſon of Olfos de Bellido.'—'The 'plague confound him, and all his race 'to the ſeventh generation!' ſaid the ſquire. 'Haſte away to Zamora,' con- tinued the knight; 'and when you are 'near the city, you will diſcover at a 'diſtance the good old man Arias Gon- 'zalez, ſtanding betwixt two battle- 'ments; in whoſe preſence you ſhall 'change your name, and take that of 'Don Diego de Lara§: then uttering 'the ſame words that Don Bermudo's 'ſon made uſe of, you ſhall charge with 'treaſon, and ſhall challenge, all the 'knights, ſquires, women, and chil- 'dren; and, in a word, all the town. 'Then ſhall you kill all the ſons of 'Arias Gonzalez, and of Peter Arias.' —'Bleſſed Virgin, and Mother of 'God!' cried Sancho, 'we are in a 'fine condition, I warrant you! Here 'have four great over grown hang- 'dogs of melon keepers, been pounding 'me to a mummy with their cudgels, 'and you would have me go to Za- 'mora, to renounce my baptiſm, and 'to challenge all the town, that an 'hundred thouſand millions of men 'may come out of the city and devour 'me with a grain of ſalt. It is better 'for us to riſe, if we are able, and go 'get ourſelves dreſſed in the next town.' This ſaid, exerting the feeble remains of his ſtrength, he raiſed himſelf from the ground; and Don Quixote, taking his hand, with much difficulty did the like. But when, upon their quitting the hut, they caſt their eyes round the melon field, without being able to deſ- cry either Dapple or Rozinante, then was it that they perceived, in it's full extent, the implacable enmity of the Mooriſh enchanter. Don Quixote was grieved to his ſoul; and Sancho, yet more impatient than his maſter, was nearly beſide himſelf. 'Alas, my dear 'Dapple!' quoth he, blubbering moſt bitterly, 'we have been too ſoon part- 'ed! Oh, my aſs, the delight of my 'ſoul, the light of my eyes, and the 'charming object of my thoughts! 'Who are the robbers that unmercifully 'drove you away? you, who for your 'long ears might be dean of the aſſes! 'We two underſtood one another, like 'two foſter-brothers! When I carried 'your barley into the ſtable, you made 'as harmonious muſick as the barber 'does when he goes at night to play on 'his guittar and ſing under Joan's win- 'dow.'—'Friend Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'what does it avail you thus 'to torment yourſelf? Have not I loſt the 'beſt horſe in the world?'—'Body o' 'me!' replied Sancho ſourly, 'I do not 'forbid you to lament your horſe; let 'me bewail my aſs, then!'—'I tell 'you once more, my ſon,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'you ought to take com- 'fort after this loſs, though he were 'lineally deſcended even from the aſs 'of Balaam. It is a weakneſs to be in- 'conſolable for loſſes. If they are ir- 'reparable, reaſon ſhould make us bear 'them with reſolution. If they may 'be repaired, why ſhould we let ſor- 'row overwhelm us? I will make ſtrict 'ſearch after Rozinante and Dapple; 'and if it does not ſucceed, we have 'ſtill our portmanteau to relieve us. 'We'll buy another horſe, and another 'aſs; and thus we'll diſappoint the 'magician, who thought he ſhould pre- 'vent my appearing at the tilting at 'Saragoſſa, by cauſing my horſe to 'be ſtolen. In the meanwhile, you 'muſt carry the portmanteau and the

* Sancho the Firſt, King of Caſtile, was murdered at the ſiege of Zamora, by a villain who pretended to deſert to him from that place.

† The ſwan is ſaid by the poets to ſing juſt before it's death.

‡ Bellido d'Olfos is the traitor who killed King Sancho at Zamora.

§ An old romantick ſtory in ballads, that this Lara challenged all the city of Zamora for the murder of King Sancho.

'pannel on your back, as far as that 'town, where we will reſt ourſelves.' The hope Sancho conceived that he ſhould once more obtain ſight of his dear Dapple, mitigated his tribulation; and, though his body was bruiſed all over, he took up the pannel and portmanteau, contriving it ſo that the crupper of the pannel hung over his mouth.

As ſoon as they entered Ateca, a crowd of boys and idle people gathered round them, and attended them ſhouting to the great ſquare. The magiſtrates, and ſome of the canons of the church, were walking there at that time. They were aſtoniſhed to ſee Don Quixote in that uneaſy equipage, and his ſquire laden with the pannel, the crupper of which bridled up his noſe. The ſcene ſeeming at once both comical and ſerious, they knew not whether to laugh at, or commiſerate them. But Don Quixote finding himſelf in the midſt of ſuch a numerous aſſembly, which ſeemed not to have eyes enough to gaze on him; and being moved with a juſt reſentment againſt the raviſhers of Rozinante, addreſſed the audience as follows, particularly fixing his eyes on the magiſtrates and churchmen—'Are not you aſhamed, gentlemen,' cried he, 'to allow of robbers among 'you; who, to pleaſe my enemy the 'Mooriſh enchanter, have by ſurprize 'deprived me of my indefatigable 'courſer, and my ſquire of his excellent ſteed! Order what has been ſtolen 'from us to be reſtored immediately; 'and let thoſe audacious perſons who 'have wounded us, becauſe they catched us on foot and defenceleſs, be delivered up to us on diſcretion: otherwiſe I muſt look upon you all as traitors, or as acceſſary to treaſon; and 'as ſuch I defy and challenge you all, 'either man to man, or all of you at 'once, againſt me ſingly!' This extravagant harangue did not fail to excite the laughter of the audience; and one of the churchmen, taking ſome of the others aſide, ſaid to them—'Gentlemen, I ſuſpect this ſtrange perſonage muſt be the very Don Quixote de 'la Mancha, whoſe hiſtory we have 'lately read for our diverſion. You 'ſhall ſee I am not miſtaken.' Thus ſaying, he went up to Don Quixote, and accoſted him as follows—'Sir 'Knight-errant, (for by your noble 'mien, and by your armour, we gueſs 'you are of that order) are not you, I 'pray, that incomparable knight of 'La Mancha, whoſe unheard-of exploits reſound in all parts? In a word, 'are not you the heroick Don Quixote?'—'Yes, I am he,' replied the knight very gravely; 'and I will make 'thoſe villains who have ſtolen Rozinante, fully ſenſible that their baſe 'contrivances againſt me will not be tolerated!'—'Good Sir Don Quixote,' anſwered the canon, 'we have here too 'great a veneration for knights-errant, 'and eſpecially for you, to ſuffer you 'to be wronged in the ſmalleſt particular. We will do you juſtice for 'the injury you have received; and 'will not only take care that what you 'have loſt ſhall be reſtored; but if you 'know the men that have abuſed 'you, aſſure yourſelf we will cauſe 'them to be moſt ſeverely puniſhed.'—'As for him that I fought with,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I know well enough 'where he is; and he ſhall ſoon hear 'from me. But the villain that wounded me treacherouſly was Bellido 'd'Olfos.'—'No, no!' cried Sancho interrupting him, and putting aſide the crupper which ſtopped his mouth; 'hear 'me, gentlemen! He that knocked 'down my maſter, with a ſtone caſt out 'of a ſling, is an arch knave that guards 'a field of melons hard by here. A 'brawny-backed fellow, who ſquints, 'and has turn-up whiſkers. It is that 'dog, whom Heaven confound! who 'came with other madmen and beat all 'our bones to a jelly; and when they 'had mauled us to death, carried away 'Rozinante and my aſs, God knows 'whither!' Maſter Valentin (for that was the name of the canon who ſpoke to them) being naturally very charitable, and believing Don Quixote ſtood in need of ſome relief, ſaid to him—'Sir Knight, all that has been ſtolen 'from you ſhall be reſtored: in the 'mean time, I beſeech you, do me the 'honour to repair to my houſe with 'your ſquire.' Sancho preſſed his maſter to accept of the offer, and Maſter Valentin carried them home.

The firſt thing that the good churchman did, was to ſend for the ſurgeon of the town to ſearch the wound the knight had received in his head, which fortunately did not prove dangerous. Whilſt the ſurgeon was making ſome lint,

lint, and taking out his implements for the firſt dreſſing, Don Quixote looking earneſtly upon him, ſaid—'In truth, 'Maſter Elizabet *, my dear friend, 'I am overjoyed that I am this day 'fallen into your ſkilful hands; for I 'remember to have read, that you 'know how to apply ſuch ſovereign 'medicines to the wounds of knights-'errant, that Averroes, Avicen, and 'Galen, were ſcarce worthy to be your 'apprentices. But I pray you, tell 'me whether my wounds are mortal? 'for if they are, I cannot, by the 'laws of chivalry, conſent to their 'being dreſſed till I have had full re-'venge for Bellido's treachery.' The ſurgeon, not knowing what anſwer to make to this nonſenſe, looked upon Maſter Valentin; who, on his ſide, was hardly leſs aſtoniſhed. Fearing, however, that too much talking and earneſtneſs might throw Don Quixote into a fever, and render his wound dangerous, he continued dreſſing without ſpeaking a word; except aſſuring him that in a few days he would be perfectly recovered. After the dreſſing, the canon ſent every perſon out of the apartment, leaving Don Quixote to repoſe himſelf on a very good bed. Sancho, who held the candle during the operation, and had not ſpoken a word the whole time, was burſting to make amends for ſuch a long ſilence, by ſetting his tongue at liberty again. No ſooner, therefore, was he out of the room, but he ſaid to Maſter Valentin—'By my faith, Maſter Licentiate, my 'ribs ſmart cruelly. That Bellido, 'ſince it muſt be Bellido, was no kinder 'to me than to my maſter; he has left 'no part ſound about me but my ſto-'mach: and, by the Lord, had he 'ſpoiled that, as he has done all other 'parts of me, I ſhould wiſh all the 'Bellidos in the world at the devil! 'And therefore I beg of you, Maſter 'Licentiate, that you will order the 'cloth to be laid immediately, that I 'may exerciſe my jaws a little; for I 'have more need of that at preſent than 'of picking my teeth.'—'But, friend,' quoth the canon, 'we muſt ſee whether 'you are not wounded alſo, before 'Maſter Elizabet is gone: you need 'only ſpeak, and he'll make two in-'ciſions for one.'—'Oh, by my con-'ſcience, I have done with him!' anſwered the ſquire; 'all theſe ſurgeons 'wiſh for nothing but wounds and 'ſores. Let them alone, they will 'thruſt their lancet into your head 'without any ceremony, as if it were 'to pull maggots out. God be praiſed 'I am not wounded; and I can better 'be without lint this bout, than with-'out bread and liquor.' The canon, upon this, ordered him ſome ſupper; and, having ſent out to enquire after the pretended Bellido and his companions, who were eaſily found, procured the reſtoration of Rozinante and Dapple. Sancho ſeeing them, ran haſtily out of the porch where he was at ſupper, and coming up to his aſs, embraced him with all the tenderneſs of a lover to his miſtreſs. 'Welcome, my dear 'Dapple!' cried he. 'I wiſh you 'joy! Tell me, how have you been 'uſed during my abſence? Has that 'great ill looking fellow Orlando given 'thee ſtraw and barley enough to mum-'ble? Oh, the drunken dog! Oh, the 'ſplay-footed rogue! May it pleaſe St. 'Nicolina, my godmother's patroneſs, 'that I may ſee him hanged an hun-'dred years hence' Valentin ſeeing Sancho ſo joyful at the recovery of his aſs, ſaid to him ſmiling—'Maſter Squire, 'though you had loſt your aſs, you 'ought not to deſpair; for I would have 'preſented you with a delicate ſhe aſs 'worth at leaſt as much, if not more 'than he is.'—'That cannot be, Ma-'ſter Licentiate,' replied the ſquire: 'my Dapple is worth his weight in 'gold; and we were made for one ano-'ther. I underſtand him by half a 'word, as well as if I had begotten 'him. I know whether he aſks for 'barley, or whether he would be car-'ried to water. In ſhort, I can ſay no 'more, but that I know him better than 'you do your father.'—'Then you 'underſtand the language of the aſſes,'

* Maſter Elizabet is a very ſkilful ſurgeon belonging to the Lady Graſinda: by her he is deputed to attend upon Amadis de Gaule, who at that time travelled under the title of the Knight of the Green Sword. Soon after, being caſt away upon the Devil's Iſland, Amadis ſlays a helliſh monſter, named Endriagus; (not unlike the dragon conquered by Spenſer's Red Croſs knight) and is healed of the wounds received in that combat, which were many and dangerous, by Maſter Elizabet. Amadis de Gaule, Book 3. Chapters 9 and 10.

ſaid Valentin. 'As well as any licen-
'tiate,' anſwered Sancho: 'there is
'not a ſyllable eſcapes me.'

CHAP. X.

OF THE PLEASANT DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HELD WITH MASTER VALENTIN, AND TWO OTHER CANONS; AND WHAT HE SAID WHEN THEY SHEWED HIM THE FIRST PART OF HIS HISTORY.

WHILE Sancho was gone from the clergyman to carry Rozinante and Dapple to the ſtable, two canons of the great church came to viſit their brother Valentin. They aſked him how he liked his two gueſts. 'As
'well as can be,' replied Valentin; 'I
'can aſſure you I have now in my houſe
'a princely paſtime. Don Quixote
'really ſeems to me as mad as the hiſ-
'torian has repreſented him; and for
'Sancho, though he has his ſenſes, his
'ſimplicity is ſuch that I do not wonder
'he conſents to all his maſter's chimeras.
'If you have a mind to be diverted, come
'and dine with me to-morrow. The
'knight reſts at preſent, and it would
'be barbarous to diſturb him.' The canons accepted of the invitation; and, as they were taking leave of their brother, Sancho returned from the ſtable. Valentin ſtopped him; and, having ſet his tongue going upon his maſter's affairs, the honeſt ſquire, who deſired no better than to have an audience, acquainted the canons, that Don Quixote, no longer able to bear Dulcinea's ſcorn, had changed his name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aſpect, for that of the Loveleſs Knight; and that, under this appellation, he was going to exert his dexterity and valour at the tilting at Saragoſſa: in ſhort, he told them whatſoever he could recollect of his maſter's exploits and adventures. The canons were ready to expire with laughter at every turn; for Sancho's ſtile was no leſs diverting than the follies he related. When they had heard him, they went home; not queſtioning but they ſhould have good ſport the next day. After they were gone, Valentin entered Don Quixote's room very ſoftly; intending, if he was awake, to make him eat a few new-laid eggs, and drink a glaſs of wine: but, whether nature, being exhauſted by beating and fatigue, required reſt; or whether the bed of a canon poſſeſſed in ſome peculiar degree the powers of ſomnolency; he found the knight in ſo profound a ſleep, that he left him till the next morning; when Don Quixote aroſe, greatly refreſhed and invigorated.

The canons did not fail coming the next day to dine with Valentin; and when they were all ſeated at table, they began to diſcourſe of knight-errantry. 'It were happy for us,' ſaid one of the canons, 'if there were more
'knights-errant at this time amongſt
'us; for the world is much more de-
'praved than it was in the days of
'Amadis de Gaule: and, though there
'were as many knights in Spain as
'there are gnats, God forgive me! I
'believe they would all find employ-
'ment enough. Injuſtice reigns every-
'where, falſhood prevails, and unre-
'dreſſed wrongs are infinite. In one
'place detraction ſullies honour, and
'deſtroys reputation; in another, or-
'phans are crying for aſſiſtance: and
'I will forfeit my prebendal dignity if
'there be any thing more frequent than
'forſaken damſels.'—'It is true,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that, to the ſhame
'of this age, knight-errantry is neg-
'lected; but it ſhall not be my fault
'if that ſacred order be not ſpeedily
'revived; and if all men, whoſe cou-
'rage and virtue render them worthy,
'would follow my example, we ſhould
'ſoon ſee juſtice done to thoſe orphans
'and damſels you ſpeak of.'—'Aye, if
'they would follow your example,' anſwered the canon; 'but there's the
'point. Pray, where will you find
'men fit to encounter giants as tall as
'wind-mills! men bold enough to
'charge a whole army as if it were but
'a flock of ſheep! Believe me, worthy
'Don Quixote, your actions will be
'admired; but I much queſtion whe-
'ther any body will imitate them.' Sancho, who waited at table, and now and then drawing near the ſide-board, took a good draught by ſtealth; and another time, carrying off the diſhes that were ſerved up, ſuffered nothing to return to the kitchen without taſting it; hearing now his maſter's exploits diſcourſed of, ſoon put in for a ſhare of the converſation. 'Maſter Licentiate,' quoth he, interrupting the canon, 'you
'have forgot the beſt of the ſtory. Is

'the

« the adventure of the fulling-mills but « a trifle, d'ye think? Hang me, if I « do not fancy I ſtill hear that con- « founded noiſe, which made my guts « wamble in my belly! Faith and troth, « I found, that bout, that my mother's « ſon was in quake-breech fear!'— « And you made your maſter ſmell it,' replied Valentin, ſmiling. 'I don't « deny it,' anſwered the ſquire; 'but « you know very well, Maſter Valentin, 'that, when nature will work, there is « no bidding her ſtay: the ſhot muſt « fly, or the gun ſplit.' The canons burſt out a laughing; and he who had been ſilent before, ſaid—'For my part, 'I admire the penance Don Quixote 'underwent in Sierra Morena * in imi- 'tation of Beltenebros!'—'And, pray, 'was not the reſcuing of the galley- « ſlaves,' cried Sancho, 'a notable ex- 'ploit? And the combat with the Biſ- 'cainer, and the adventure of the 'Yangueſians? But hold, gentlemen,' continued he, checking himſelf, 'no « more of that, I beſeech you; let that 'never be mentioned; there's a reaſon 'for it.'—'Well, friend Sancho,' ſaid Valentin, 'that adventure, for your « ſake, muſt be buried in oblivion, as 'well as that of your toſſing in a 'blanket: and, for my part, whenever 'I read your maſter's hiſtory over 'again, (and I keep it very cloſe in my 'cloſet) I promiſe you that, when I 'come to thoſe ſcurvy paſſages, I will 'turn over the leaf without reading 'them.'

Don Quixote was amazed to hear that Valentin was in poſſeſſion of his hiſtory. 'Maſter Licentiate,' ſaid he, 'is it 'poſſible that the wiſe Alquife, who is 'to record all my actions, has already 'publiſhed thoſe I have performed!'— 'The wiſe Alquife,' quoth Valentin, « is not the author of the hiſtory I 'ſpeak of: it is an Arabian writer, 'whoſe name, if I miſtake not, is Cid « Hamet Benengeli.'—'I am not ac- 'quainted with that necromancer,' anſwered Don Quixote: 'but it is no 'matter; do me the favour to ſhew me 'his work.'—'With all my heart, if 'you deſire it,' ſaid Valentin; and, riſing from table, he went into his cloſet, whence he brought a book, which he delivered to the knight. 'Let us 'ſee, pray,' quoth Sancho; 'let us ſee 'whether that book mentions me.'— 'You need not queſtion, friend,' ſaid one of the canons; 'for it mentions 'your aſs.'—'My aſs!' quoth the ſquire; 'then it is the aſs Gineſillo de 'Paſſamonte ſtole from me; for this 'aſs I have now was not with us laſt 'year. Alas, poor infant! he is this 'year in his noviciate of knight-er- 'rantry; but, on my conſcience, if he 'holds on as he begins, he muſt have 'a whole hiſtory written of him alone.' In the mean while, Don Quixote opened the book; and, while he read, the canons eyed him attentively. He ſtopped at the firſt page; where the author, deſcribing him, ſays, none raviſhed him ſo much as the works of Feliciano de Silva, whom he admired for the beautiful perplexity of his expreſſion. How was he tranſported when he read ſuch amorous complaints as the following!— 'The reaſon of the unreaſonableneſs 'which you offer to my reaſon, does 'ſo weaken my reaſon, that, with all 'reaſon, I complain of your beauty, '&c.'—'Benengeli,' quoth Don Quixote, ſhutting the book in a paſſion, 'is an impoſtor, or rather a ſlanderer. 'I perceive he has compiled this work 'only to rob me of my honour, that I 'might be taken for a madman by thoſe 'who do not know me. He made haſte 'to be before-hand with the wiſe Al- 'quife, my faithful hiſtorian, well 'knowing that the firſt impreſſions are 'hardly to be defaced. He charges me 'with being fond of fuſtian bombaſt 'ſtuff: do you, gentlemen, do me juſ- 'tice; tell me whether my words make 'good that charge? By this you may 'diſcover that ancient hiſtorians are to 'be read with circumſpection, and that 'their cenſures are no more to be re- 'garded than their praiſes; ſince an au- 'thor dares ſlander me whilſt I am yet 'living. I declare, I diſapprove of Feli- 'ciano de Silva's ſtile; I am not pleaſed 'with his impertinent jingle of words; 'and, Heaven be praiſed! I am ſo far 'from falling ſhort in my judgment in 'that point, that I flatter myſelf I have 'ſenſe enough to find fault with better 'works than that of Feliciano de Silva;

* Sierra Morena is a chain of mountains in the province of Andaluſia in Spain. The name ſignifies the Brown Mountain.

'and

'and I know not but I might make good 'criticisms even upon Galatea *. I will 'recite to you a few verses of my own 'composing; not that I value myself 'upon being a good poet, but only to 'convince you that I do not love bom-'bast; for, if I affect it, it must appear 'in my poems, rather than in my con-'versation; since you know that poets, 'giving a loose to their fancies, may 'easily swerve from their natural strain, 'and fly into extravagances, if judg-'ment ceases to guide them.' The canons declaring it would be the greatest satisfaction imaginable to hear his verses —'Well, then,' said he, 'hear a Son-'net, which I composed last year, on 'the Princess Dulcinea's recovery from 'a fit of sickness.

SONNET.

AT length, my fair, we gain the victory due!
Death, vanquish'd Death, declines th' unequal strife:
Our vows o'er Fate prevail to spare your life;
And Nature's lovelicst work is sav'd in you.

Languid and pale your fading beauties grew!
Languid and pale, they still inspir'd delight:
Your eyes half quench'd in everlasting night,
Reverence at once and streams of sorrow drew!

Those eyes their wonted radiance now impart;
Those heavenly charms with health return again;
But what, alas! returns to my poor heart!
My fair-one's cure scarce mitigates my pain!
Since, if she die, I too for grief depart;
If she survive, I perish by disdain!

'This, I think, may suffice,' continued Don Quixote, 'to convince you, 'that Benengeli gives a very false account of me.'—'Sir Knight,' said one of the canons, 'your works and 'your discourse much discredit that 'Arabian author; yet, after all, he de-'serves pardon, for though in the first 'page of his book he does you that 'wrong, I can assure you that through-'out all the rest of his history he does 'you justice, making you talk like 'a man of sense.'—'So much the 'worse,' replied Don Quixote; 'for an 'author ought to preserve consistency 'in his characters. Read all Homer's 'Iliad, and mark whether the character 'of Achilles fails in any part. Do not 'you see the same Achilles who braved 'Agamemnon, and who chose rather 'to suffer the conflagration of the 'Grecian fleet, than to forego his re-'sentment? Do not you see, I say, the 'same coherence of passion in the an-'swers he returns to good old Priam, 'who desires he will restore to him the 'dead body of Hector his son? Thus 'it is that Homer keeps up all his cha-'racters: you will not find that he ever 'departs from any of them. Ulysses is 'always crafty; Nestor still continues 'the oracle of the army: and therefore 'Benengeli, designing to make me pass 'for a madman, ought not to make me 'discourse like a discreet person.'

CHAP. XI.

HOW DON QUIXOTE PARTED WITH MR. VALENTIN; AND HOW SANCHO FOUND ARCHBISHOP TURPIN'S CLUB.

THE canons could not but admire that extravagant medley of folly and judgment which appeared in Don Quixote's discourse; and, being conscientious men, who pitied their neighbours frailties, they cursed in their hearts the pernicious books which had destroyed such an excellent understanding. Sancho, who had stood by and listened to his master with a great deal of attention, perceiving that he had done, said, in his turn, to the canons—'Well, gentlemen, what say you now 'to my master Don Quixote? I'faith 'you must own he has both rhyme and 'reason at his fingers ends! Had he been 'an archbishop, he had made lectures in 'every corner! Words multiply under 'his hands; I could listen to him for 'ever: and when he talks, I fancy I hear 'a book read! By my faith, I would this 'very moment give sixpence I have in 'my pouch, with all my heart, to have 'words always at command as he has! 'Ah! what brave stories I would tell 'the wenches at the bake-house in our 'village! I love men of sense; I de-'clare it: and if Fortune should so or-'der it that my wife and I should have 'a son by our holy endeavours, I here

* A work written by Cervantes, and published in the year 1584.

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'make a vow I will ſend him to learn 'divinity at Salamanca. But the dog 'muſt not think he ſhall ſpend his fa-'ther's means in gaming with other 'ſons of whores like himſelf, for I 'will give him more laſhes with this 'girdle I have on, than there are hairs 'in my venerable beard.' So ſaying, he took off his girdle, and began to apply it ſmartly to the legs of the canons, crying out in a paſſion—'Study, 'you hang-dog! learn your book, if 'you deſign to be a governor after me.' —'Enough, enough, Mr. Sancho!' ſaid one of the canons, holding his arm; 'remember the boy you are whip-'ping is not yet begotten.'—'Well, I 'will have done, then, for this time,' replied the ſquire, 'ſince your wor-'ſhips are ſo pleaſed; and he may 'thank you for it, for if I am ſo ſa-'tisfied for the firſt fault, he may aſ-'ſure himſelf he ſhall pay for all the 'next he commits.'—'How abſurd 'your behaviour is, Sancho!' ſaid Don Quixote very gravely; 'you have 'no ſon yet, and you pretend to whip 'him already, becauſe he will not go 'to ſchool.'—'Ah, Sir!' quoth Sancho, 'do not you know that children 'muſt be corrected in time; and that 'if they are humoured when they are 'little, they grow lazy and wilful? 'They muſt underſtand from their 'mother's belly that learning is to be 'whipped into them; for ſo my father 'bred me: and if I have any guts in 'my brains, by my troth! I may 'thank good banging for it. He let 'drive at me ſo unmercifully, that 'the old curate, who then lived, (God 'have glory of his good ſoul!) every 'time he met me in the ſtreet, laying 'his hand on my head, would ſay— "If this boy is not beaten to death, "he will grow by inches."—'Nay, 'then, friend Sancho,' quoth Valen-tin, 'I perceive your old curate was 'a great prophet.'—'Yes, Sir,' re-plied the ſquire; 'I will aſſure you he 'was a man of parts. In his younger 'days he had been at the univerſity of 'Alcala; and he was ſo learned, that 'he could ſay part of his veſpers by 'heart.' The canons were mightily pleaſed with Sancho's flights, whom they perceived to be no wiſer, but yet pleaſanter, than his maſter's; and there-fore they came every day to Valentin's, where our adventurers ſtill furniſhed them freſh ſcenes of diverſion.

Don Quixote, finding his wound perfectly cured at the end of eight days, thought he could not make any longer ſtay there without infringing the laws of chivalry; and therefore the ninth day, after dinner, he ſaid to his hoſt—'I think it is now time that I have 'your permiſſion to depart for Sara-'goſſa: you are very ſenſible how 'much that expedition concerns 'knight-errantry. If fortune proves 'favourable to my undertakings, I 'deſign to ſend you the chief prize of 'the tilting, which I now conjure you 'to accept of: it is the leaſt I can do 'for one who has taken ſuch care to 'recover me of my wounds.' The charitable Valentin, who longed to diſcourſe ſeriouſly with our adventurer, and to try whether it were not poſſible to incline that diſtracted ſoul to ſome profitable employment, calling up all his eloquence to his aſſiſtance, anſwered Don Quixote in this manner—'Mr. 'Quixada, you are free to go when 'you pleaſe; but I beſeech you, con-'ſider for a moment, how ſtrangely 'you are miſled and deluded! Others 'would pleaſe themſelves with hu-'mouring your extravagant notions; 'but, for my part, I know nothing 'more deplorable, and I think it a 'duty of my profeſſion to endeavour 'to remove your blindneſs. Conſider 'that Amadis de Gaule, Eſplandian, 'and all thoſe other ancient knights, 'whom your ridiculous books of chi-'valry make mention of, and whoſe 'examples you fondly endeavour to 'follow, are but imaginary heroes. 'What hiſtorian, what wiſe author of 'any nation whatſoever, writes of 'them as of men that have really had 'a being! All the actions recorded of 'them in thoſe fabulous books which 'have diſturbed your underſtanding, 'are nothing but lyes invented for the 'amuſement of the idle: pernicious 'works, which magiſtrates ought to 'prohibit under the ſevereſt penalties, 'ſince ſuch vain reading conduces only 'to keep people in ignorance, and 'make them neglect thoſe things which 'are profitable and inſtructing. Be-'think yourſelf, maſter Quixada, that 'it is a mortal ſin thus to forſake your 'houſe, and neglect your affairs, for

'the ſake of rambling about the world 'like a madman, with that poor peaſant 'whom you have ſeduced to take part 'in your extravagances. Cannot you 'diſcern, even in the midſt of your 'madneſs, that you make yourſelf the 'ſport of great and ſmall, and that 'you expoſe the honour of a gentleman 'to the ſcorn of the rabble? Under the 'abſurd pretence of righting wrongs 'which are not committed, you moleſt 'travellers upon the publick road; and 'perhaps, ere long, the Holy Brother-'hood may lay hold of you for mur-'dering ſome innocent creature; and 'then, without any regard to your 'diſtempered imagination, will inflict 'on you ſome puniſhment that may 'ſtigmatize your family. Let me en-'treat you once again, Mr. Quixada, 'ſeriouſly to conſider with yourſelf; 'put away all thoſe fantaſtical notions 'of chivalry; get home as faſt as you 'can, and give your friends and kin-'dred (who deplore your folly) the 'ſatisfaction of ſeeing you once more 'make the right uſe of your reaſon. 'Read good books; and follow ſuch 'exerciſes as may gain you the eſteem 'of all good men. If you are will-'ing to take my advice, I do here pro-'miſe to bear you company to your 'own habitation, though it be above 'forty leagues from hence to Argama-'ſilla; and I will defray all the charge 'of the journey, that you may be per-'ſuaded I have no other deſign in the 'counſel I have juſt given, but to pro-'mote your honour, and to take care 'of your ſoul.'

As ſoon as maſter Valentin had ended, Sancho, who had obſerved his diſcourſe with great attention, took upon him to ſpeak; and, without riſing from his aſs's pannel, on which he was then ſitting, ſaid—'Indeed, Mr. 'Licentiate, you are no fool! All you 'have ſaid to my maſter Don Quixote 'is moſt true; and it is no more than 'has been told him an hundred thou-'ſand millions of times by the curate 'Peter Peres, maſter Nicholas the bar-'ber, and myſelf; but, as they ſay, 'My mother corrects me, and I laugh 'at her: it is a vile child, that will not 'mend. You will never rid his mad 'head of the whim he has taken of go-'ing about to look for wrongs, or ra-'ther for melon-keepers or muleteers, 'to beat us like dogs: beſides, he 'every moment takes inns for caſtles; 'abuſes all we meet, by calling them 'Renards and Orlandos, and giving 'them ſuch names the devil himſelf 'would not endure. Look ye now, 'Mr. Valentin, this is matter of fact: 'but the other day he gave the title of 'Infanta of Galicia to a naſty wench 'that came to me in the ſtable; and 'offered to commit the ſeven deadly 'ſins for a groat. Body o'me! he 'talked to her with more breeding 'than he would do to the daughter of 'the Archdeacon of Toledo!'

During all this time, Don Quixote was leaning upon a window, abſorbed in a profound reverie; which induced maſter Valentin to hope that his ha-rangue would produce the deſired ef-fect upon him: but, as ſoon as Sancho ceaſed ſpeaking, he ſtarted up like one that wakes out of a dream; and, look-ing round upon the canon with indig-nation, ſaid to him, in a furious man-ner—'I am aſtoniſhed, my Lord Arch-'biſhop Turpin*, that you, being one 'of the Emperor Charlemagne's chief 'barons, and allied to the twelve peers 'of France, ſhould have quitted the 'noble exerciſe of chivalry, and given 'yourſelf up to ſuch an idle and un-'profitable life! The love of knight-'errantry is in me too prevalent to ad-'mit of my following ſuch cowardly 'counſels. No more, then, offend my 'ears with theſe frivolous exhorta-'tions, but reſt ſatisfied with tamely 'ſaying your breviary; ſince, to the 'detriment of your former glory, you 'baſely hang up, as an uſeleſs wea-'pon, that ponderous and ſanctified 'club, with which you uſed to beat 'out the brains of giants, and which 'has been ſo fatal to the fierceſt war-'riors in the armies of King Marſi-'lius and Agramante.'—'Ho, ho! 'Mr. Valentin!' quoth Sancho, in-terrupting his maſter and turning to

* The ſubject of a fabulous hiſtory aſcribed to Turpin is the exploits of Charlemagne and his peers in the expulſion of the Saracens from Spain. Turpin is ſaid to have been a monk of the eighth century; who, for his knowledge of Latin, his ſanctity, and gallant exploits againſt the Saracens, was preferred to the archbiſhoprick of Rheims by Charlemagne.

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the clergyman, 'you have had a touch 'at knight-errantry, too, it ſeems, 'though you do not boaſt of it: I 'will warrant you, then, you are no 'ſtranger to cudgelling, and bangs 'from a ſling. By my ſoul, I am glad 'of it! He who finds moſt fault with 'the mare is the man that buys her.' —'My ſon Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'give me my armour preſently, 'and lead out my horſe in a moment: 'let us get out of this palace, which is 'more dangerous than Armida's.'— 'You ſee, maſter Licentiate,' quoth Sancho, 'that your lecture has ſignified nothing: in ſhort, my maſter 'Don Quixote has too much wit to 'want ſenſe.'—'Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'time is precious; 'do what 'I bid you preſently.' The ſquire went immediately for his armour; and the knight, having put it on, mounted Rozinante, and abruptly departed; bowing to the archbiſhop gravely, but without ſpeaking one word, ſo incenſed was he at his cowardice. As for Sancho, when he was ſeated upon his aſs, he ſaid to maſter Valentin—'Mr. Licentiate, I thank you for your good 'cheer; and I pray God to keep you '*per ſæculorum!*'—'You are very 'learned,' anſwered the clergyman; 'you talk Latin!'—'Like a canon,' quoth Sancho; 'though we have not 'taken our degrees, as you have done, 'yet we know a little of every thing as 'well as you: I could once have read 'my Criſs-croſs-row off hand; and if 'I had minded my godfather, who 'was churchwarden of our pariſh, and 'would have given me learning to help 'him to make up his accounts, I ſhould 'have been, by this time, the top of 'our pariſh. In ſhort, Mr. Valentin, 'my town's name is Argamaſilla; and 'I ſhall be always there ready to obey 'your commands, provided it be not 'againſt God or the Holy See Apoſto-'lick. Farewel! I kiſs your hands; 'and I beſeech holy St. Agnes that 'you may live as long as our grand-'father Abraham, from whom we are 'all deſcended!'

Having ſpoken theſe words, he clapped his heels to his aſs's ſides, and followed his maſter; but, as he paſſed through the market-place, he was ſtopped by ſome officers of the town, who had a mind to have a little ſport with him. 'Hey! whither are you bound, 'Sir Knight?' ſaid one of them.— 'Gentlemen,' ſaid Sancho, 'I am no 'knight as yet; that is not to be done 'ſo haſtily as you imagine: A man 'muſt be apprentice before he can be 'maſter; but when that holiday comes, 'we will be ſure to keep it. In the 'mean time, we are going to the tilting at Saragoſſa, and from thence we 'proceed to take griffins neſts on the 'mountain of Vermin.'—'Good Mr. 'Squire,' ſaid another, 'pray let us 'partake of the jewels you ſhall win 'at the tilting.'—'As for the jewels,' anſwered Sancho, 'you ſhould have 'ſpoke ſooner; they are already promiſed to Maſter Valentin, who expects them as punctually as he does 'his four meals a day: but if you 'will accept of any giants, you ſhall 'have them in all ſorts of dreſſes.' This anſwer ſet all the officers a laughing; which the boys of the town obſerving, they began to ſhout and make faces, and at the ſame time ſaluted the ſpeaker with a volley of peas from their ſarbacanes, or pea-ſhooters. Sancho, not much reliſhing ſuch a ſalutation, on this occaſion approved himſelf a worthy ſquire of the renowned Don Quixote; he put on his aſs boldly into the midſt of the boys, and laying about with his cudgel to the right and left, ſoon drove away thoſe that came neareſt to offend him: having thus made himſelf way by his valour, he clapped both his heels to Dapple, and overtook his maſter; who, ſeeing him come upon a full trot, and in a heat, ſaid to him—'What is the matter, my 'ſon? you ſeem diſturbed.'—'The 'buſineſs is over,' anſwered the ſquire; 'and, God be praiſed! I had no need 'of your aſſiſtance. The Mooriſh enchanter had let looſe at leaſt an hundred fairies at my heels; but, by the 'help of this ſtaff, which I accidentally found in Maſter Valentin's ſtable, I drove them all away like flies.' —'Sancho, Sancho!' ſaid Don Quixote, with a look and tone of aſtoniſhment, 'let us go on fair and ſoftly. 'You ſay you have put to flight the 'enchanter's devils with that ſtaff now 'in your hand.'—'Yes, Sir,' replied the ſquire; 'for, by being uſed to chi-'valry, I gather courage.'—'By the 'Lord!' quoth Don Quixote, 'it is 'Archbiſhop Turpin's club that you 'have found; for, in ſhort, my ſon, no

'cudgel, of any length or thickneſs 'whatſoever, can put ſpirits to flight; 'that requires a weapon which has 'been bleſſed by ſome miniſter of the 'holy church.'—'By my faith!' ſaid Sancho, 'I will not anſwer for it's be-'ing Archbiſhop Turpin's club; but 'I know it did me ſervice at this time, 'and may ſtand me in ſtead another.' —'Ay, child!' quoth Don Quixote, 'it is better than Hercules's club: let 'us keep that ineſtimable weapon very 'carefully; it will be of the utmoſt 'uſe to us: for, although my valour 'be ſupported by a wonderful ſtrength 'of body, yet it is of no force againſt 'the powers of hell; whereas, by vir-'tue of a club ſo ſanctified, which 'thoſe rebellious ſpirits cannot with-'ſtand, we ſhall eaſily drive away the 'devils and the enchanters.'—'So that 'if we had had this good weapon laſt 'year,' ſaid the ſquire, 'we ſhould 'not have been ſo unmercifully beat-'en.'—'There is no doubt to be made 'of it,' replied Don Quixote. 'Since 'it is ſo,' anſwered Sancho, 'I will 'keep it ſafer than my firſt ſhirt.— 'Oh, holy club!' ſaid he, kiſſing it, 'in an happy hour were you found: 'when I took you up in Maſter Valen-'tin's ſtable, I would willingly have 'changed you for a bit of cheeſe; but, 'by my faith! I will not now take a 'dozen of hogs-puddings for you.— 'Tell me, pray, Sir,' continued he, 'was it not by means of this club that 'Maſter Valentin came to be an arch-'biſhop?'—'That may very well be,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'Body o'me!' re-plied the ſquire, 'ſince it has made an 'archbiſhop, it may as well make a 'governor. Why not? Cannot he 'that threads a needle as eaſily ſtring 'a pearl?'—'It is certainly the wife 'Alquife,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that 'has conveyed to us ſuch a precious 'treaſure, to make amends for the 'fault of forſaking us the other day 'in the melon-field!'—'It is true,' quoth Sancho, 'that of late he has not 'minded where we begged our bread. 'He leaves us to ſtretch the leather 'with our teeth: if you tumble in the 'mire, there you may ſtick for him. 'By my faith, I believe he only gave 'you that armour to get you well 'beaten!'—'Say no more, my child,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'let us not com-'plain of him: we may well forgive 'his paſt neglect, conſidering the pre-'ſent he has made us this day.'

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

OF THE DISAGREEABLE ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE MET WITH AS HE ENTERED THE CITY OF SARAGOSSA.

UNFORTUNATE knight 'of La Mancha!' exclaims the ſage Aliſolan, at the beginning of this chapter; 'how little fortune fa-'vours your magnani-'mous undertakings! You left Arga-'maſilla to gain all the honour of the 'jouſts at Saragoſſa! and before you 'are able to reach the place, the whole 'ceremony is at an end!' In ſhort, when Don Quixote arrived within a mile of Saragoſſa, he was informed the tournament was over. This news exceedingly afflicted him; and though he had in reality no perſon but himſelf to thank for loſing ſo fair an opportunity of renown, yet could he not forbear laying all the blame on the Mooriſh enchanter and Archbiſhop Turpin. 'Thoſe falſe men,' ſaid he, 'have ac-'celerated the concluſion of the tilting, 'purpoſely to deprive me of the prizes; 'which, had I once entered the liſts, 'I had aſſuredly been maſter of.' Sancho alſo, partaking of his maſter's diſſatisfaction, murmured much that they had not ſtaid for them. 'Oh, the rakes!' ſaid he, 'they were in mighty haſte with 'their louſy tilting; why did not they 'put it off till your coming? There 'had been much better ſport, I'll war-'rant them; for the more fools, the 'more laughter. What unmannerly 'people they are, to make ſo little ac-'count of us! What, do they think 'you have a ſcald head, becauſe your 'ſcull is bald!' Don Quixote, for his part, compleatly vexed at having miſſed ſo ſplendid an opportunity of diſplaying himſelf, when he came to the Aljaferia, which is an ancient palace of the Mooriſh kings of Saragoſſa, ſuddenly halted; and abundance of people flocking about to have the better view of him, and to aſk why he came thus all in armour after the tilting was over, he raiſed his voice, and ſpoke theſe words—

'Knights of the city—and knights of 'this ſtrong caſtle—give ear to me! 'That I may retrieve the honour the 'enchanters have deprived me of by 'accelerating the tilting, I publickly 'challenge all thoſe among you, whom 'love has made ſubject to ſome lady 'or princeſs! and to-morrow you ſhall 'be eye-witneſſes how unfortunate they 'will prove whom my lance ſhall reach,

'or

'or who ſhall encounter the edge of my 'invincible ſword! But, at the ſame 'time, I challenge the governor, lord-'mayor, aldermen, and all other ma-'giſtrates of the city; to puniſh their 'incivility in not putting off the tilt-'ing for my ſake!' This ſaid, he ſpurred on Rozinante towards Saragoſſa; leaving about fifty or ſixty perſons, who had liſtened to him, in marvellous aſtoniſhment. 'It is ſome mad fellow 'who rides about the country,' ſaid ſome of them. 'If he is not a fool,' ſaid another, 'he is ſome ſcoundrel fit 'to be picked up by the Holy Brother-'hood.' Sancho, not enduring to hear his maſter ſpoken ill of, cried out—'Gentlemen, have a care what you ſay! 'you muſt not prate after this faſhion 'about my maſter: he is the beſt knight-'errant in our village. I have ſeen him, 'with my own eyes, perform ſuch feats 'of arms, that ſhould I go about to tell 'you all the ſtory, I ſhould ſtand in 'need of the pen of Goliah. It is 'true, that after fair weather comes 'rain. The wicked enchanters have 'ſometimes curried our hides; but let 'them look to that: they ſhall pay for 'it, as I am an errant-ſquire.' All who heard him fell a laughing; and admired his harangue as much as they did that of Don Quixote. One of them aſking him what countryman he was—'My maſter's,' replied Sancho: 'I am 'of my own village, which is called 'Argamaſilla of La Mancha.'—'And 'what is that Argamaſilla?' quoth another. 'What is it?' replied Sancho: 'nay, faith, 'tis another guiſe place 'than your Saragoſſa. We have with 'us little houſes with great courts, 'where there are above an hundred 'head of cattle: and, God be praiſed! 'in our village we have a ſmith, who 'out-does Ariſtotle at ſharpening a 'ploughſhare. We want nothing but 'a clock: but our curate, Mr. Peter 'Perez, vows we ſhall have a delicate 'pair of organs againſt the next jubi-'lee year.' When he had thus ſpoken, he would fain have gone after his maſter; but one of the by-ſtanders ſtopping him, ſaid—'Pray, friend, before 'you leave us, tell us the knight your 'maſter's name.'—'It is,' anſwered Sancho, 'the great Don Quixote de La 'Mancha: but do not miſtake him; 'he is not now called, as he was laſt 'year, the Knight of the Sorrowful 'Aſpect; his name now is, the Love-'leſs Knight, by reaſon of the unjuſt 'diſdain of Madam Dulcinea, alias 'Aldonza Lorenzo, or Nogales; and 'my name is Sancho Panza, an honeſt 'man, as is ſaid in my village, and 'huſband to Mary Gutierrez; who is 'ſo good-natured and fair-conditioned, 'that ſhe would willingly ſerve every 'body.' Having ſo ſaid, he put on his aſs to overtake Don Quixote; which he eaſily accompliſhed, Dapple's trot for the moſt part being little inferior to Rozinante's full ſpeed, whoſe *ne plus ultra* was a hand-gallop.

Our adventurers at length reached Saragoſſa, and entered the city at the little gate, Don Quixote very attentively viewing the windows and the ſtreets; while Sancho occupied himſelf with conjecturing at which of the inns his maſter would alight: for Rozinante, by natural inſtinct, ſtopped wherever he ſaw a ſign; and the knight was fain to make liberal uſe of the ſpur-rowels, before he could prevail on him to proceed. As they rode on in this manner, they ſaw a man approaching them, mounted on an aſs, naked from the waiſt upwards, with a rope about his neck. Another man, who made but an uneaſy lacquey, followed him on foot nearer than he could have wiſhed, holding in his hand a large bundle of rods, with which he jerked his back very frequently. They were attended by eight alguaziles*, and above two hundred boys ſhouting: it is eaſy to gueſs, without uncommon penetration, that this was a thief catched in the fact. Our hero, ſeeing this pitiful ſpectacle, determined ſpeedily what line of conduct beſt beſeemed his character as a redreſſer of wrongs. Reſolving to put a ſtop to ſuch injuſtice, he fiercely took his poſt in the midſt of the ſtreet, covered himſelf with his buckler, and, fixing his lance in the reſt againſt thoſe miniſters of felony and treaſon, (a people outlawed in all ages by knight-errantry) in a threatening tone he cried out to them—'Ye infamous and outrageous knights! 'unbind and ſet free that over-hardy 'cavalier, whom you have ſurprized

* Officers of juſtice in Spain.

'by

'by your uſual wiles; as, full of af-
'fliction for his lady's abſence or diſ-
'dain, he repoſed himſelf, without his
'armour, on the bank of a purling
'ſtream, under the ſhadow of the green
'willows! You have not only trea-
'cherouſly taken from him his horſe,
'ſword, and lance; but you have ſtrip-
'ped him of his cloaths adorned with
'diamonds and rubies, and now baſe-
'ly carry him to a ſteep and inac-
'ceſſible rock, there to immure him in
'a ſtrong tower, and add one more to
'the numberleſs knights, ſultans, and
'emperors, whom you moſt unjuſtly
'detain in thoſe dark and pitileſs dun-
'geons! Unbind him, then, inſtantly!
'or I ſhall know how to force you to
'it, traitors and robbers as ye are!'
The alguaziles, ſurprized at the ap-
pearance of a phantom, armed cap a-
piè, uttering ſuch extravagant menaces,
knew not what anſwer to make him.
When they firſt perceived him brandiſh
his formidable lance, they had halted;
and now ſtood gazing at each other
without ſpeaking a word. The very
executioner, though he had his orders
from the ſupreme court of juſtice, ceaſed
tormenting the patient; who, benefiting
by the voice of this new Orpheus *,
found his puniſhment ſuſpended for
ſome few minutes. At laſt, a man on
horſeback, who ſerved as a clerk or no-
tary among the officers of juſtice, per-
ceiving that ſo ſtrange a fellow alone
ſtopped all the company, drew near the
knight; and ſaid to him—'What a
'pox is all this you prate to us? Stand
'aſide! Are you mad?' No ſooner
had he uttered theſe words, than Don
Quixote put back Rozinante to gain
more ground; and then advancing fu-
rioufly upon the bold man who had pre-
ſumed to uſe ſuch diſreſpectful lan-
guage to a knight-errant, had infal-
libly run him through with his lance,
had not the notary thought it wiſeſt to
avoid ſo rude an encounter by inſtantly
ſliding down from his horſe. The ven-
turous knight miſſing, by this ſtrata-
gem, the object of his career, was
borne againſt a wall with ſuch violence,
by the impetuoſity of Rozinante, that
rider and ſteed came to the ground to-
gether, miſerably diſconcerted. In ad-
dition to this misfortune, the lance was
ſhivered into fifty pieces. This com-
plicated danger, however, ſerved but to
evince the wonderful preſence and ſelf-
collection of the reſolute Manchegan:
he in an inſtant cleared himſelf from
the partner of his diſaſter, and what
elſe ſoever impeded his riſing; and,
though dolefully bruiſed by the tumble,
ruſhed forward amongſt his aſtoniſhed
adverſaries, ſword in hand. The al-
guaziles, not knowing which way to
turn themſelves, cried aloud—'Help!
'help! We charge all here preſent, in
'the king's name, to aid and aſſiſt us!'
Several perſons that were paſſing by,
came in upon this outcry; and, draw-
ing their ſwords, hemmed in Don
Quixote; who, nothing daunted at the
ſight of ſo many enemies, bellowed with
a loud voice—'St. James!—St. Den-
'nis!—my friends and companions—
'the day is our own!' and, at the ſame
time, laid about him ſo dextrouſly,
that many came off with their ears and
jaws horribly ſcarified. At length,
however, ſomebody ſeizing him be-
hind, got him undermoſt: then his va-
lour became uſeleſs. There was no
remedy but ſubmitting to the greater
number: in ſpite of all his efforts, they
bound his hands; after which five or
ſix of the alguaziles ſet him upon his
own horſe, with his face towards the
tail, and conveyed him to priſon.

Sancho, who had been an eye-wit-
neſs to all this affair, was wonderfully
afflicted when he ſaw his maſter carried
off in ſo ignominious a manner; and,
following him at a diſtance, but with-
out diſcovering that he belonged to him,
the poor ſquire wept bitterly. 'A
'curſe on him that does not love me!'
ſaid he to himſelf; 'what devil adviſed
'me to return again to knight-errantry!
'A murrain on all iſlands and govern-
'ments! Would they were all in the
'bottom of a well! By St. John's
'eagle, my maſter is finely brought to
'bed! Alas! what will become of
'me! What ſhall I do here alone,
'without any wife or children? Poor
'fatherleſs wretch as I am! I ſhall now
'be forced to live like an abbot; and
'have nothing to eat but the fowls of
'the air, and the beaſts of the earth!'

* Alluding to the deſcent of Orpheus into hell, where he ſuſpended the torments of the damned.

Amidſt

Amidſt theſe ſorrowful mutterings, he came to the gate of the priſon; where, having ſeen Don Quixote ſecured, he ſtood a long while without knowing which way to beſtow himſelf. He heard the people about him ſay, that the man in armour deſerved the ſevereſt puniſhment for offering to hinder the execution of juſtice. Some thought him worthy of death; but others, more merciful and compaſſionate, adjudged him only to be diſciplined with two hundred laſhes.

In the mean while, Don Quixote being conveyed into the priſon, was ſtripped of his armour, and hand-cuffed for the greater ſecurity. The gaoler's ſon attempted to tie a rope about his neck; but the knight, full of diſdain at ſuch unworthy uſage, lifted up both his hands, which were faſtened together, and beſtowed on the young man ſuch a ſour ſalutation with his handcuffs, that, although the youth's hat in ſome meaſure broke the force, his head did not eſcape without a contuſion. He was about to ſecond his ſtroke, when the gaoler prevented him by half a dozen good bangs, which made the blood guſh from Don Quixote's noſe and mouth. The gaoler's ſervants took his part, though there was no great need of it, and trampled the priſoner under their feet. Not ſo ſatisfied, the gaoler and his ſon went to the judge in criminal cauſes; and repreſented the matter ſo heinouſly, that, without any farther proof, he ordered the criminal to be immediately whipped in all the markets, and then to be ſent back to priſon; intending afterwards, in courſe of law, to examine concerning his motives and accomplices. At the ſame time that the gaoler came back from the judge, the thief who had been whipped unluckily returned with the alguaziles. The gaoler ſeeing this, called to the executioner—'Friend,' cried he, 'take down this man; but do not 'ſend away your aſs, for you muſt firſt 'ring a peal on the back of that 'drunken ſot in armour, who has 'wounded my ſon, and attempted to 'murder the notary.' Sancho hearing theſe words, was grieved to the heart; and with much difficulty reſtrained himſelf from proclaiming his diſtreſſes to the world, when he ſaw they were preparing in earneſt to laſh his maſter.

CHAP. II.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER DON QUIXOTE'S IMPRISONMENT.

WHILST Sancho was bewailing himſelf, ſome gentlemen paſſed by; who, ſeeing abundance of people about the priſon gate, had the curioſity to aſk what was the matter. A young fellow told them the whole ſtory; and as they were liſtening to him, Sancho drawing near to obſerve their converſation, which he thought in all probability muſt concern his maſter, diſcovered Don Alvaro Tarfe among them. That Granadine gentleman had not yet left Saragoſſa, having ſtaid, after the tilting, to contrive among his friends a courſe at the ring; which diverſion they were to entertain the people with the next Sunday. At ſight of Don Alvaro, Sancho was well nigh diſtracted with joy: he immediately leaped down from Dapple, pulled off his cap, and caſting himſelf at his feet, exclaimed—'O dear, matchleſs, and 'compaſſionate Don Alvaro Tarfe! I 'conjure you, by St. Luke's ox, to 'take pity on me and my maſter Don 'Quixote, who is in the houſe of Ju'das! Theſe wicked people deſign to 'bring him out this moment, and to 'whip him like a pick-pocket, if your 'worſhip and good St. Anthony do 'not prevent it!' Tarfe ſoon knew Sancho; and, ſeeing his diſtreſs, eaſily gueſſed at the whole adventure. 'My 'friend Sancho,' quoth he, 'is it poſ'ſible your maſter ſhould be in ſuch 'danger?'—'By all the fairies in the 'air it is true!' anſwered the ſquire; 'and here the aſs waits for him*. 'Good Sir Don Alvaro, go ſee my 'maſter Don Quixote from me, and 'tell him I kiſs his hands; and beg 'that, if he muſt needs go whither the 'alguaziles pleaſe to carry him, he at 'leaſt will not ride the old jade of an 'aſs they have provided, for ſhe is as 'lean as the laſt day of Lent, and goes 'all on one ſide; but deſire him to 'make uſe of my aſs, who has young

* In Spain, malefactors who are to be whipped, are mounted on an aſs, inſtead of being faſtened, as in England, to a cart's tail.

'legs,

'legs, and on whom he will look like 'St. George a horſeback.'

Don Alvaro could not avoid ſmiling at the ludicrous ſimplicity of Sancho: perceiving, however, that there was no time to be loſt, he enjoined the ſquire to wait in that ſame place, whilſt himſelf, with two of his friends, repaired to the priſon. On their arrival there, they found the Loveleſs Knight unmanacled, and ready to ſally forth for correction: the blows he had received, and the blood which covered his forlorn countenance, ſo compleatly diſguiſed him, that, had they not been aware of his ſituation, they would not have known him to be the Knight of La Mancha. 'What do my eyes be-'hold!' exclaimed Don Alvaro. 'In 'what a condition do I find you! Alas, 'good Sir Don Quixote! ſhall I here 'offer all the ſervice my friends and I 'can render you? I believe at this time 'my aſſiſtance will not be unwelcome.' Don Quixote knew the Granadine at firſt ſight; and, imagining he had been brought thither by the enchanters that favoured knight-errantry, to deliver him from the imminent danger he was in—'Oh, my good friend Don Alvaro 'Tarfe!' ſaid he very gravely, and ſmiling at the ſame time, 'you are 'welcome; yet, notwithſtanding your 'uncommon valour, I own I am ſur-'prized to find that you have been able 'to compaſs ſo peerleſs an adventure; 'ſince I, who am the great Spaniard 'Don Quixote, the invincible Cavellero 'Deſamorado, or Loveleſs Knight, have 'fallen under the enchantments of the 'traitor Arcalaus, brother to the va-'liant Ardan Canila*, whom I ſlew 'in ſingle combat! Tell me, I beſeech 'you, how got you into this inacceſſi-'ble caſtle, into which I have been 'brought by art magick, together with 'all theſe princes you ſee here ſtretched 'out on the ſtraw like ſo many poor 'and ignoble wretches? By what art 'did you chain up the two fierce giants 'who guarded the ſtately gate, and 'waved their maſſive clubs in the air 'continually? Finally, by what moſt 'fortunate device or contrivance did 'you lull to ſleep the wakeful griffin 'that watches day and night in the 'firſt court, and in his mighty talons 'will bear up a knight armed at all 'points to the very clouds? Verily, 'Don Tarfe of Granada, you are the '*ne plus ultra* of chivalry, ſince you 'alone have compaſſed an adventure, 'which has been before in vain at-'tempted by the Emperor of Conſtan-'tinople, Eſplandian, and the divine 'Alaſtaxerea, the very daughter of the 'God of War! I envy your glory, 'ſince by your brave hands, which 'Arcalaus was incapable of reſiſting, 'we ſhall be all this day delivered from 'bondage; and his ſiſter Arcabonna, 'who is no leſs formidable than him-'ſelf, ſhall be ſhamefully whipped 'about this caſtle as a ſorcereſs, not-'withſtanding the tender love ſhe bears 'me!'—'Noble and puiſſant Don 'Quixote!' replied Don Alvaro, 'I 'lulled the watchfulneſs of the griffin 'as dexterouſly as the god Mercury 'himſelf! I have, beſides, chained up 'the giants, and killed your enemy the 'enchanter! But all this is inſufficient 'to effect your releaſe: it remains, that 'I muſt obtain a favourable anſwer

* Don Quixote, in this place, takes the liberty of appropriating to himſelf an atchievement which does not belong to him. Ardan Canila, being driven back to the point of a rock, in a deſperate combat with Amadis de Gaule, receives ſo cruel a wound, that, we are told, he fell from the top of the rock down into the ſea, and was never after ſeen.—Amadis de Gaule, Book II. Chap. 19.—'This Ardan Canila was deſcended from the race of giants, 'born in a province called Canila, the which was in a manner wholly inhabited by ſuch 'kind of people; notwithſtanding, he was ſomewhat leſs of body than they, but not in 'ſtrength. His ſhoulders were narrow, his neck and breaſt unreaſonably thick, his hands 'and thighs large, his legs long and crooked, his eyes hollow, flat-noſed like an ape, his 'noſtrils wide and loathſome, his lips great, his hair red, and thick briſtled in that ſort, as 'very hardly might it be curled: to conclude, he was ſo beſet with freckles and black ſpots, 'that his face ſeemed as though it had been of ſundry ſorts of fleſh; he was of the age of 'thirty years, or thereabouts, bold and expert in arms, furious, ſpiteful, and as uncourte-'ous as might be; and yet, ſince he was twenty and five years of age, he never fought with 'any giant or other knight, either a foot, a horſeback, or at wreſtling, that was able to re-'ſiſt him, and whom he did not eaſily overcome. Such was the beauty, faſhion, and gentle 'behaviour of Ardan Canila.'—The above quotation is taken from Book II. Chap. 19. of the Engliſh tranſlation, in folio, of the firſt four books of Amadis de Gaule, edit. 1619.

'from the prophetick ſtatue of braſs 'which is ſeated upon the marvellous 'pedeſtal. Herein conſiſts the greateſt 'difficulty of the adventure: as ſoon 'as that ſpeaks, your irons will drop 'off of themſelves; and, till then, no 'valour, no force, can ſet you free. I 'flatter myſelf I ſhall ſucceed, with the 'aſſiſtance of an enchanter who is my 'friend, and at my requeſt will exert 'the utmoſt of his art in your behalf. 'When that is done, we will cauſe 'your amorous ſorcereſs to be whipped, 'as you deſire.'—'Go, then, valiant 'Don Tarfeyan!' cried Don Quixote; 'go, and perform theſe great actions, 'which Fate has reſerved for you, to 'the glory of knight-errantry! And, 'in acknowledgment for the important 'ſervice you deſign me, I here confer 'upon you the permiſſion to accom-'pany me in my adventures, which I 'would not grant to any other knight 'whatſoever; but you ſeem to me wor-'thy of this honour: you ſhall fight 'by my ſide till I have conquered the 'mighty empire of Trebiſond, and am 'married to a beautiful queen of Eng-'land, by whom I ſhall have twin ſons, 'who ſhall at length be born, after in-'numerable vows, ſupplications, and 'tears.' The by-ſtanders hearing Don Quixote talk at this rate, needed no other teſtimony to convince them of his madneſs. They all burſt into laughter, except Don Alvaro, who ſtill preſerved his ſteadineſs of countenance, fearing, doubtleſs, leſt our knight ſhould recal the advantageous grant he had ſo re-cently conferred upon him. The ad-venture of the marvellous pedeſtal be-gan by this time to admit no delay, as the alguaziles grew very impatient to commence their proceſſion. Don Al-varo perſuaded them, however, to poſtpone it till he had ſpoken to the judge in behalf of the priſoner; which they durſt not refuſe to a man of his quality, though eager enough for the ſpeedy ſcourging of the knight-errant, in revenge for the miſchief and conſter-nation he had occaſioned. Don Al-varo, who was well acquainted with the nature of that claſs of people, not chuſing to rely entirely on their pro-miſes of forbearance, left one of his friends to protect Don Quixote, whilſt he, with the other, who was a kinſman to the judge, went to procure his en-largement. Sancho ſeeing Don Al-varo come out of the priſon, ran to him in great haſte, and ſaid very earneſtly—'Well, Sir Don Alvaro, what do all 'the Jews within? Shall not you get 'my maſter out of their clutches?'—'Friend Sancho,' ſaid he, 'all will 'be well.' At the ſame time he or-dered one of his pages to take that ho-neſt countryman home with him, and treat him handſomely. Sancho, hear-ing theſe agreeable injunctions, cried out—'God reward you, Don Alvaro! 'but pray take care, if you pleaſe, that 'thoſe wicked Phariſees reſtore to us 'poor Rozinante, whom they have 'hurried away without ſhewing him 'a reaſon for it. Bid them likewiſe 'give you the enchanted target; for 'my maſter Don Quixote would wiſh 'me hanged, if I ſhould not get it for 'him again; and, by my faith, it coſt 'us thirteen rials painting by an old 'painter at Ariza, who is as crooked, 'at leaſt, as the prior of Toboſo, and 'lived in a ſtreet I have forgot the 'name of.'—'Enough, friend San-'cho,' ſaid Don Alvaro; 'leave all 'that to me; you need only follow that 'page, who will daintily entertain 'you.' Sancho followed the page; and Don Alvaro went to the judge, who, as ſoon as he was acquainted with Don Quixote's inſanity, readily gave order for his enlargement, and that he ſhould be delivered, with all that had been taken from him, into the hands of the Granadine. Tarfe loſt no time; he returned immediately to the priſon, took out the priſoner, and carried him to his lodging in a hired carriage; which paſſed in the knight's apprehenſion for the flying-chariot of ſome magician who was a friend to knight-errantry.

When Don Quixote arrived at Don Alvaro's, he was laid in bed to recruit himſelf a little with reſt; and when it was ſupper-time, the table was ſet cloſe to his bed-ſide, and the meat ſerved up. Some of Tarfe's friends, who were at this entertainment, were much ſtruck with our hero's countenance and con-verſation; and the Granadine, willing their diverſion ſhould be compleat, or-dered Sancho to be called in before ſupper was ended. The honeſt ſquire having eat and drank at his diſcre-tion, as much, to wit, as would have ſerved four men, was then in moſt ex-cellent humour: he recited all his ma-ſter's adventures with his uſual ſimpli-

city;

city; but when he came to the Princeſs of Galicia, he fairly owned that he had given her but a groat inſtead of two hundred ducats. Don Quixote, upon this, in a paſſion interrupting him—'How now, baſe clown!' ſaid he, 'do 'you dare ſo to impoſe upon me? In-'famous and contemptible mortal! 'how plain it is that you are but a 'peaſant, and not a knight of noble 'anceſtry, ſince you treat a princeſs of 'ſuch rare worth ſo unworthily! But I 'vow, by the glorious order of knight-'hood I have received, that, in puniſh-'ment of your ſordid avarice, I will 'give that beautiful infanta the firſt 'kingdom I ſhall conquer, in ſpite of 'all the enchanters, curates, barbers, 'and peaſants, like yourſelf!'—'Nay, 'faith, Sir,' quoth Sancho, interrupting him, 'if you had added Suſanna's 'Two Elders, I ſhould not know how 'to help myſelf!'—'But, Sancho,' ſaid Don Alvaro, 'in good truth, you 'did not conſider what you did. What, 'a groat, friend! Was ever the like 'preſent made to a princeſs?'—'Out 'upon it! a princeſs!' anſwered Sancho; 'ſhe is as much a princeſs as my 'Dapple is a pope! Nay, God be 'praiſed! we have better ſkill in prin-'ceſſes than that comes to! As for 'the Princeſs Micomicona*, let her 'paſs, a man might be deceived in her—'but for this, is it poſſible, maſter Don 'Quixote, that your worſhip, who is 'ſo ſkilful in phiſomy, could not per-'ceive by her rags that ſhe was neither 'a princeſs nor an admiral?'—'San-'cho, Sancho!' quoth Tarfe, 'I doubt 'me there is ſome enchantment in that 'affair! Enchanters are very ſubtle: 'they certainly repreſented the Princeſs 'of Galicia to you in a naſty habit, to 'the intent that Don Quixote, taking 'her for a ſervant to an inn, might re-'fuſe her his protection. But Heaven, 'which formed this matchleſs knight 'for the comfort of afflicted princeſſes, 'gave him alſo an infallible inſtinct 'to diſcover them, however diſguiſed.' —'You are in the right, Don Tar-'feyan,' quoth Don Quixote; 'the 'enchanters cannot deceive me in that 'particular; and, in ſpite of all their 'ſorcery, the Princeſs of Galicia is 'what ſhe is. I own, ſhe appeared to 'me very ill dreſſed and ungenteel; 'but as ſoon as ſhe acquainted me 'with her misfortunes, I plainly per-'ceived how nobly ſhe was deſcended. 'But my ſquire goes no farther than 'outward appearances; and though he 'has been forty times convinced of 'the malignity of enchanters, yet he 'is never the more upon his guard 'againſt them! The poor fool believes 'nothing but what he ſees, without 'conſidering that the ſight is the ſenſe 'moſt eaſy to be impoſed upon.'—'Saints and Fathers!' cried Sancho, 'had the enchanters any hand in that 'matter too?'—'There is no doubt to 'be made of it,' quoth Don Alvaro. 'Poor Sancho! you was impoſed upon 'in that affair by the enchanters; and 'you will be ſo continually, as long 'as you believe your own eyes, inſtead 'of giving credit to Don Quixote; who, 'looking upon things as a knight-er-'rant, ſees them without any change 'or diſguiſe.'—'By my faith,' quoth Sancho, 'if ſo, there is no ſwearing to 'any thing; for, between us, the In-'fanta of Galicia is as like a wench 'at an inn as ever I ſaw any thing! 'She is ugly, lame, and crooked; and 'the ſmock ſhe wears is as dirty as a 'diſh-clout! But, ſince ſhe is a prin-'ceſs, let us talk no more of it. Let 'her mend, and God will bleſs her. I 'freely forgive her the cuff ſhe gave 'me for eating a bit of cheeſe ſhe had 'hid in her cupboard.' The gentle-men roſe from table laughing, and went out of the room, that Don Quix-ote, who ſtood in need of reſt after the laborious adventures he had been en-gaged in, might endeavour to compoſe himſelf. As for Sancho, he was deli-vered to the ſervants, who made ſport with him, and played him as many pranks as he told ridiculous ſtories.

CHAP. III.

WHICH CONTAINS SEVERAL THINGS WORTH READING.

THE next morning, Don Alvaro came into our knight's chamber; and, ſitting down by his bed, ſaid to him—'How does Don Quixote, the 'flower of the knights of La Mancha, 'find himſelf to-day? I could wiſh

* Mentioned in the Firſt Part of Cervantes's Don Quixote, Book IV. Chap. 2.

'some adventure worthy his invincible arm would offer in Aragon. 'There are frequently very dangerous 'ones in this kingdom; and I suppose 'you have been informed that some 'haughty giants appeared of late at 'the tilting at Saragossa, to the misfortune of a great number of knights? 'Why, alas! was not you here present to rid the world of such monsters?'—'My dear friend Don Alvaro,' answered Don Quixote, very disconsolately, 'I am sorry I was not 'at your tilting: had I been there, the 'giants had not returned to their own 'countries with so much honour; but 'I shall meet with them one time or 'other, and they shall pay for all!'—'You are in the right,' replied the Granadine; 'but, in the mean while, 'I must tell you that I have concerted 'a course at the ring, to be run next 'Sunday with the principal knights 'of the city, in which several prizes of 'value will be conferred on those who 'shall exhibit the greatest dexterity: 'and the same persons who presided at 'the tilting will sit as judges. An infinite number of princesses and infantas, glittering like stars on all 'sides, will display themselves at the 'windows and in the balconies. We 'knights will appear there in our most 'costly equipage, with devices painted 'on our bucklers, and on streamers of 'all sorts of colours: and if you, Sir, 'condescend to be one of the knights 'of my troop, I will undertake to furnish you with liveries that shall not 'disgrace you. Consider, Don Quixote, whether you will be pleased to 'admit me, by your side, to partake of 'the honour you cannot fail of gaining?'—'With all my heart, my dear 'Tarfe!' replied our knight, sitting up in his bed, 'though it were but to 'make you an eye-witness of the exalted feats I am capable of performing! I ought not to praise myself, 'it is true; but the wonderful adventures I have finished are so notorious, 'that modesty is no longer useful!'—'You are in the right,' said the Granadine; 'but lie down, if you please, 'and I will cause the table to be 'brought to your bed-side, as it was 'last night, and we will dine together, 'with the other knights of our troop: 'we will talk about the preparations 'for our course at the ring; and we 'will therein be ruled by your judicious advice, since you are better 'skilled in those sports than we are.' When he had so said, Don Alvaro went out of the room; and Don Quixote, unable to take any rest after this discourse, began to let his thoughts run upon the purposed solemnity. So full was he of this imagination, that, without considering what he did, he arose, and began to dress himself: in this rapture he paused awhile, having his hose hanging about his heels, and his eyes fixed on the ground; then starting up, and taking a career, he thrust his finger against the wall, and cried out, as loud as he was able—'My lords 'judges, you see I have borne away 'the ring! Your excellences will be 'pleased to order me the prize!' Sancho, hearing his master's exclamation, ran up-stairs, and found him in the situation just described; which, as his shirt unfortunately chanced to be very scanty, prodigiously discomposed the modesty of the squire. 'For the love 'of God,' quoth he, 'pull up your 'hose, Sir! Are you not ashamed to 'exhibit your nudities in so unseemly 'a fashion?' This remonstrance arouzed Don Quixote from his reverie; who, stooping to comply with the exhortation of his squire, displayed to his view, at the same time, a pair of posteriors not remarkable either for plumpness or delicacy. 'Body o'me!' quoth Sancho, 'you have now mended the 'matter finely, forsooth! You are re'solved this day to salute me with all 'the filthiness the Lord has given you! 'Dress yourself quickly, and go down 'into the kitchen; there you will see 'capons and partridges turning before 'a good fire, with swingeing ribs and 'sirloins of beef, which make the spits 'bend under them as I would bend a 'rush! There you will see pots, skillets, and stew-pans, pastries, and 'forced-meats, in such abundance, 'that it overjoys one to see so much 'good meat together! To stay my stomach for dinner, I crammed down 'a good lunch of white bread, and half 'a turkey the cook gave me, who is a 'little pleasant bandy-legged fellow! 'It is true, our good friend Don Alvaro Tarfe's pages make me swallow 'some spoonfuls of broth so hot, that 'one half of it comes out at my nose 'again: but that's no matter, they are

'wild

'wild fellows, who do not grudge 'what they give. I have drank three 'pots of a ſort of drink they call 'Malmſly in this country, which is 'much better than our wine of La 'Mancha: here they talk of nothing 'but good chear and merry-making; 'and do not you fear they will ſtarve 'Rozinante, who is, next to you, the 'flower of chivalry! Dapple and he 'are ſo well pleaſed, and fed, that a 'little tickling will make them laugh. 'To deal plainly with you, Sir, theſe 'are the true adventures of knight-er-'rantry, and we ought to ſeek no 'others.'—'Thou notorious ſcoun-'drel!' interrupted Don Quixote: 'it 'now plainly appears thou art, and 'never wilt be any other than a mere 'glutton; that thinkeſt of nothing but 'gorging thy belly, like a ſwine, in-'ſtead of ſeeking, as I do, the true 'glory of knight-errantry!'

By this time, Don Alvaro and four friends he had invited to dinner, came into the room; and Don Quixote, having as yet ſcarcely compleated the faſtening up his breeches, they could not forbear ſmiling: however, Tarfe, aſſuming a grave countenance, ſaid—'Why would you get up, Sir Knight? 'You are not yet well recovered after 'your laſt adventure; pray, go to bed 'again, if you pleaſe, and we will dine 'as we ſupped laſt night.' Don Quixote would have excuſed himſelf, and put on his cloaths; but the Granadine and his friends, by their entreaties, prevailed with him to go to bed again: as ſoon as he was there, the table was brought in; and, all being ſeated, they began to diſcourſe of the excellency and benefit of knight-errantry. It is needleſs to aſk whether Don Quixote did not exert his talent upon this ſubject; it heated him ſo far that he acquainted them with all his projects; and declared, without reſerve, the mighty feats he intended to perform at Trebiſond againſt Cocklindor of the Red Iſlands, and againſt Arſicarabon the giant with the three faces. Theſe extravagant titles, which no fancy leſs prepoſterous than that of Don Quixote could ever have invented, threw the gueſts into ſuch a violent fit of laughter, that our knight, looking ſternly on them, ſaid he was aſhamed to ſee men of their worth behave themſelves ſo indiſcreetly. Don Alvaro, perceiving he was almoſt angry, very wiſely ſaid to his friends—'Upon my word, 'gentlemen, it is very plain you are 'mere novices in knight-errantry, 'ſince you are ſo little acquainted 'with the incomparable Don Quix-'ote, the very carbuncle of chivalry: 'if you would be informed what ſort 'of man he is, go aſk it of the knights 'and giants whom he has conquered; 'or repair to his former miſtreſs the 'infanta Dulcinea del Toboſo. It is 'not above a fortnight ago, as Sancho 'has informed me, that he fought 'with Orlando Furioſo, whoſe head he 'would have borne away in triumph, 'after a tedious and bloody conflict, 'to have exhibited it at our tilting, 'had not a malicious enchanter carried 'off that Paladin by the powers of 'magick.' The gueſts, feigning great aſtoniſhment at what Don Alvaro told them, entreated the knight, in the graveſt manner they were able, to pardon their indiſcretion: and then, riſing from table, they introduced a freſh topick, and talked of their courſe at the ring. Upon this, one of the gentlemen, directing his diſcourſe to Don Quixote, ſaid—'And what liveries 'will it pleaſe the heroick knight of 'La Mancha to appear with? for we 'will not deal away all the cards from 'the beſt gameſter among us. I am 'of opinion that he ſhould give a 'green livery, becauſe it is the colour 'that repreſents Hope; and none has 'better reaſon to promiſe himſelf the 'prize of the courſe.'—'I fancy,' ſaid another gentleman, 'his livery ought 'to be of a violet colour, becauſe it 'repreſents Indifferency, and he is 'called The Loveleſs Knight: and I 'would counſel that ſome character-'iſtick device againſt the ladies be 'painted on his ſhield.' The third differed in opinion; and adviſed Don Quixote to adopt a white livery, in token of his extraordinary chaſtity; and to expreſs, by his device, that no lady in the world had ever yet poſſeſſed allurements enough to lead him aſtray. 'For my part,' ſaid the fourth, 'I 'think the redoubted knight of La 'Mancha, who daily kills giants up-'on giants, ought to appear at the 'courſe with black liveries, to apprize 'all who ſhall be hardy enough to op-'poſe him, that they muſt expect to 'reap no other fruit of their raſhneſs,

'than

'than a black and diſmal event.' Don Alvaro Tarfe, now taking his turn to ſpeak—'You will permit me, gentle-'men,' ſaid he, to own, that I differ 'in ſentiment from you all: Don 'Quixote being a perſon moſt ſingu-'lar, it will not be proper for him to 'appear like the reſt upon this occa-'ſion; and, in my judgment, it will 'better become him to enter the liſts 'like a knight-errant, armed at all 'points; and, that he may not make 'uſe of borrowed armour, I do now 'preſent him with a ſuit; for you muſt 'underſtand, gentlemen, that the ſuit 'he now makes uſe of is curious ar-'mour of Milan which I left in his 'cuſtody at Argamaſilla; and, ſince he 'has done it the honour to wear it, no 'knight in the world deſerves to put it 'on: let him therefore keep it, to the 'glory of knight-errantry; and may 'it, from this time, become more fa-'mous than Sampſon's, which was 'formerly worn by the renowned King 'Gradaſſus! But, becauſe it is ſome-'what tarniſhed by the viciſſitudes of 'weather, and much more by the blood 'of ſo many ſlaughtered monſters, I 'will order it to be new poliſhed. As 'for his device, he needs no other than 'that which he cauſed to be painted at 'Ariza, upon the wonderful buckler 'he brought hither; which is a preſent 'from his great friend the wiſe Al-'quife: it has not been yet ſeen in Sa-'ragoſſa, becauſe he cauſed it to be 'covered with a piece of fine taffeta, 'as was the reſplendent buckler of 'Atlantes*. The ingenious device 'will be here altogether new; and will 'inform all mankind what thoughts 'they are to entertain of The Loveleſs 'Knight.' When Don Alvaro had ſpoken, they all agreed that his con-trivance was the moſt eligible; and Don Quixote was ſo pleaſed with it, that he expreſſed much ſatisfaction. 'You are in the right, Don Tarfey-'an,' quoth he; 'it is expedient that 'I appear in armour, becauſe it often 'happens that at ſuch diverſions there 'arrive outrageous giants †, ſovereigns 'of ſome ſtrange iſlands, who, ac-'cording to their cuſtom, reflect on 'the king's honour, and arrogantly 'challenge the court knights. As for 'my armour, my dear Don Alvaro, 'you are in the wrong, if you think it 'ever was yours. The wiſe Alquife 'never intended it for any perſon but 'myſelf; nevertheleſs, ſince, in his 'profound wiſdom, he thought fit to 'ſend me that noble preſent by your 'hands, at your hands I will receive 'it as if he had no ſhare in the gift.' Don Alvaro and his friends were ne-ver weary of hearing the knight's ſe-rious and ſublime diſcourſes; which, with Sancho's ſimplicities, made ſuch a medley as rendered their diverſion compleat.

CHAP. IV.

WHICH SHEWS HOW DON QUIXOTE WON THE PRIZE AT THE COURSE OF THE RING.

THE day for running at the ring being now arrived, the gentle-men who were to exhibit made them-ſelves ready, and gave all neceſſary or-ders for rendering the ſport pleaſant and magnificent. On the two ſides of the ſquare, two triumphal arches were erected, through which they were to paſs to the liſts; and on the triumphal arches were engraved ſeveral inſcrip-tions in the praiſe of love. The win-dows and balconies were adorned with the moſt beautiful ladies of Saragoſſa, and of the neighbouring country; whoſe native charms were heightened by every embelliſhment of art, and whoſe ſpark-ling eyes diſcovered their hopes of re-ceiving the prize at the hands of their lovers. The moſt diſtinguiſhed place was appropriated for the reception of the viceroy and his family; after whom the prime nobility of the kingdom were ſeated, according to their rank and employments. The proceſſion com-

* A magician in Orlando Furioſo. See Book II.

† An accident of this ſort happens at the jouſts held in Conſtantinople in honour of the nuptials of Pr'gmaleon, the brave Ethiopian, with Polixena the fair infanta of Greece. In the midſt of the divertiſement, eight giants arrive in the place, who overthrow all in their way. In the end, however, they are all ſlain by the knights, after a deſperate conflict. See The Love and Arms of the Greek Princes, or The Romant of Romants, tranſlated into Engliſh for Philip Earl of Pembroke, Vol. II. Chap. XXIX. Edit. 1640.

menced

menced by the judges of the field; who, after having paraded round the place three times, richly clad, and followed by a numerous retinue, took their ſtations at the end of the courſe, amidſt the ſound of trumpets, in a magnificent theatre. Immediately as they were ſeated, there entered the place twenty cavaliers of graceful demeanour; they were divided into two troops, and marched, by pairs, arrayed in ſumptuous liveries, with all the brilliant equipage of a ſuperb and gallant ſolemnity. And here it is to be lamented, that our Arabian author has omitted to give us, in this place, a minute deſcription of this majeſtick celebrity: for what reaſon I cannot divine, unleſs it be that he was unwilling to loſe ſight of his hero. He thinks it ſufficient to acquaint us, that Don Alvaro, mounted on a fiery dappled courſer of Andaluſia, whoſe gorgeous trappings and ſtately carriage marvellouſly ſet off the elegance of his form, was arrayed in a habit of golden tiſſue, on which a wreath of lilies and roſes, twined together, was curiouſly embroidered. On his ſhield he had cauſed to be pourtrayed to the life the hero of La Mancha, with the whole adventure of the criminal and the alguaziles. By the ſide of Don Alvaro, as his brother in arms, appeared the invincible Don Quixote; who entered the liſts with a reſolved and martial countenance. He wore his helmet on his head, and was armed at all points, ready to fight all the giants in the world. The multitude, who do not always interpret things in the moſt favourable manner, ſet up a loud hooting at the curious appearance of Don Quixote and his peaceable courſer. The two troops, paſſing before the ladies, performed the uſual ſalute of gallantry by ſhewing off the curvettings and prancing of their horſes; in which particular, Rozinante, though untaught, played his part to admiration. When Don Quixote and Don Alvaro arrived before the judges, and had ſaluted them, the chief of the judges, directing his diſcourſe to the knight, ſaid, with much gravity—'Moſt famous prince of La 'Mancha, flower and mirror of knight-'errantry! we look upon it as a great 'favour of fortune that you have 'vouchſafed to honour with your pre-'ſence the diverſion we have prepared 'for the ladies on this day.' The knight, with no leſs gravity, replied —'Great judge of martial exerciſes, 'though this be but mere ſport, in 'compariſon of the mighty enterprizes 'I daily attempt, yet I will not deny 'you the ſatisfaction of ſeeing my dex-'terity.' Having ſo ſaid, he went on with Don Alvaro; who, when he came up to his troop, gave Don Quixote to underſtand, that he muſt not run till the laſt, leſt he ſhould deprive the other knights of the hopes of winning any of the prizes; and, ſince his courſe muſt needs be the fineſt and moſt pleaſing of all, it was fit to reſerve it for the laſt, that the ſport might conclude with ſomething extraordinary. Don Quixote could not offer any thing againſt ſuch plauſible reaſons; but, drawing off to one ſide, became a ſpectator of the diverſion.

The trumpets and kettle-drums now ſtruck up amain, and the cavaliers ran their courſes; every one in his turn, as had been appointed by lot, ſhewing admirable ſkill and dexterity. Don Alvaro was admired above all the reſt; he bore away the firſt prize; and gave good proof that he was deſcended from the ancient Abencerrages *, who firſt brought into Spain the cuſtom of tilting and running at the ring, with other noble ſports intended for the diverſion of the ladies. When they had all run, Don Alvaro went up to Don Quixote, who began to be out of patience; and, leading him to the ſtarting-place, the trumpets gave the ſignal. Don Quixote clapped his heels to the meagre ſides of Rozinante; who, being ready to contribute as much as in him lay to his maſter's honour, appeared on this occaſion uncommonly nettleſome; and, after he had received about twenty memorandums from the ſpur, ſet out with more than ordinary ſwiftneſs. But here, alas! let us bewail the mutability of fortune, who delights in deſtroying, in a moment, the beſt-grounded hopes. Rozinante had now traverſed half the courſe; he was now near the place where the ring was ſuſpended on high, when his mighty mettle failing, he made a falſe ſtep, and fell down under his maſter. This accident ſet all

* A noble race of Moors.

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the ſpectators a laughing; and Don Quixote having helped up his horſe, returned foaming with anger to the place from whence he ſet out. Don Alvaro, who was there ready to receive him, ſaid to him—'Be not caſt down, 'Sir Knight, ſince it was your horſe's 'fault alone that you did not bear 'away the ring; your career was beau-'tiful to admiration; and, if you take 'my advice, you muſt begin it again 'before Rozinante cools.' Don Quixote, without anſwering one word, ſet forward the ſecond time; and, being beſide himſelf with paſſion and concern, miſſed the ring: but the Granadine, who had expected this miſhap, rectified it in an inſtant; for, having followed upon a hand-gallop, he raiſed himſelf on his ſtirrups, and taking off the ring with his hand, clapt it ſo adroitly upon the point of Don Quixote's lance, that our knight did not perceive the deception. At the ſame time he cried out, with a loud voice—'Victory! victory! the illuſtrious Don 'Quixote, the ornament of knight-er-'rantry, has borne away the ring!' The knight caſt his eyes upon his lance, and ſeeing the ring there, concluded that he had finiſhed his courſe with honour; then, turning to Don Alvaro, he ſaid—'You ſee how dangerous it is 'to be idle; Rozinante, for want of be-'ing kept in his wind, has notoriouſly 'ſcandalized me.'—'It is true,' ſaid Don Alvaro, ſmiling, 'but you have 'made good amends for it, and you 'muſt now go up to the judges to de-'mand the prize.' Don Quixote followed his advice; and advancing before the judges, held out his lance to them, ſaying—'Your lordſhips may 'be pleaſed to look upon this lance; 'methinks it ſays enough in my be-'half.' The ſame judge who had ſpoken to him before, now undertook for his brethren; and having made faſt to the end of his lance half a ſcore great leathern points which he had cauſed to be brought for the purpoſe, and which were worth about a groat or threepence, he ſaid to him—'Invin-'cible knight-errant, as a prize for 'the ſkill and dexterity you have ſhewn 'in your incomparable career, I pre-'ſent you with that precious jewel! 'The wiſe Lirgandus, your friend, 'brought it from the Indies for you. 'In ſhort, theſe wonderful garters are 'made of the real ſkin of the Phœnix, 'that celebrated bird, the only one of 'his ſpecies. And, ſince you ſtile 'yourſelf the Loveleſs Knight, I would 'adviſe you to preſent them to the lady 'in this aſſembly whom you ſhall judge 'the moſt inſenſible of that paſſion. 'But I do order you, upon pain of my 'diſpleaſure, to come and ſup with 'me to-night with Don Alvaro; and 'to bring your faithful ſquire, who 'alone deſerves to be ſervant to a 'knight of your worth.'—'I return 'you moſt humble thanks,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'for the noble preſent 'the wiſe Lirgandus ſends me by your 'equitable hands; and you ſhall ſoon 'perceive how much I value your 'counſel.' This ſaid, he turned off to take an exact view of all the windows and balconies about the ſquare. At laſt he halted at a low window where he ſaw an old woman between two courtezans, ſcurvily painted. This was the honourable lady he pitched upon. He drew near; and, reſting the end of his lance, with the points hanging at it, on the edge of the window, ſaid to her, in a grave and audible voice —'Moſt wiſe Urganda the Unknown*, 'you ſee here before you the knight, ſo 'entirely yours, whom you have ſo 'often defended againſt the wiles of 'your malignant brother enchanters! 'In return for theſe favours, I beſeech 'you to accept, at my hands, of theſe 'precious garters, which I have gained 'with your favourable aſſiſtance; and 'which are made of the very ſkin of 'that ſelf-begotten bird, ſo much ce-'lebrated by our poets?' The wiſe Urganda and her virtuous companions, wondering at this diſcourſe, and at the preſent of the leathern points; hearing alſo the rabble ſhout continually; diſcharged a volley of abuſive language againſt the knight, and inſtantly ſhut the window. Don Quixote, ſurprized at this incivility, knew not what to think; and ſtood ſilent, as doubting how he ſhould behave himſelf. Sancho, who was come up to his maſter in the Square after the courſe was over, ſeeing what ſmall account the old woman made of

* Urganda the Unknown is an enchantreſs in Amadis de Gaule, very friendly to Amadis and his companions.

the points, raiſed his voice, and cried out—'O the old branded excommu-
'nicate witch! What can ſhe mean by
'refuſing ſuch curious delicate points?
'Poor jade! what a fool ſhe is! By my
'father's ſoul, if I catch up a ſtone, I
'will ſoon make her open the window:
'but pray, Sir, let us leave the old
'hen and her chickens. Give me thoſe
'points; for theſe I have to my breeches
'are almoſt worn out; and the reſt of
'them will ſerve in our errantry to
'mend Dapple's pannel, and Rozi-
'nante's ſaddle.'—'Take, my ſon,' replied Don Quixote in a melancholy mood, (holding down the point of his lance) 'take thoſe rare garters, and
'lay them up carefully. I plainly
'perceive the wiſe Urganda is more
'friendly to my enemies than to me.
'She has ſufficiently convinced me by
'the ill language I have juſt heard.'—
'Od's my life, Sir!' quoth Sancho;
'as for the ill language, never mind
'that; for it is all but words, and the
'wind carries them away. The crow
'cannot be blacker than his wings:
'and an old whore's curſes are as
'good as prayers.'

CHAP. V.

DON QUIXOTE AND TARFE GO TO THE HOUSE OF DON CARLOS TO SUPPER. SANCHO'S GOOD HUMOUR. THE DREADFUL ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE MET WITH IN DON CARLOS'S HOUSE.

NIGHT drawing on, and all people beginning to repair to their homes, Don Alvaro came up to the Knight of La Mancha and acquainted him that it was time to go to Don Carlos. 'Let us go,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'I am ready to follow you.' The Granadine would have perſuaded him to quit his lance and his buckler, but the knight would not conſent; and went away, armed as he was, to Don Carlos's houſe. He entered the hall where they expected him, like Amadis de Gaule entering the forbidden chamber of Apolidon *, after having compaſſed the adventure of the Arch of Loyal Lovers. Don Carlos, then embracing him, ſaid —'Welcome, the great Knight of La
'Mancha, to this houſe, in which all
'perſons wiſh him all manner of pro-
'ſperity. But, good Sir Don Quix-
'ote, be pleaſed to lay aſide your arms
'to refreſh yourſelf after your glorious
'careers. You may do it here with all
'the ſafety imaginable, ſince you are
'among your friends.'—'To pleaſe
'you,' replied the knight, 'I may lay
'aſide my lance and my ſhield; but, for
'the reſt of my arms, I beſeech you give
'me leave to retain them. Wherever I
'am, I never part with them for two
'reaſons. The firſt is, that by conti-
'nually wearing theſe honourable in-
'ſtruments of knight-errantry, I enure
'my body to them; and they become
'eaſy, according to the maxim in phi-
'loſophy, *Ab aſſuetis non fit paſſio*. The
'other reaſon is, becauſe a diſcreet man
'ſhould be always upon his guard.
'For I remember to have read in the
'wonderful book of the adventures of
'the Knight of the Sun, that the ſaid
'knight having loſt himſelf one day
'in a wood, with his friend Oriſtides
'the Trojan, they came at laſt into a
'certain meadow, where they found
'ten or twelve ſavages roaſting a ſtag
'upon the coals. As they came near,
'the ſavages by ſigns invited them to
'eat. The knights, who ſtood in great

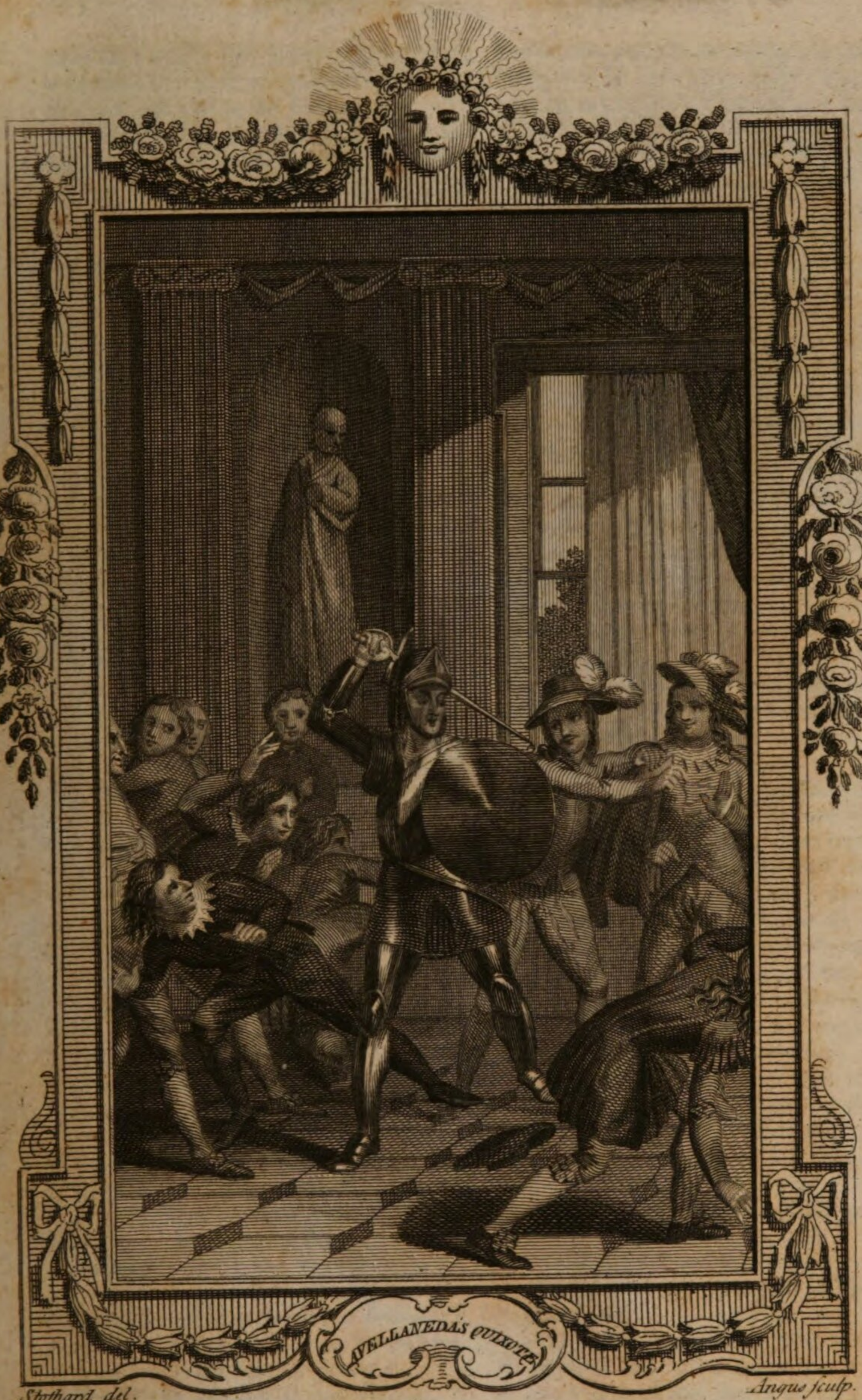
* The adventures above alluded to, are recorded in Book II. Chapter 2. of the romance of Amadis de Gaule. The hiſtory of the Arch of Loyal Lovers, &c. is as follows. Apolidon, ſon to a king of Greece, fleeing with his miſtreſs Grimaneſa by ſea from the court of Rome, is driven upon the Firme Iſland, which was then inhabited by a mighty giant. Apolidon ſlays the giant, and aſſumes the government of the iſland. Soon after, being ſummoned to mount the throne of Conſtantinople, which devolved to him by the death of the emperor his uncle; he eſtabliſhes in the Firme Iſland, before his final departure from it, the following ſyſtem of enchantment. He cauſes an arch to be made, over which is placed the image of a man formed of copper, holding a horn; and on the gate of his palace he erects the portraits of himſelf and Grimaneſa. Should any man or woman, who hath falſified their firſt love, attempt to paſs under the arch, the image ſhall blow ſo terribly with flame and ſtench through his horn, that they ſhall be thrown down in a ſwoon before the arch. But ſhould any loyal lover aſſay the adventure, the image ſhall ſound his horn melodiouſly, and the lover ſhall paſs under the arch without difficulty. With reſpect to the rich chamber,

'need of such relief, accepted of the 'offer. They alighted; and having 'unbridled their horses, that they 'might graze freely in the meadow, they 'sat down among the savages who had 'shewn them so much civility. How-'ever, they would not take off their 'helmets, and only lifted up their 'beavers; but as soon as they began 'to eat, the savages treacherously fell 'upon them, and gave them so many 'blows on the head with their clubs, 'that had not the rare temper of the 'helmets defended them, the two 'knights had been pounded to death. 'They fell down senseless; and the 'savages, believing that they were dead, 'would have stripped them; but not 'being used to disarm knights, they 'were unable to accomplish their pur-'pose. While they were busied in 'this attempt, Oristides and the Knight 'of the Sun recovered their senses; 'and perceiving the danger they were 'in, leaped up, drew their swords, and 'charged the savages with such reso-'lution, that they soon made a won-'derful havock. No stroke was lost; 'here tumbled a head, there fell a leg 'or an arm——' As Don Quixote recounted this sharp expedition, he drew his sword; and, the better to represent the prowess of the Knight of the Sun and his companion, began laying about him so furiously, that the company, justly apprehensive of being mistaken for savages, retreated as far off as they could, making a large ring about him, in the centre whereof he stood. This scene diverted all the assembly; but Don Carlos thinking fit to put an end to it, said to Don Quixote, smiling—'Enough, invincible knight! those sa-'vages have long since been destroyed. 'Let us talk no more of them, I be-'seech you.' Don Quixote stood still on a sudden, and put up his sword again with such deliberation as was scarcely to be expected from him. Don Carlos then drew near; and taking him by the hand, conducted him into another great hall, where the table was ready covered; but, before they sat down, Don Alvaro missing Sancho, sent one of his pages to look for him.

Sancho, who had followed his master to Don Carlos's house, took occasion to walk into the kitchen, where he was wonderfully attentive to the preparations for supper. 'Master Sancho,' said the page, 'you are wanted in the 'supper-room. They will not go to 'their meal without you. Come and 'taste of the delicate dishes, and ex-'quisite wines.'—'By my faith, Ma-'ster Page,' quoth the squire, 'those 'gentlemen take me at a time when I 'am very ready to oblige them; for I 'have not put one bit into my belly 'these three hours!' So saying, he went into the hall. Then taking off his cap with both hands, and making a low reverence to the company—'Gen-'tlemen,' said he, 'God rest your souls 'for thinking of me!'—'How now, 'Sancho,' said Don Carlos; 'you com-'pliment us as if we were dead; we are 'still alive and well, God be praised! 'unless these gentlemen be out of or-'der with the ill entertainment they 'have.'—'Mother of God!' quoth Sancho, looking at the dishes on the table, 'how can that be? Then these 'gentlemen would be like a country-'man's geese with us, that died of the 'pip in a pond. This table needs no 'compliments: I see so many dishes 'full of ostriches, ragouts, and fri-'cassees, that my mouth waters for joy.' —'Well, my friend,' said Don Carlos, giving him a capon on a plate, 'eat that to whet your stomach: I am 'told you dispatch those creatures with 'an extraordinary air.'—'You are not 'misinformed,' replied the squire; 'and it shall cost you nothing to see the 'experiment tried.' This said, he asked for bread, and laid about him so vigorously, that the capon vanished in a trice. The pages, who waited at table, were as well pleased to see him as their masters; and therefore took

chamber, which had witnessed the fruition of his own and Grimanesa's loves, it is provided, that no male shall enter it, until some man, who shall surpass Apolidon in prowess, shall have first entered the same; and that no female shall enter it, until it has been entered by some woman fairer than Grimanesa. Over the entrance of the chamber is written—'He which shall enter 'herein, shall exceed Apolidon in arms, and shall succeed him as lord of this country.' The other circumstances of this enchantment, and the penalties which are ordained for the unsuccessful candidates, are too long for a note. Suffice it to say, that Amadis atchieves the adventure of the Arch of Loyal Lovers; and succeeding also in that of the Forbidden Chamber, obtains the signiory of the Firme Island.

care



Stothard del. *Angus sculp.*

Plate IV. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & C.o Sept.r 1. 1784.

care to furnish his plate with all that was left on those they took off the table; and did not fail to fill him wine at every turn. This courtesy put him into such a rare humour, that he could not forbear crying out—'In truth, Don 'Carlos, your pages and you are the 'very picture of plenty, you make 'so much of your friends.'—'Friend 'Sancho,' answered Don Carlos, smiling, 'you deserve our love for being 'so frank and open-hearted; and there-'fore, in reward of your plain deal-'ing, take this plate of force-meat 'balls.'—'What do you call these 'balls?' replied the squire, taking the plate: 'I never saw any of them be-'fore.'—'Taste them, friend Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, 'and give us your 'opinion.' Sancho needed not twice bidding; he began to swallow them down, one after another, as if they had been grapes; saying to Don Alvaro—'By my troth, Don Alvaro, these balls 'are pretty baubles; I fancy the chil-'dren in Limbo play with such balls: 'when I go home to my own country 'again, I will sow a peck of them in our 'garden; and if they come up well, I 'will sell them at a good rate. All that 'I am afraid of is, that I shall eat them 'before they are ripe; but to prevent 'that, whenever I go near them, my 'wife shall gag me.'—'Your wife!' said Don Carlos; 'then it seems you are 'married, Sancho! Is your wife hand-'some?'—'Handsome, quotha!' replied the squire; 'I would not change 'her for the Lady Dulcinea del To-'boso; whose true name is Aldonza 'Lorenzo, alias Nogales. It is true, 'my wife will be fifty-five years old 'next grass, and the sun has some-'what tanned her face; but for all 'that she is a woman would puzzle a 'doctor. She prates like a magpye. 'The only thing the curate twits her 'with is, that as soon as ever she has 'scraped together a groat or fivepence, 'you may sooner take her by her ho-'nour, than hinder her going to John 'Perez, the vintner in our village, to 'change her money for the juice of 'the grape.'—'Have you any chil-'dren?' said one of the guests. 'Body 'o' me!' replied the squire; 'why, 'what do you think we have done that 'we should not have any? Yes, in-'deed, we have. And among the rest 'we have a little Sancha, who is as 'cunning as her mother already. Faith 'and troth she is a dainty-shaped girl, 'and as wise as a gipsey! As for her 'beauty, they are best judges of it 'who say nothing can be more like our 'curate; and he is the handsomest man 'in all La Mancha.' All the com-pany laughed at the squire's simplicity; and Don Alvaro, observing that he had nothing left to eat, said to him—'Friend 'Sancho, see whether you can find an 'empty corner in your belly to lay up 'this plate of white-meat*.' Sancho took it, saying—'Master Tarfe, I 'thank you; and I hope, by help of 'God, this shall not be left out.' Immediately he clapped his hand into the plate, and in one moment all the white meat vanished, except what stuck to his beard.

When supper was over, the master of the feast led his guests to the other end of the hall, and seated them there till the servants had cleared the table; and it being his design that Don Quixote should have all the honour of the entertainment, he placed him between Don Alvaro and himself, and desired Sancho, who that night well deserved the surname of Panza†, to sit down on the ground at the feet of his master: then Don Alvaro began to tax Don Quixote with having been thoughtful during supper-time, not making merry with the rest of the company, or so much as tasting the meat that was set before him. 'It is a sign,' answered Don Carlos, 'that Don Quixote did 'not like the dressing of our meat, and 'we need not wonder at it: how can 'the entertainments of private gentle-'men, like ourselves, please so curi-'ous an appetite as his must needs be? 'Can he find any thing to relish with 'him here? he who, after gaining the 'prize of tournaments, and finishing 'unheard of adventures, is treated 'every day in the courts of emperors, 'sultans, and caliphs, such as those of 'Trebisond, of Niquea, and of Syci-'onia; all of them so renowned for 'the delicacy and sumptuousness of

* This white meat is the flesh of fowls bruised, and made into a mass with sugar and other ingredients.

† Panza, in Spanish, signifies Paunch.

'their tables?'—'Pox take me!' quoth Sancho, interrupting him, 'I cannot 'endure to hear all these hard names 'and dainty tables you talk of! They 'that told you all this, Don Carlos, 'are little better than false knaves and 'liars. We are not for the most part 'treated with any thing in our chival-'ry, but thumps of stones; and if we 'chance to eat melons, on my con-'science they make us pay for sauce! 'It is true we sometimes meet with 'good people, such as master Valentin: 'but Shrovetide comes but once a year; 'and as for those emperors and caipha-'ses you mention, the devil take him 'that ever saw any of them, unless it 'were in my master's head, who is a 'fool if he does not pitch his tent here 'for ever.' Don Quixote could not bear with Sancho's impertinence any longer; and, giving him a good kick on the rump—'Thou base scoundrel!' said he to him in a passion, 'will you 'hold your prating tongue? What 'evil genius moves thee to trouble this 'illustrious company with thy follies? '—Worthy Don Carlos,' continued he, turning to the master of the house, 'I beseech you to forgive my squire's 'indiscretion, and rest satisfied that if 'I have not eaten, it was not for want 'of relishing the dainties your table 'was furnished with; but because we 'knights-errant have always a guard 'upon ourselves against sensuality: we 'make use of food only to support na-'ture; and when the emperors, to 'whose courts fortune is pleased to 'guide us, are desirous to give us en-'tertainment, we make less account of 'the dainties served up, than of the 'honour they do us in admitting us 'to their tables. In short, we despise 'a life of ease and pleasure; and whilst 'we go about to redress wrongs, and 'to re-establish good order in countries, 'we consider it as pleasure and luxury 'to cross barren deserts, to be exposed 'to the rigour of seasons, and to pass 'whole days without eating, like A-'madis de Gaul*, who lived above 'three months on the poor rock, with-'out sleeping, or taking the least su-'stenance. There is another thing 'yet, Don Carlos, which hindered me 'partaking of the publick satisfaction; 'it is, that the wise Urganda, on whose 'favour I relied, has very discour-'teously refused the prize with which 'you rewarded my dexterity; which 'any person, except herself, would have 'valued above an empire. This re-'fusal is enough to damp the most un-'daunted courage; and I confess I am 'fain to call up all mine to bear up 'against it. I know not whence her 'hatred to me can proceed. Some per-'fidious enchanters must have given 'her a false character of me, as find-'ing no surer expedient to undermine 'the very foundation of knight-errant-'ry, than by sowing discord among 'the most solid supporters of it, and 'their wise protectress.' Don Quix-ote would not have stopped here, so much was his heart interested in the subject before him; but that a company of musicians and dancers, whom Don Carlos had sent for to divert the com-pany, then entered the hall.

For two hours there was a delight-ful concert of vocal and instrumental musick, intermixed with dancing; and this diversion concluded with a gro-tesque entry of a man clad like a pea-sant, who danced to admiration. Dur-ing this performance, Don Carlos asked Sancho aloud, whether he could exhibit the like. The squire, grown heavy and sleepy with the weight of meat he had crammed down, yawning and mak-ing the sign of the cross on his mouth with his thumb, answered—'By my 'hand, Don Carlos, I could cut ca-'pers better upon a good straw-bed 'than in this hall! As for that fellow, 'who shakes himself as if he were pos-'sessed, there is no making any hog's-'puddings of him, for I believe he has 'no guts in his belly.' Sancho's conceit set the company a laughing; but it lasted not long: a dreadful gi-ant suddenly strode into the hall, and struck terror through the whole assem-bly. His height was little short of twelve feet, and his limbs were pro-portionably bulky: he was obliged to kneel down to enable him to enter the apartment; and when he raised himself again, his head touched the cieling. He was clad, after the Persian manner, in a long robe of scarlet cloth; and by his side hung an immense basket-hilted scymetar, which was supported by an iron chain: about his neck he wore a

* When, being in disgrace with Oriana his mistress, he assumed the name of Beltenebros.

vast

vaſt ruff, and on his head a high cap encircled with the tail-feathers of turkeys, in form of a coronet. As he entered, all the company ſtarted up in a fright, and gathered cloſe about Don Quixote, as a flock of ſheep gathers about their ſhepherd, at ſight of a wolf: as for the knight of La Mancha, he made it evident that he was born to diſpel terror and to embolden timidity. Preſerving his temper undauntedly on this dangerous occaſion, he cried out, with a reſolute voice—'Fear nothing, 'gentlemen! this affair belongs to me: 'I underſtand well adventures of this 'nature; they frequently occur in the 'palaces of emperors: lay aſide your 'apprehenſion; and let us hear where-'fore this enormous giant preſents 'himſelf before us.' The gentlemen being again ſeated at Don Quixote's requeſt, the giant, with a hoarſe voice, ſuch as is natural to all giants, ſpoke theſe words—'Princes, pages, and 'lacquies, here aſſembled, inform me 'who among you is The Loveleſs 'Knight, formerly The Knight of the 'Sorrowful Aſpect?'—'I am he, gi-'ant!' replied Don Quixote ſternly. 'What would you have with me?'—'O, ye immortal gods!' replied the monſter, 'how ſhall I requite you, 'ſince it is your pleaſure that I find in 'this city what I have been ſeeking 'with ſo much coſt and trouble theſe 'fourteen hundred years!—Be it known 'to you, princes and knights, that hear 'me, that you have here before you 'the dreadful Bramarbas Iron-ſides, 'puiſſant emperor of the kingdom of 'Cyprus, which I conquered from 'it's lawful ſovereign by the force of 'my invincible arm! The fame of the 'knight Don Quixote's adventures 'and wonderful actions has reached 'my imperial palace; and I muſt 'own, there is no place in the world, 'no town, ſtreet, tavern, or ſtable, 'where that great bully of knight-er-'rantry is not ſpoken of. I have left 'my kingdom to ſeek him, not being 'able to endure that ſo extraordinary 'a perſon ſhould live in the world. I 'deſign, therefore, to fight him; and, 'having cut off his head, to carry it 'to Cyprus, there to nail it up at the 'gate of my palace; that it may be 'known I am ſtronger than he is, and 'all that ſhall come after him.—And, 'therefore, illuſtrious Don Quixote, 'if you feel any unwillingneſs or diſ-'inclination to encounter with me, 'you need only ſuffer me to ſever your 'head from your ſhoulders, and that 'ſpeedily; for I am in haſte to return 'home. There is alſo another buſi-'neſs brings me hither: I have been 'informed that Don Carlos, the lord 'of this ſtrong caſtle, has a young ſiſ-'ter, whoſe beauty is celebrated in all 'parts; now, it being one of my fail-'ings to be fond of all pretty young 'girls, I deſign alſo to carry away 'that princeſs with me, and place her 'in my ſeraglio; and if Don Carlos 'ſhall oppoſe it, I challenge him, and 'all here preſent, to ſingle combat.' The King of Cyprus ſtopping here, all the audience expected with amazement what Don Quixote would anſwer; when the knight, kneeling down before Don Carlos, ſaid—'Great Tre-'batius, ſovereign emperor of Greece, 'who, in the abſence of thy ſons, haſt 'taken the name of Don Carlos, to 'confound the falſe enchanter who is 'contriving the ruin of thine empire! 'grant that I may here ſupply the place 'of the invincible Knight of the Sun, 'and of the valiant Roſiclair his bro-'ther, to whom it would belong of 'right to chaſtiſe the inſolence of this 'monſter!' Don Carlos, who was fain to bite his lips to avoid laughing, graciouſly held out his hand to the knight; and, raiſing him up, ſaid—'Illuſtrious Prince of La Mancha! 'this affair, in reality, concerns us 'both; to deal plainly with you, I 'feel myſelf ſo terrified by the menaces 'of Bramarbas, that I cannot avoid 'giving him the Princeſs Trebaſina 'my ſiſter, unleſs you ſhall order other-'wiſe: do, therefore, as you ſhall 'think fit; for whatever you ſhall de-'cree will be moſt for our honour.' Don Quixote, hereupon, advanced towards the giant, and accoſted him in theſe words—'Proud and inſolent 'Bramarbas! had not the reſpect I 'owe to the emperor, and the other 'princes here preſent, reſtrained my 'vengeance, thou hadſt already re-'ceived the puniſhment thou deſerveſt; 'but I accept of thy challenge, and I 'make all the vows uſually made upon 'ſuch occaſions by the moſt renowned 'knights; and particularly, that I will 'not lie with the queen till I have laid 'thy monſtrous head at my feet, which

'I deſign

'I design shall feed the crows and owls.' —'O, ye immortal gods!' replied the giant, with a dreadful voice, 'must I 'endure a single man thus to threaten 'me? I vow by the whiskers of Bri-'arcus and Enceladus, my ancestors, 'that I will not eat my bread on the 'ground, and that I will not lie down 'upon the point of my sword, till I have 'made fast your arms to your shoul-'ders, and fixed your thighs to your 'haunches*.' —'All these threats,' answered the knight, 'are to no pur-'pose: it shall be decided by combat, 'which of us twain deserves to be 'esteemed the prime knight in the 'world. Go, then, prepare to make 'good your boasts, and rid the empe-'ror of your odious presence!' Sancho, frightened at the King of Cyprus's vast bulk, could not forbear quaking when he heard these threats; and, getting between him and his master, he cried—'Good master Barra-'bas, do not do my master so much 'harm! I conjure you, by Malchus's 'holy ear, to leave him all his limbs 'as God has given them!' It was well for Sancho that Don Quixote had then turned to the Emperor Trebatius to beg that he would be pleased to honour the appointed combat with his presence; for, had he heard his squire talk in this manner, he would not have failed to chastise his cowardice. Bramarbas, drawing near to Don Quixote, and throwing one of his gloves in his face, said—'Knight, take up that little glove 'of mine, which I give you as a gage 'that I will expect you to-morrow, af-'ter dinner, in the Great Square; for I 'never fight till I have eaten and drank 'heartily.' When he had spoken these words, he went out of the hall in the same manner he had entered it. Don Quixote was so overjoyed to receive a challenge in the usual forms of knight-errantry, that he took no notice of the affront Bramarbas had done him in throwing the glove in his face, but delivered it to Sancho, who, seeing it was above two feet in length, cried out, 'Mother of God, what 'dreadful hands! Son of a whore, 'what a cuff he will give!' This adventure being over, Don Carlos ordered flambeaux to be brought to light home the guests, who, after taking leave of one another, returned to their homes; and the history says, they all rested well, except Don Quixote, who had the worst night in the world; as will appear in the following chapter.

CHAP. VI.

WHO THE GIANT BRAMARBAS WAS. DON QUIXOTE'S DREAM, AND THE CONSEQUENCES OF IT.

OUR Arabian author, presuming the reader's curiosity would be excited to know who the giant Bramarbas really was, has not omitted to inform us with respect to that matter. He recites, that Don Carlos and Don Alvaro having borrowed one of those paste-board giants, clad in long robes, which are carried about the streets of Spain upon great festivals to please the multitude; Don Carlos's secretary, a youth

* This farcical vow is an admirable ridicule of those very absurd ones so frequent in knight-errantry. Some of these heroes restricted themselves from the use of a bed or a table-cloth; others went without some certain piece of their armour; and some carried it so far as to wear their armour night and day, or sentence themselves to shirts of hair and sackcloth, till they had effected their particular purpose. In conformity with this practice, Trompart, Braggadochio's squire, upon being questioned by Archimage concerning his master, returns the following answer.

'He is a great adventurer,' said he,
'That hath his sword through hard assay foregone,
'And now hath vow'd, till he avenged bee
'Of that despight, never to wearen none;
'That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.'
Spenser's Faerie Queene, Book II. Cant. 3. Stanza 12.

Ferrace, also, a Pagan knight in the Orlando Furioso of Arioste, having been reproached with breach of promise by the ghost of Argalia, Angelica's brother, makes a vow never to wear any helmet upon his head, till he shall have gained, in combat, the helmet of Orlando. See Arioste, Book I.

of

of a pleaſant diſpoſition, played the part of Bramarbas. He held up the paſteboard head on a pole, and ſpoke through a long tube of tin, the other end of which was brought up to the mouth of the giant; and the better to deceive the Knight of La Mancha and his ſquire, the lights were placed at ſuch a diſtance, that the giant's own ſhadow prevented the detection of his paſteboard face.

Don Quixote's fancy was ſo full of this adventure, that he could not reſt all night; for as ſoon as he fell aſleep, he was waked again by the earneſt deſire he had to try his ſtrength with the King of Cyprus. However, towards day, ſleep overcame him, which yet only ſerved to diſorder him the more: for he dreamed that Bramarbas had treacherouſly ſtolen into the caſtle to kill him baſely; and, in this conſternation, he ſtarted up, crying—'Stay 'traitor! you ſhall ſoon find that all 'your artifices will not ſave you from 'my ſword.' Thus ſaying, he clapped on his back and breaſt-plate upon his ſhirt; and laying hold of his lance and ſhield, with his helmet on his head, he ſearched all the corners of the room, and even under the bed, to find the King of Cyprus; never conſidering that ſuch a giant as Bramarbas could not very eaſily be concealed. That done, he ruſhed down into the hall, and thence into a ſmall room where Sancho, as ill luck would have it, lay in a little bed without curtains. The honeſt ſquire had covered himſelf over head and ears, that the light of the day might not diſturb him; and on the pillow lay the King of Cyprus's great glove, which his maſter had committed to his cuſtody. As ſoon as Don Quixote eſpied the glove, he concluded it to be that which remained in the giant's poſſeſſion; and that, therefore, the man aſleep was doubtleſs his arrogant enemy, who, wearied with ſcaling the caſtle, reſted there till he could find opportunity to put his deſign in execution. With this conceit he raiſed up the butt-end of his lance, and diſcharging a furious blow upon the ribs of his unſuſpicious ſquire, exclaimed—'It is thus, cow-'ardly Ironſides! it is thus thoſe 'men deſerve to be treated, who, 'having ſuch enemies as I am, do 'endeavour treacherouſly to ſurprize 'them!' Such an uncourteous ſhock was enough to waken the moſt profound ſleeper in the univerſe. Sancho ſtarted, almoſt ſtunned with the blow, and roared moſt pitifully under the blankets; nay, Aliſolan aſſures us, that he began his outcry even before the lance reached him. At length, he looked out to ſee who it was that handled him ſo roughly. The knight ſoon made himſelf known; for laying aſide his lance, which he could not wield conveniently in that narrow compaſs, he began a vigorous aſſault with his fiſts upon Sancho's noſe, ſtill crying with a terrible voice—'Perfidious 'giant! here thou ſhalt end thy days 'in my hands, for having dared to ſcale 'this caſtle.' At this freſh attack the ſquire redoubled his cries; and though he was half crippled already, he threw himſelf out of the bed, and ran into the hall, crying luſtily to his maſter, who followed him cloſe at the heels—'For God's ſake, good maſter Don 'Quixote, conſider, I have not ſcaled 'this caſtle! I am Sancho Panza, your 'truſty ſquire!'—'That artifice is too 'groſs!' anſwered Don Quixote; 'it 'will not avail you to conceal your 'name! I know very well, traitor! 'thou art no other than Bramarbas! 'The glove, that lies on the bed, is 'proof ſufficient!' The hall was dark in itſelf, and the window-ſhutters being cloſed, Don Quixote could not well diſtinguiſh his ſquire; and therefore, ſtill taking him for Ironſides, notwithſtanding all Sancho's proteſtations to the contrary, he continued the purſuit and verberation, the poor wretch calling more ſaints to his aſſiſtance than are to be found in the legend. The unfortunate ſquire would fain have ſlunk away to the hall-door; but the knight ſtill cut him off whenſoever he made that way. At laſt Sancho's cries waked Don Alvaro's ſervants. They ran out in their ſhirts to ſee what was the matter; but their preſence, inſtead of pacifying Don Quixote, ſerved only to heighten his fury: he no ſooner ſaw them, than he fancied they were all giants, brought thither by enchantment to ſuccour Bramarbas, and therefore prepared to engage them all together; but having left his lance in the little room, he was forced to convert his buckler into a weapon of offence; wherewith, throwing ſome down, bruiſing others, and tearing ſhirts on all hands;

hands; he performed ſuch exploits as will be talked of in Saragoſſa for all ages. Nothing was to be heard but cries and curſes againſt our knight, who hitherto had the better of it; becauſe he being in armour, and his enemies naked and unarmed, they could not ſtrike him without doing themſelves more hurt than their adverſary. But at length, his back and breaſt plates, which were ill buckled on, happening to break looſe, they fell off in the ſcuffle. Then his antagoniſts aſſumed freſh courage; and a luſty groom, claſping him in his arms, lifted him up from the ground. Whilſt he thus held him in the air, ſome of the pages turned his ſhirt over his head, and day beginning to brighten, the knight's poſteriors viſibly appeared, and received at leaſt a thouſand laſhes. Nay, it is reported, that Sancho himſelf, unwilling to loſe ſo good an opportunity of being revenged on his maſter, had the preſumption to exerciſe his hands on him: but ſince the diſcreet ſquire never boaſted of it, the hiſtorian does not deliver this as a certainty; for he will not, without good authority, avouch any thing that might be ſo injurious to the memory of Sancho. However, a terrible peal was moſt aſſuredly rung upon the haunches of the knight-errant; and, being in the hands of people who were tickled with the ſport, there is no doubt but it would have laſted much longer, had not Don Alvaro come into the hall. He was in his night-gown and ſlippers, and had his ſword under his arm. The firſt thing he ſaw, was Don Quixote in the poſture he has been repreſented. The ſight was pleaſant enough; but he was too good-natured to ſuffer his ſervants to carry the jeſt any farther, and therefore made a ſign to the groom to liberate his patient, and to the reſt to make their eſcape. Then drawing his ſword, and placing himſelf by the ſide of Sancho, he ſaid—'Redoubtable Don Quixote, 'you ſee Sancho and I are here ready to 'ſecond you! Down, then, with all 'the villains that have wronged you! 'But firſt tell us who they are, and 'what they done?'—'Don't you ſee,' quoth Don Quixote, (who, as good luck would have it, knew the Granadine) 'that they are all giants! Bra-'marbas ſcaled this caſtle laſt night, 'with a deſign to murder me; but his 'treaſon was prevented, for I was pri-'vately informed of it by the wiſe Lir-'gandus. Let us run, then, my dear 'Don Tarfeyan, let us run after thoſe 'traitors, and purſue them into the 'cloſeſt woods in Cyprus!' He was for making good his words, and haſtening after the pretended giants, who fled with all the ſpeed they could into their chambers; but Don Alvaro ſtopping him, ſaid—'No, no! believe me, 'over-valourous Don Quixote! ſuch a 'vile generation does not deſerve that 'you ſhould take ſo long a journey in 'your ſhirt. Retire to your apartment, 'and do not appear in publick till we 'hear what Bramarbas deſigns. In the 'mean while, Sancho and I will ob-'ſerve all his motions, and faithfully 'report them to you. Go, then, and 'take your reſt; for you may at preſent 'reſt ſatisfied; ſince, having put your 'enemy to flight, he has left his glove 'behind him, which will remain as a 'monument of your own valour, and 'his cowardice, to poſterity.' Don Quixote approving of the advice, retired to his chamber; and Don Alvaro, to make ſure of him, double-locked the door on the outſide, and took away the key. He then went back to look for Sancho; who, having returned again into his little room, was dreſſing himſelf, not without ſwearing and curſing at his maſter. 'Well, Sancho,' ſaid Tarfe, 'how do you find yourſelf after 'the battle?'—'Very well,' quoth Sancho; 'I have but one rib broken, 'and all my bones bruiſed to a jelly! 'Faith and troth, I am quite weary of 'all theſe frolicks; and, in ſhort, were 'it not for fear of loſing the good iſland 'my maſter has promiſed me, knight-'errantry might go to the devil for me!' —'Then the King of Cyprus has hurt 'you,' anſwered Don Alvaro. 'The 'King of Cyprus, quotha!' replied the ſquire; 'it was the madman my 'maſter, who fancied I was Barrabas, 'and has beaten me like ſtock-fiſh; 'but he had as good, if he pleaſes, 'leave off ſeeing things like a knight-'errant, for I don't at all like his way 'of ſeeing. All my comfort is, that 'his good deeds have been rewarded: 'his buttocks have been curiouſly 'handled by your pages, whom God 'reward for the good they did in com-'ing to my aſſiſtance.'—'Friend San-'cho,' ſaid Don Alvaro, 'you muſt 'not ſay they were my pages that whip-

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'ped Don Quixote; but enchanters in 'the ſhape of my pages.'—'Very fine!' quoth Sancho; 'that is always the bur-'den of the ſong. We can read but 'in one book, and dance the ſame 'dance over again. There is nothing 'but enchanters here and there, and 'every where. God forgive me! I be-'lieve, in a little time, they will enchant 'the very bread in our mouths.' The Granadine was ſo well pleaſed with Sancho's ſimplicity, that he took him up to his chamber with him, to hear him talk whilſt he dreſſed himſelf.

CHAP. VII.

WHY AND IN WHAT MANNER THE KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA LEFT SARAGOSSA TO GO TO COURT.

AS ſoon as Don Alvaro was gone into his chamber, Don Carlos's ſecretary came to him, to acquaint him that his maſter had received letters from court, which obliged him to repair thither with all ſpeed, to conclude a marriage between his ſiſter and one of the king's prime-miniſters. 'I am glad 'of that, by my faith!' quoth Sancho; 'for then that great flat-foot Barrab-'bas will not have her.' Don Alvaro, taking the ſecretary aſide, told him in his ear; that he ſhould be glad, with all his heart, to bear him company as far as Madrid. 'But,' ſaid he, 'how ſhall 'we get rid of our knight-errant? If 'we take him along with us, he will 'be ſure to ſtop us by the way with 'new adventures, which his madneſs 'will ſuggeſt every day to him.' Then he told the ſecretary what had happened that morning; and when they had both laughed till they were weary—'I muſt 'own,' ſaid he, 'both the maſter and 'the man are ſo diverting, that I would 'gladly give the court the pleaſure of 'ſeeing them: but how ſhall we draw 'them to Madrid, ſo that they may not 'go along with us?'—'Let me alone 'for that,' quoth the ſecretary; 'I 'will go about it this moment.' He preſently took leave of Don Alvaro, as it were to give his maſter an anſwer; but, inſtead of going out of the houſe, he ſearched all about to find ſuch things as would make up a very extravagant habiliment: he wrapped himſelf up in a great black cloak, girt about him in ſeveral places with leathern-ſtraps; he made himſelf an uncouth cap, beſet with cocks feathers of various colours, and garniſhed with abundance of claſps, plates, ſhells, bits of glaſs and jet; about his neck he had nine or ten gold, ſilver, braſs, and iron chains, and as many ſtrings of great and ſmall beads, with an infinite number of medals; and over all a prodigious ruff, full of red and green ſpots and withered leaves; at his ſide he wore a muſket by way of ſword, and his fingers were decorated with a profuſion of rings; he daubed his face with ſoot, and made himſelf a pair of mighty whiſkers with ink. In this ſuperb equipage, not unlike the figure of King Melchior, as he is repreſented on Twelfth-day in country villages, the young ſecretary ſent to deſire leave to ſpeak with Don Alvaro; who, in the preſence of Sancho, ſaid to him—'Tell 'me, beautiful ſtranger, who you are, 'and what you ſeek?'—'I ſeek,' replied he, 'the invincible Prince of La 'Mancha, the great Don Quixote, to 'deliver an embaſſy of the greateſt 'conſequence to him; and I have been 'informed he dwells in this ſtately pa-'lace.'—'You have been truly in-'formed,' anſwered the Granadine; 'and I will conduct you to his apart-'ment.' This ſaid, he conducted the ambaſſador to Don Quixote's chamber-door; and opening it, very gravely ſaid to Don Quixote, as he went in—'Re-'doubted Knight of La Mancha! here 'is an ambaſſador from I know not 'what prince, who will not deliver his 'embaſſy to any but to you.'—'Let 'him come forward,' replied Don Quixote very gravely, and as yet in his ſhirt; 'whatſoever he has to ſay, let 'him ſpeak freely: the law of nations 'and the dignity of his character are 'his protection.'—'Are you, I muſt 'take leave to enquire, the Loveleſs 'Knight?' ſaid the ambaſſador, counterfeiting a hoarſe and broken voice. 'Yes, I am!' quoth Don Quixote. 'Know, then, great prince,' replied the ambaſſador, 'that the invulnerable 'Bramarbas my maſter, ſole Emperor 'of all the Giants in the world, and 'moſt puiſſant King of Cyprus, and 'of the adjacent provinces, iſles, and 'meadows, ſends you word by me, his 'moſt eloquent ſquire and ſecretary, 'Morocco the Smoaky, that a certain

'adventure which happened this night, 'has obliged him to repair to Madrid 'immediately; and whereas, to anſwer 'the gage he flung in your face laſt 'night, you were to have fought him 'in this city, where he is jealous he 'ſhould not meet with fair play, he 'now defies and challenges you anew 'to fight him in the King of Spain's 'court, where you have not ſo many 'friends, ſeconds, baſtards, and miſ-'treſſes: he therefore requires you, by 'me the aforeſaid Morocco the Secre-'tary, that you appear at Madrid within 'forty days at fartheſt, upon pain of 'forfeiting the dignity of knighthood, 'and of loſing your reputation among 'all the princeſſes of Galicia, and the 'infantas in all the inns upon the face 'of the earth. In this famous combat 'my maſter will try whether all thoſe 'mighty things be true which Fame ſo 'laviſhly reports of you. If, after 'this ſolemn challenge, you fail to ap-'pear at Madrid, Bramarbas will go 'even to the empire of the moon, to 'make known your cowardice: but 'if, on the contrary, you happen to 'conquer him, you ſhall be maſter and 'lawful king of our delicious king-'dom of Cyprus, where you will have 'a thouſand rich governments to be-'ſtow; among the reſt, that of the 'Iſland of the Forcemeat-Balls, which 'is one of the beſt of them.'—'I de-'ſign that for myſelf,' quoth Sancho, interrupting him, though till then he had given great attention to the am-baſſador's words; 'but pray tell me, 'Mr. Morocco of the Smoaky Face, 'is that iſland of the Balls very far off 'or no? Whether it is towards Se-'ville or Barcelona, or beyond Rome 'and Conſtantinople?'—'If I miſtake 'not,' ſaid the black ambaſſador, di-recting his diſcourſe to Sancho, 'you 'are the moſt cudgelable ſquire to the 'matchleſs Loveleſs Knight: that San-'cho Panza, whoſe moderation and 'politeneſs are every where applaud-'ed?'—'Yes, I am he,' quoth San-cho, 'in ſpite of all envious knaves!'—'I am very glad of it,' anſwered the ambaſſador. 'But, worthy Sir Love-'leſs Knight,' added he, turning to Don Quixote, 'give me my anſwer 'quickly; for I have a great way to 'go before I can overtake my maſter, 'who by this time is very far off?'—'Diſcreet ſquire,' replied Don Quix-ote, looking ſternly, 'tell the haughty 'Bramarbas, from me, that I accept of 'the new challenge he ſends me, and 'that he ſhall ſee me on the day ap-'pointed, in the Great Square of Ma-'drid, as he ſaw me this morning on 'the famous bridge of this ſtrong 'caſtle. Withdraw; and be thankful 'to Heaven that the character you bear, 'as ambaſſador, protects you from the 'juſt indignation I have conceived 'againſt your maſter and all that be-'long to him! But, before you go, 'pray inform me what unexpected ad-'venture it is that obliges him to diſ-'engage his word?'—'To tell you 'the truth, Sir Knight,' anſwered the ambaſſador, 'it is no adventure, but 'only a piece of news: he has been in-'formed that Don Carlos, otherwiſe 'called the Emperor Trebatius, is to-'morrow to conduct his ſiſter the Prin-'ceſs Trebaſina to Madrid, to marry 'her to one of the king's prime-mini-'ſters.'—'Nay, by my conſcience,' cried Sancho, 'Maſter Morocco does not lie 'this bout! for Don Carlos's ſecretary 'came, in my preſence, to bring Don 'Alvaro Tarfe that good news: and 'God be praiſed for having delivered 'the princeſs out of that ſcoundrel 'Barrabbas's clutches! A pretty dog 'to have ſuch a dainty bit; but he may 'now go whiſtle after her!'—'This 'news,' replied the giant's ſquire, 'threw my maſter into an unparalleled 'fury; for he is of a very amorous 'diſpoſition: when he has once ſet his 'mind upon a young maid, it is a hard 'matter to get her from him; and he has 'vowed, by the Thirteen Swiſs Can-'tons, that if the Princeſs Trebaſina 'is married to the miniſter ſhe is de-'ſigned for, he will incapacitate her 'huſband and all the barons in the 'court of Spain!'—'I will take care 'to hinder him!' anſwered Don Quix-ote in a heat; 'bid him have a care of 'harping upon that ſtring, or I ſhall 'deal with him! I here take under my 'protection not only the Princeſs Tre-'baſina and her lawful huſband, but 'alſo all the court barons.' The King of Cyprus's ſquire durſt make no re-turn to thoſe words; but departed, making our knight ſo profound an obeiſance, that the top of his cap touch-ed the ground. He was ſcarce gone out of the chamber before Sancho ran after him, ſaying—'Maſter Morocco!

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'a word with you, if you pleaſe: pray 'tell me whether the governor of that 'iſland is ſubterraneous lord of all the 'Forcemeat-Balls?'—'Yes, friend,' replied the ambaſſador; 'he is ſove-'reign lord of them; but he is to eat 'an hundred of them every morning 'for his breakfaſt: that is the greateſt 'ſanction of his government!'—'God 'for ever bleſs you!' quoth Sancho; 'I ſubmit to that duty with all my 'heart; and I will certainly perform 'it, though I burſt!' This ſaid, he returned into his maſter's chamber; and the ſecretary went away to waſh and dreſs himſelf.

After receiving this embaſſy, Don Quixote thought of nothing but ſetting out for Madrid. He apprized Don Alvaro that he could not in honour ſtay one moment longer in Saragoſſa; that he was going in purſuit of this haughty enemy, who had conceived ſuch outrageous deſigns againſt all the barons and baroneſſes of Spain. 'Diſpenſe 'with me,' continued he, 'from re-'turning you tedious thanks for all 'the obligations I have received from 'your friendſhip; but be aſſured of 'the aſſiſtance of my invincible arm 'againſt all who ſhall attempt to offend 'you.' Then directing his diſcourſe to his ſquire—'Away, Sancho!' ſaid he; 'get ready my arms and Rozinante 'immediately; let us haſten to ſlay the 'King of Cyprus, and by his death 'take poſſeſſion of that delicious iſland, 'the government whereof you claim!' —'That's well ſaid, Sir!' quoth Sancho; 'but I am of opinion it were 'better to go away directly for Cyprus, 'whilſt Ironſides is abroad. It will be 'eaſier for us to conquer this kingdom 'in his abſence, than when he is at 'our heels.'—'You do not know what 'you ſay,' replied Don Quixote. 'How 'can I fail of meeting him at the place 'appointed? I ſhould then loſe my 'honour, which is to be preferred be-'fore all the kingdoms in the world!' —'There is no doubt of that,' ſaid Don Alvaro; 'and the noble Don 'Quixote muſt take heed how he fails 'in that particular.'—'Why ſo much 'ceremony?' quoth Sancho, very earneſt-ly. 'He is not ſo very punctilious, me-'thinks. He promiſed us that he would 'cut off your head this day in the great 'ſquare of this city; and what is come 'of it? You may go and wait for him 'till your heels grow to the ground! 'He is now trudging away for Ma-'drid, as if he had a ſquib tied to his 'tail.'—'Giants,' quoth Don Quixote, 'are faithleſs and lawleſs perſons; 'their example is no authority for me 'to offend againſt my honour! The 'word of a knight-errant is ſacred; 'the very foundations of the earth 'ſhould be ſhaken, and nature turned 'topſey-turvey, before a knight ſhould 'be perjured!'—'Beſides, Sancho,' ſaid Don Alvaro, 'how juſtly might your 'illuſtrious maſter be blamed, ſhould 'he by his abſence give the lewd Bra-'marbas the opportunity of raviſhing 'the Princeſs Trebaſina, and diſabling 'all the officers of the crown? Would 'not that be an eternal ſhame to knight-'errantry?' The ſquire could have wiſhed that the government of the Iſland of the Forcemeat-Balls had not de-pended on a combat; but finding him-ſelf compelled to ſubmit to the ſolid reaſons of Tarſe and his maſter, away he went to ſaddle Rozinante, and put the pannel upon Dapple. Whilſt he was preparing for the journey, the knight made an end of dreſſing him-ſelf. Don Alvaro gave them their breakfaſt; and Don Quixote then bid-ding farewel to the Granadine, vaulted into his ſaddle, and ſet forth, laden with his buckler, and a lance which he had cauſed to be made the day before the running at the ring. Sancho ſtaid ſome time behind, to ſtore the remains of the breakfaſt in his wallet; then taking leave of Don Alvaro and his pages, he got up heavily on his aſs, who, having been well pampered in ſo good a ſtable, trotted away merrily. When our adventurers were gone, Don Alvaro went to Don Carlos's houſe; where they both agreed that they would ſet out for Madrid the next day, tak-ing a different road from that choſen by Don Quixote.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

OF THE SCUFFLE SANCHO ENGAGED IN WITH A SOLDIER, AS HE WAS GOING OUT OF SARAGOSSA.

THOUGH Sancho made all the haſte he could, yet he did not overtake his maſter till he was juſt going out of the town: he found him jogging gently along with a ragged ſoldier, and a good hermit, who were both travelling towards Caſtile, as well as himſelf. When Sancho came up to them, he heard Don Quixote aſk the ſoldier from whence he came. The ſoldier made anſwer—'I come, Sir, from Flanders, where I 'have ſerved the king a conſiderable 'time; but a certain misfortune has 'befallen me, which made me quit the 'ſervice ſo haſtily, that I had not time 'to get my diſcharge; and, to add to 'my miſery, I met with four robbers 'on the way, who ſtripped me of all I 'was worth. Though I was but one 'to four, I would have defended my-'ſelf, and perhaps have ſaved my 'purſe, had they not aſked it with fiery 'mouths!'—'With fiery mouths!' quoth Sancho, in amazement; 'then 'they were ſouls from the other world!' The ſoldier, caſting an eye upon Sancho, and imagining from his looks that he was ſome ſly peaſant from the environs of the city, who had a mind to play upon him, took huff at his reflection, and anſwered, in a paſſion—'How now, 'ſlouch! do you pretend to railly me? 'By the dreadful piece of cannon which 'Mahomet brought to the ſiege of 'Conſtantinople, if I take you in hand, 'I will give you more knocks with my 'ſtaff than there are hairs in the goat's 'beard of you! I will warrant him, 'the ſcoundrel does not know I have 'beaten more clowns like himſelf than 'I have drank gulphs of water, ſince I 'have been in the king's ſervice!'—Theſe words, though delivered in a threatening tone, did not a whit ſcare Sancho; who anſwered—'Fair and 'ſoftly, maſter ſhaver! Your hand 'ſhakes a little, methinks! Why, you 'good-for-nothing fellow you, have 'you been and beaten your younger 'brothers? Sure, Don Tatter-rag, we 'have ſeen otherguеſs men than you 'are! Don't you know that I could 'mumble a cruſt before you were born? 'The owls and ſparrows ſhall feed on 'your dog's-head, I warrant you!' Thus ſaying, he attempted to drive on his

his ass against the soldier, as it were to trample him under foot; but the soldier, who did not understand jesting, immediately drew out his tilter, and bestowed half a dozen good strokes on Sancho's shoulders so nimbly with the flat part of it, that Don Quixote and the hermit could not save one of them; and, at the same time catching hold of his foot, whirled him about like a gig, and threw him neck and heels on the farther side of his ass. Not thinking this enough, he was moving forwards to ring a peal upon his ribs, when Don Quixote interposed; and, thrusting him aside with the breast of Rozinante, said to him very magisterially—'Hold, rash 'man! and pay a respect to what be-'longs to me!'—'Sir,' replied the soldier, 'I beg your pardon for my rash-'ness; I did not know that gentleman 'had the honour to belong to you!' This satisfaction appeased the knight's wrath; but Sancho, still more enraged, caught up a great stone, and began bellowing to his master very briskly—'Stand aside, Sir! stand aside! and I 'will send that rake with one blow to 'the old bawd that bore him!' Don Quixote being slower in getting out of the way than he thought expedient, he cried out again—'Stand aside, I say! 'In the devil's name, let me finish my 'own adventures! I don't disturb you 'in yours! How shall I learn to cut 'giants in two, and to disenchant rocks 'and palaces, if you will not let me so 'much as chastise that scoundrel? 'Don't you know it is practice on 'beggars beards that teaches the bar-'ber his trade!' As soon as the words were out, he raised his arm to throw the stone at his enemy; but the hermit laying hold of him, exclaimed—'For the 'love of God, brother, hold your hand! 'Do not bring yourself into more trou-'ble!'—'I will yield to nothing,' quoth Sancho, 'unless the knave owns him-'self conquered!' The hermit perceiving some hope of an accommodation, quitted Sancho, and ran to the soldier, saying—'Good gentleman soldier, that 'poor peasant is more than half a fool; 'pray let him alone!'—'I will not 'meddle with him any more,' answered the soldier, 'since your reverence de-'sires it, and he belongs to that gentle-'man.' Upon this promise, the hermit took the soldier by the hand; and said to Sancho—'Honest man, the 'gentleman soldier yields himself con-'quered, as you desire: now you may 'be friends, and shake hands.'—'No, 'no, father!' quoth Sancho, 'that is 'not all; I perceive you do not un-'derstand chivalry; master Bumpkin 'shall not come off so easily!' Then directing his discourse to the soldier—'Thou haughty and monstrous sol-'dier!' said he, in a very grave manner, 'since I have conquered thee, I do 'command thee, according to the cus-'tom of knight-errantry, to go with a 'chain about thy neck, and appear be-'fore the lady-admiral, Mary Gutier-'rez, my wife! Thou shalt fall down 'at her feet, before my daughter little 'Sancha and the curate, and shalt tell 'her how I have overcome thee in 'single combat, or ten to ten!' Having spoken these words, the squire turned to his master, and said—'Well, 'Sir, what do you think of this? Is 'it thus adventures are to be finished? 'By my faith, you see a man may learn 'to bray, if he keeps company with 'asses!'—'Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'you might have made choice 'of a nobler comparison; and have 'said, "A man might learn to roar a-"mong lions!"'—'As you please,' replied the squire; 'it all comes to the 'same. In brief, I can read no book 'but my own: every man talks as he 'can, and not as he will; and when a 'word is once gone, there is no calling it 'back. But, to conclude, a man must 'not always be a warrior: besides, the 'curate often tells us, in his lectures, 'that we must be charitable, that God 'may be merciful to us. So there's 'an end of all quarrels, master Soldier; 'let us think no more of what is past, 'nor of our debts: here, take my hand, 'and be thankful and proud of it; 'and let us be as loving as the four 'fingers and the thumb. As for the 'journey to Argamasilla, I allow you 'to defer it till Master Valentin has 'cured you of the incurable wounds I 'have given you.' The soldier took Sancho's hand very graciously, and expressed a kindness for him, which the honest squire affectionately embraced; and, drawing forth a good piece of cold meat from his wallet, gave it to him immediately. The soldier returned him most hearty thanks; and, to shew that he valued the present, fell to it without delay, by the help of a crust

of

of bread which he pulled out of his pocket.

Thus terminated, in peace and good fellowſhip, an affray which at firſt bore a very ſanguinary complexion. Sancho mounted again on his aſs, without remembering how he had quitted it; and all four went on their way together. Don Quixote, after muſing a while, ſaid to his ſquire—'My ſon Sancho, 'I am reflecting that you begin to exhibit great tokens of courage: if you 'continue them, you may be capable 'of taking your degrees in knight-errantry.'—'Pray, why ſhould I not?' replied Sancho. 'Am I not already 'inured to the fatigues of the profeſſion? And can any body tell me better than I know myſelf, what baſting 'and toſſing in a blanket is? No, 'ſurely! Like maſter, like man: the 'apprentice often comes to be maſter.' The hermit hearing this talk, which ſufficiently made known the character of our heroes, whiſpered in the ear of the ſoldier—'I am much miſtaken if 'theſe be not the two madmen we were 'told of in Saragoſſa.' The ſoldier agreed that there could be no doubt of it; and reſolved, with the hermit, to divert themſelves at the expence of their fellow-travellers, as long as they journeyed together. Don Quixote aſking them who they were, the hermit anſwered that his name was Brother Stephen; that he was born at Toledo, and came now from Rome, whither he had been about affairs of moment. The ſoldier informed them that his name was Don Antonio de Bracamonte, and that he was born in the city of Avila. They travelled all that day without reſting; and towards night, Sancho, being unable to deſcry any houſe near them, ſaid—'Gentlemen, I have looked 'all about, and the devil of any thing 'can I ſee that looks like an inn, and 'now night draws on!' Bracamonte, who knew the country, aſſured them that they muſt travel two leagues at leaſt before they came to one. Don Quixote, hereupon addreſſing the company, ſaid—'I obſerve yonder a fair 'meadow, where, if you will be ruled 'by me, we will paſs this night: me-'thinks we, being all four of us what 'we are, need not much trouble our-'ſelves about an inn. Brother Stephen 'is uſed to live in ſolitude, and lie on 'the ground; and the ſoldier having 'ſerved long, muſt needs be inured to 'fatigue, and can ſleep any where. As 'for myſelf and my ſquire, knight-'errantry, which we profeſs, has made 'us enemies to all daintineſs; we are 'better pleaſed to lie upon the graſs 'than in emperors palaces: and I de-'clare to you, that the moſt delightful 'nights I paſs, are thoſe in which I 'lie expoſed to the injury of the ele-'ments.' Sancho, though not preciſely of the ſame opinion with his maſter, was obſerved, however, on this occaſion, to hold his tongue; not that he was afraid of offending the dignity of knight-errantry, for he never ſpared it when he was in a merry mood, but becauſe he conſidered this as a caſe of neceſſity. The ſoldier and the hermit, who were very low in caſh, and relied chiefly on Sancho's wallet, anſwered the knight, that they were ready to do whatſoever he pleaſed: they all, therefore, ſtruck out of the highway, and followed a path which led them into a meadow; where a rivulet, more pure and tranſparent than cryſtal, purled in fanciful meanders along. Here Don Quixote alighting, ſaid to his ſquire—'Diſmount, my ſon, and take off Ro-'zinante's bridle, that your aſs and he 'may graze more freely; the herbage 'to me ſeems good.'—'I will anſwer 'for it,' quoth Sancho, 'there is no 'cauſe to complain; they will live 'here like two patriarchs.'—'You are 'in the right,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'make haſte, and do what I bid you.' The ſquire inſtantly obeyed his maſter; and, having laid hold of his wallet, which was made faſt to Dapple's pannel, went and ſat him down by the reſt on the graſs, ſaying—'So, gentlemen, 'what think you of it? Is it not time 'to ſee what is in this wallet? What a 'bleſſed condition ſhould we be in, had 'I not taken care to fill it this morn-'ing? By my faith, we had made but 'a ſorry ſupper!'—'Brother Sancho,' quoth Bracamonte, 'your forecaſt can 'never be ſufficiently commended: 'you do not look like a man that 'would go to ſea without biſcuit!'—'No, by my troth!' quoth Sancho; 'for I have often heard ſay, that he 'who does not look before him, falls 'into the ditch.' This ſaid, he emptied the wallet on Brother Stephen's cloak, which ſerved for a table-cloth; and all four fell to with very good ſtomachs:

machs: I say all four; for Don Quixote, contrary to his usual custom, kept pace with them; and all had been compleat, had they not wanted wine; but as for water they had their fill.

Whilst they fed, Don Quixote put several questions to Bracamonte; and, among the rest, whether he had been at any siege—'I have,' replied the soldier; 'and could give you a very good account of the siege of Ostend, for I was at it; and, by the same token, I there received two musquet-shots in my thigh; and, if you please, I will shew you one of my shoulders half burnt by a granade the enemy threw among five or six of us, who were attacking a half-moon. If time and place would permit, I could chalk you out exactly the principal fortifications about Ostend; I would describe to you the mouth of the harbour, and the quarters of the general officers; where the batteries are placed, and where the attacks were carried on; but that must be some other time. All I can tell you at present is, that Ostend cost the lives of very many brave men.' Sancho, who had listened attentively to Bracamonte's discourse without losing one word, here interrupted him, saying—'Is it possible, Sir, that there should have been never a knight errant among you at that time, to cut off that giant Ostend's ears? I don't question, if my master Don Quixote had been there, but he would have eaten him with a grain of salt.'—'Numscull,' quoth Don Quixote; 'Ostend is a town, and not a giant.' The hermit, smiling, said to the squire—'I perceive, friend Sancho, you don't trouble your head with geography; it is quite out of your way.'—'On my conscience,' answered Sancho, 'I have lived very well till this time without knowing what geography is; and I believe I shall never go about to learn it, unless it be in the other world: and, by my troth! it does not belong to me, who am a plain countryman, to understand all that sort of lingo. Every man must cut his coat according to his cloth. Like to like, as the devil said to the collier. Give me drink, and do not ask me how old I am.'—'Away with it, Sancho!' said Don Quixote; 'heap proverbs upon proverbs, according to your cursed custom! tom!'—'Nay, indeed, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'I believe you have had little cause to complain this year; for I have taken care to mend that fault. As for last year, I have not much to say to it. I own I tumbled them out right or wrong; the truth is, a million of them escaped me, which they might well enough have spared putting into our history.'—'You ought rather to have spared uttering them,' replied Don Quixote, 'and then they would not have been printed.'—'O ho!' cried Sancho; 'that's worth all the rest! Why must every foolish word that is spoken be printed? But no matter; if they print no more than I shall say for the time to come, the printers will not have so much employment. Let them alone, I will take care of myself; all the proverbs I shall make use of for the future, will amount but to a small parcel: I will chew them a good-while before I spit them out.' As Sancho spoke thus, he stretched himself out at full length; and, the provision being all eaten, resigned his carcase, with a loud yawn, into the arms of slumber. The hermit and the soldier being both very weary, laid them down upon the grass, and soon fell asleep. Even Don Quixote himself, casting aside, for some short time, the heavy burden of his weighty designs, tasted the sweetness of a quiet repose.

CHAP. II.

OF THE DEATH OF BROTHER JAMES, AND WHAT HAPPENED AT HIS FUNERAL.

AS soon as day appeared, our travellers continued their journey, to take the cool of the morning. They had scarce gone two leagues, before they spied abundance of people gathered together at the foot of a mountain. Curiosity leading them to the place to know what was the matter, they saw, as they came near, an ecclesiastick talking to about fifty or sixty peasants, who stood round him. Don Quixote and his companions hereupon advancing close enough to listen to his discourse, heard him speak as follows:—'You know, my friends, what a strange life brother James has led for these ten

'years in ſolitude. So carefully he 'avoided the converſation of men, that 'I believe there is not a man among 'us can boaſt that he ever ſaw his face. 'He fed on nothing but roots, re-'fuſing all the proviſions your charity 'offered him. He was for the moſt 'part ſhut up in his cave; and we ſhould 'not now have known that he was dead, 'had not ſome ſhepherds, who ſome-'times uſed to ſee him, miſtruſted the 'matter. In ſhort, the auſterity of his 'life has been ſuch, that he is nothing 'inferior to the ancient anchorites. 'Let us, then, pay him the laſt duty 'with the greateſt devotion in our 'power.' Having thus ſaid, the clergyman ordered them to dig a grave near a cavern which appeared in the ſide of the hill, whence he cauſed the body of brother James to be brought out, that every body might behold it. The deceaſed hermit had a white beard, which reached down to his middle, but what ſeemed much more extraordinary was, that his hair appeared blacker than jet. The clergyman, looking on him attentively, cried out—'Gracious pow-'ers! This is, ſurely, not natural!' At the ſame time, laying his hand rather roughly on the beard, it fell off, to the great amazement of the ſpectators. Brother Stephen then examining nicely the face and features of the deceaſed, ſeemed greatly agitated. 'We muſt 'look into the cave,' ſaid the clergyman, 'whether there be nothing in it 'that may explain this myſtery to us.' Having ſo ſaid, he went into the cave; and ſoon returned with a little caſket in his hands, but half ſhut, which he opened—'God be praiſed, gentlemen,' quoth he, 'I ſee a paper which will 'doubtleſs diſcover what we are ſo 'anxious to know!' Hereupon, taking out the paper, he read theſe words with an audible voice—'You behold, un-'der the habit of an hermit, a religious 'woman, whom lewd love drew out 'of her monaſtery! Behold the miſe-'ries of a ſoul given up to that fatal 'paſſion! Happy ſhall I be, if ten 'years penance can ſatisfy Divine juſ-'tice!'

Brother Stephen had ſcarcely heard theſe words, when he was ſeized with ſuch an agony, that it ſhook his whole frame: his eye-ſight failed him, and he ſwooned away in the ſoldier's arms. All the ſpectators, ſurprized at this accident, the cauſe whereof they were far from imagining, ran haſtily to help brother Stephen; whom Don Quixote, Bracamonte, and Sancho, removed a few paces from thence, under ſome trees, where they uſed all poſſible means to bring him to himſelf. In the mean while, the falſe brother James was put into the grave; and the countrymen deſiring ſome relick of him, divided his cloak, of which every one carried away a piece. When the burial was over, the clergyman went to ſee brother Stephen, whom, after many endeavours, they had at length brought to himſelf, though he was not yet able to ſpeak. He lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and every now and then ſighed ſo bitterly, that it gave cauſe to ſuſpect there was ſomething extraordinary paſſed within him. The clergyman, imagining this hermit might be ſome way concerned in the religious woman's ſtory, was reſolved to ſift it out; and therefore ſaid to him—'Cheer up, 'brother; and come along with theſe 'gentlemen to repoſe yourſelf at my 'houſe, which is in a village on the 'other ſide of this hill, where I am 'curate.'—'That is well ſaid,' cried Sancho: 'let us go, father Stephen; 'do you endeavour to ſit my aſs, and 'let us follow maſter Curate; the ſmell 'of his kitchen will ſoon cure your 'diſtemper.' The hermit having by this time recovered his ſpeech, in a few words thanked the clergyman, and accepted of his offer. Bracamonte and Sancho helped him to riſe, and ſet him upon Dapple; but being yet too weak to ſit alone, they placed themſelves, one on each ſide, and, ſupporting him with their hands, proceeded towards the village. Don Quixote remounted Rozinante, and followed the reſt, without ſpeaking a word; but with all the gravity becoming his character. The clergyman, whoſe attention had been engaged by the ſituation of brother Stephen, was not, hitherto, very obſervant of the ſtrange figure of the knight-errant; but, at length, looking at him from head to foot with greater earneſtneſs, the more he eyed him the more he was amazed. Deſirous, therefore, to diſcover ſomething concerning him, he drew near Bracamonte; and, in his ear, aſked Don Quixote's name and quality. Bracamonte made no ſcruple of telling him the whole truth;

and

and the curate every now and then casting his eyes at Don Quixote whilst the soldier satisfied his curiosity, the knight, who perceived it, endeavoured to carry himself with more than ordinary stateliness and gravity, that he might confirm the magnificent account of himself, which he supposed Bracamonte to be communicating.

They soon reached the curate's house, who immediately ordered breakfast to be provided for them, and advised brother Stephen to go to bed; but the hermit finding his strength return, would not yield to it. He breakfasted with the rest, and then said to them—'I 'must own, gentlemen, I am much 'obliged to you; and yet I know not 'whether I ought to thank or to blame 'you, for having prolonged my days, 'since the idea of the spectacle I saw 'but now, will remain imprinted in 'my soul as long as I live. I will ac-'quaint you who the religious woman 'is that died in this solitude; and, at 'the same time, will let you know my 'own misfortunes: for I cannot tell 'you her story without giving you my 'own.' The hermit having paused a while, as it were to consider what he was going to say, went on with his discourse, as it is delivered in the ensuing chapter.

CHAP. III.

THE STORY OF THE TWO HERMITS.

'DONNA Louisa (for that is 'the religious woman's name) 'was born at Toledo. I am the only 'son of a gentleman of that city, and 'my name Don Gregory. Donna 'Louisa was, in birth and fortune, 'equal to me, and almost of the same 'age, and our parents were neighbours 'and friends. Being brought up to-'gether, and seeing one another every 'day, we formed a mutual attachment 'for each other; which, however, be-'ing but children, was forgotten as 'soon as we were parted. When I 'grew old enough to handle a sword, 'my father sent me into Flanders, and 'Donna Louisa's friends placed her in 'a monastery, where she became a nun, 'and fulfilled all the duties of her pro-'fession very commendably for several 'years. For my part, I thought of no-'thing but honour, and only studied 'how to advance myself in the service. 'At length, Spain concluded a peace, 'and I returned to Toledo. It hap-'pened that, going to a monastery to 'visit a kinswoman of mine, whilst I 'was discoursing with her, Donna Lou-'isa came into the parlour where we 'were: I knew, and saluted her; and 'we had some talk, but she soon with-'drew, after whispering something in 'my kinswoman's ear. All the re-'mainder of the time I staid in the par-'lour, I felt myself greatly disordered, 'though without suspecting the cause. 'I asked my kinswoman a thousand 'questions concerning Donna Louisa, 'yet I thought I did it out of mere 'curiosity; and I attributed my dis-'composure merely to the surprize of 'seeing Donna Louisa so unexpectedly. 'As soon as I was alone, I discovered 'my mistake; my religious woman 'came too often into my thoughts to 'need any other help to undeceive my-'self: in short, I felt that passion re-'kindle which had been first conceived 'in my infancy, and which I thought 'time had quite extinguished. This 'incident sufficiently evinces how dif-'ficult it is to efface the first impres-'sions of love: I used no efforts to curb 'my passion; though, at the very time 'I gave way to it, I foresaw a part of 'those misfortunes which have since 'befallen me. Solely occupied with 'the desire of pleasing Donna Louisa, 'I figured to myself the rapture of 'possessing her heart, and became in-'sensible to every thing else: accord-'ingly, the very next day I went to visit 'her; and I disclosed my passion. 'She turned all my words into rail-'lery; and I departed, without disco-'vering any thing of her thoughts. Two 'days after, I visited her again; she 'was willing to renew her pleasantry: 'I represented my sufferings to her in 'such a lively and moving manner, 'that at length she grew serious, and, 'perceiving the tears trickle down my 'cheeks—"How now, Don Gregory!" 'quoth she. "Do you think you are "still talking to that Donna Louisa "who could then hear you without of-"fence? Those days are past. I am a "religious woman: I have renounced "the world. I must not cherish your "love: fly from me! Since absence "once banished me your thoughts,

" you will easily forget me a second " time." In uttering these words, she " quitted me so abruptly, that I had not " time to answer her. I plainly per- " ceived her design was to put me out " of all hope; and, having no cause to " complain of a severity which was the " duty of her profession, I withdrew, " resolving to be gone from Toledo; in " short, my father having given me " leave to travel, I set out, soon after, " for Italy. I went to Barcelona; " and thence, by sea, into Lombardy. " I visited the courts of Mantua, Par- " ma, Modena, and Florence; but all " to no purpose; Donna Louisa pur- " sued me every where, and triumphed " over the most beautiful women I could " behold: in a word, all the benefit I " reaped by my travels, was only the " conviction that they heightened my " passion. Despairing to overcome it, " I returned to Spain. When I reached " Toledo, I hasted to the monastery, to " enquire for Donna Louisa; but she " sent word, that she could not speak " to me; and returned the same answer " for several days following. All this " did not daunt me; I assumed various " disguises; and once, among the rest, " I habited myself in the dress of a " Franciscan friar, and with a false " name endeavoured to draw her into " the parlour: but she was as ingenious " in discovering my frauds, as I was in " contriving them; and disappointed " all the various shapes which love made " me put myself into for the sake of see- " ing her.

" So many difficulties, one might " think, would have brought me to " myself; but when passion is raised to " a certain pitch, there is nothing in na- " ture can curb it. At length, I fell " sick through grief; and the fever was " so violent, that for two days it was not " known whether I should live or die. " Youth, at length, prevailed; but my " love, instead of declining, seemed to " gather more strength: in this despe- " rate condition, I refused all helps " from physick, and was resolved on " death. This was my condition, " when an old woman came one day " into my chamber; and, desiring to " talk to me in private, told me that " Donna Louisa had sent her to let me " know she was very much troubled at " my sickness: " And here is a little " note," added the old woman, " which " she charged me to deliver into your " own hand." I was so surprized at " this unexpected accident, that I gazed " on the old woman a good while, " without speaking a word, not daring " to believe what she said. However, I " took the note, and in it found these " words—" Live, Don Gregory! Don- " na Louisa commands you: she would " be ever comfortless, should she have " cause to accuse herself of your " death." Imagine to yourselves my " transports at that moment! The " emotion I sustained was so great, " that it heightened my fever: how- " ever, I did not fail to call up all my " strength; and, with a trembling " hand, wrote this answer—" I will " live, Madam, since you command " me; but it shall only be to die at " your feet, for joy that I have excited " you to compassion." The old wo- " man having quitted me, I resolved to " commence my obedience to Donna " Louisa; and demanded of my physi- " cians, who entered the room at that " moment, a medicine which I had hi- " therto refused, in hatred of my life: " they found me too much disturbed to " give it me; and, by unanimous con- " sent, contrary to their former prac- " tice, judged it expedient to defer it " till the next day. However, my " mind being more at ease, I began to " mend; and in a few days found " myself in a condition to go and make " my acknowledgments to Donna Lou- " isa. She did not refuse to see me this " time; she received me with a smiling " countenance. " Well, Don Gre- " gory," quoth she, " are you per- " fectly recovered of your indispos- " tion?"—" Yes, Madam!" replied " I; " and I come to return you thanks " as my deliverer."—" I could not " find in my heart," said she, " to " suffer the death of a man whom I " so much esteemed: but I hope you " will not make an ill use of what I " have done for you; and that you " will endeavour to cast from you all " that may be destructive to your in- " ward peace. I am willing, for your " comfort, in the circumstances you " are in, to overcome myself; and to " own, that had I staid in the world, " I would have preferred you before " all mankind. After this, be not so " unjust as to complain of Donna " Louisa; endeavour to forget her, as

" she

" ſhe will endeavour to ſhun you: this " is what I require of you."—"Alas!" ' ſaid I, interrupting her, " that is the " only thing you muſt not exact of my " obedience; the will and reaſon are " but feeble weapons againſt ſo fierce " a love as mine. I have already tried " the cure of abſence: grant me, Ma- " dam, the liberty to love you, and " ſometimes to tell you of it. You " know with how much reſpect I ſerved " you, even when you might have been " mine! I will not deviate from my- " ſelf hereafter; and I will ſo govern " my paſſion, that your ſeverity ſhall " be ſatisfied."—" Alas! what would " the world ſay of me," ſaid ſhe, in ' a languiſhing tone, " if I ſhould " continue ſeeing you, when I can no " longer permit you to love me? What " trouble would you expoſe me to!"— " I will conceal my love," replied I, " ſo carefully, that all the world ſhall " be a ſtranger to it."—" And ſhall " not I know it, Don Gregory?" ſaid ' ſhe. " Do you think I make no ac- " count of my own eſteem? What " opinion could I entertain of myſelf, " were I ſenſible I was guilty of fail- " ing in my duty? But could I over- " come that nicety, yet I ſhould be " afraid of forfeiting your eſteem, by " condeſcending to what you propoſe." —" How, Madam," quoth I, " ſhould " I value you leſs, if you loved me? " Let me beg of you not to plunge me " into deſpair! my paſſion is ſo pure " and diſintereſted, that you may al- " low of it without any ſcruple."— " No, no!" cried Donna Louiſa, in ' diſorder; " I am not now what I was: " withdraw! and never talk to me of a " love I neither will nor ought to hear " of!"—" Well, then, Madam," an- ' ſwered I, in a heat, " I muſt rid you " of the complaints of an unhappy " man! I muſt die, to avoid evils a " thouſand times worſe than death! I " ſee plainly that my life or death is " equally indifferent to you, ſince you " will no longer endure my preſence!" ' As I ſpoke theſe words, I made ſome ' ſteps to be gone; but Donna Louiſa ' ſtopped me, ſaying—" Don Gregory, " what are you going to do? Alas!" ' added ſhe, dropping ſome tears againſt ' her will, " what would become of " me, if I were to anſwer for your " death? Live, to ſpare me a trouble " which would be the utmoſt trial of " my conſtancy!"—" Madam," ſaid ' I, " either be more cruel, or make " me at once happy by giving me " leave to love you! Come to ſome re- " ſolution."—" I know not what I " wiſh, nor what I am to do," an- ' ſwered ſhe; " all I know at preſent " is, that I cannot conſent you ſhould " die, nor forbid you to live for me." ' This ſaid, ſhe bluſhed, and withdrew, ' not daring to ſtay any longer with a ' man who had gained ſo much upon ' her. For my part, I went away well ' pleaſed with this viſit, and did not ' deſpair of overcoming all thoſe nice- ' ties of virtue and honour, which ' ſtood between Donna Louiſa and my ' love. I was not deceived in my ex- ' pectation: after ſome few viſits, ſhe ' owned her affection was not inferior ' to mine; and ſhe gave me leave to ' love her, provided I always kept my ' paſſion within the bounds of reſpect ' and innocence.

' No day paſſed without ſeeing her; ' but ſuch frequent viſits neceſſarily ' exciting the ſuſpicion of the nuns, ' who are generally curious and jea- ' lous, we agreed that we would ſee ' one another but twice a week. By ' this precaution, we thought we had ' ſecured the ſecreſy of our affairs: we ' wrote to one another every day, and ' reciprocally ſent a thouſand little ' preſents. All this while I had vio- ' lent impulſes, which I durſt not diſ- ' cover to Donna Louiſa, for fear of in- ' curring her diſpleaſure: but an acci- ' dent happened, which gave me the ' opportunity of diſcloſing my mind. ' Some of the nuns had taken notice ' of our viſits, and acquainted the ' prioreſs; who, to break off our cor- ' reſpondence, ordered Donna Louiſa ' to forbid my coming to the mona- ' ſtery. She told it me with tears in ' her eyes; and ſeemed ſo concerned ' and exaſperated againſt the prioreſs ' and the nuns, that I thought I could ' never have a better opportunity to ' propoſe carrying her off. She was ' not ſo much offended at the propoſal, ' as ſhe would have been if this affair ' had not happened; yet ſhe rejected it ' with ſo much harſhneſs, that I had ' almoſt reſolved never to mention it to ' her again. However, a ſeparation ' threatening us, and the time being ' ſhort, I conjured her to come to a ' ſpeedy reſolution: I begged, I wept;

'I made so many vows, that I perceived her resistance was only a small remainder of honour, easy enough to be overthrown. In conclusion, after some difficulties, she consented to be stolen away: we contrived the plan of it; and we put it in execution eight days after, in the manner following. I opened my father's closet with a false key, and took out as much gold as I could conveniently carry away: I also found means to seize my mother's jewels; and one night, when I thought all the house was fast asleep, I took the two best horses out of the stable, and went away to the monastery, between the hours of eleven and twelve. The nuns were all retired to their cells; Donna Louisa was also in hers, in order to throw off her religious habit, and to put on a suit of cloaths I had sent her the day before. I should inform you, that at this time she had the charge of the church and vestry, the keys whereof she was wont to carry to the prioress; but that night, instead of shutting the doors, she left them all open. Thus she got out at the church-door, and came to the place where I expected her. I was so overjoyed to have Donna Louisa in my power, that I could not forbear holding her a long time clasped in my arms, without considering that we had not a moment to lose. She put me in mind of it; and, having helped her on the horse I thought the most gentle, I mounted the other, and we took the road for Lisbon, both of us equally pleased that we were now in a way to follow our inclinations without restraint; but not without such apprehensions, as in a great measure moderated the excess of our pleasure; for we did not question but that the next day men would be sent out every way in pursuit of us. We travelled all that night and the following days without stopping any longer than was absolutely necessary to rest our horses, and gained the frontiers of Portugal as expeditiously as possible: then we began to be out of fear, and made easy journies to Lisbon. There we took many servants, hired a fine house, furnished it richly, and set up an equipage. We began, like strangers, to admit of company; and, in a short time, our house became the rendezvous of all the young people of the city. We counterfeited a marriage certificate; and, under that protection, gave ourselves up to the fatal pleasures of a guilty passion, living as contentedly as if we had been conscious of no crime.'

Here the hermit was interrupted by the outcries of Sancho; who, returning from the kitchen, where he had been at breakfast with the curate's servant, came blubbering into the room, tearing his beard and hair. 'What is the matter, Sancho?' quoth Don Quixote. 'O, Sir!' answered the disconsolate squire, 'we may now have done with chivalry, and go home again! A clodpate of a peasant that was below, has taken away our enchanted club, and is run off with it as swift as an elephant.'—'You mean as swift as a fawn,' said Don Quixote: 'but you are in the wrong, Sancho, to be as much concerned at an accident of this sort, as if you had lost your wife and children.'—'O my dear club!' cried Sancho, without minding his master, 'club of my own bowels! I shall never see you again then! Unhappy mother that begot you! A curse on the clown that stole you! May you only serve to break his bones!—Now we may even give ourselves up to the enchanters! they will steal the very teeth out of our mouths!'—'Take comfort, child,' said Don Quixote; 'I own we have a considerable loss of Archbishop Turpin's club; but the enchanters cannot take my valour and my strength from me; and I need no other weapons to overcome them.' The soldier and the curate, uniting their consolations to those of the knight, at length made shift to pacify Sancho: and the hermit then prosecuted his story as follows.

CHAP. IV.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE TWO HERMITS. DON QUIXOTE IN A DREADFUL RAGE.

'DONNA Louisa and myself were at Lisbon,' continued the hermit, 'in the condition I have already told you. Having jewels to

'the value of twenty thouſand ducats, 'we might, with good management, 'have ſecured ourſelves a long time 'againſt want; but we lived ſo extra-'vagantly, that at two years end our 'money was gone. We were forced 'to part with our equipage, to diſmiſs 'our ſervants, and to ſell our goods 'by piece-meal, for preſent ſubſiſt-'ence. Being now reduced to the laſt 'extremity, I diſpoſed of all my cloaths 'for ready-money, and went away to 'a gaming-houſe to try my fortune; 'reſolving either to win a ſum ſufficient 'to ſet us up again, or to haſten our 'ruin: the latter of theſe happened. I 'loſt all, to my very ſword and cloak; 'and, having no more to loſe, returned 'home to Donna Louiſa, who expected 'me, making ſad reflections on our de-'plorable condition. Her affliction 'was doubled at being informed that I 'had loſt all the remainder of our mo-'ney: ſhe wept bitterly; and I myſelf 'could not forbear ſhedding tears. "Madam," ſaid I, "you have ſuffi-"cient cauſe to hate me; I have forced "you from your ſanctuary, to make you "miſerable: had it not been for me, "your days had ſtill glided on in inno-"cence and peace. Alas! why did "not you rather ſuffer me to die? Why "have you preſerved a life ſo fatal to "yourſelf?"—"My dear Don Gre-"gory," anſwered Donna Louiſa, "ceaſe to impute to yourſelf my miſ-"fortunes! I have drawn them on "myſelf by my crimes, and Heaven "puniſhes me as I have deſerved: it "is rather you who ought to hold me "in abhorrence. I have been the cauſe "of your parents inconſolable grief; "perhaps of their death; by taking "from them their only ſon; and that, "too, in ſuch a manner as admits of "no comfort: in a word, I have ruin-"ed you!" In this manner, Donna 'Louiſa and myſelf, inſtead of re-'proaching each other, did but mu-'tually condole and affect ourſelves; 'and what is yet ſtranger, our cala-'mity was ſo far from extinguiſhing 'our paſſion, that it rather ſeemed to 'give it new life.

'However, it being abſolutely neceſ-'ſary to come to ſome reſolution, I 'told Donna Louiſa, that, having made 'ſuch a figure in the city of Liſbon, it 'was requiſite we ſhould immediately 'remove to ſome other place; where, 'having never been known to any 'body, we might eaſily conceal our 'quality, and live in obſcurity; I 'ſerving ſome man of quality, and ſhe 'working at her needle: ſhe approved 'of my project; and that very night 'we ſet out from Liſbon on foot, and 'very ill clad. We ſtopped at every 'village we came to, and begged from 'door to door: my greateſt affliction 'was to ſee the ſufferings of Donna 'Louiſa, whoſe feet were bliſtered 'with walking. I made her reſt oft-'en; and ſometimes carried her upon 'my back. In this manner we went to 'Badajoz, a frontier city of Caſtile. 'We were forced to take up our abode 'in the hoſpital, having no money to 'pay for a lodging: but we lay there 'only one night; for the next day an 'accident befel us which might be 'looked upon as fortunate, conſider-'ing our condition. It is to be ob-'ſerved, that the magiſtrates of Bada-'joz, to keep the city free from vaga-'bonds, appoint inſpectors to viſit the 'hoſpital every day, and to take a par-'ticular account of the wants and of 'the circumſtances of all ſtrangers 'that repair to it: as ſoon as the in-'ſpector, whoſe turn it was that day, 'ſaw Donna Louiſa, he aſked her 'what countrywoman ſhe was. I an-'ſwered, that we were both of Valla-'dolid, and that we were man and 'wife; and then drew out the certifi-'cate which I had forged at Liſbon: 'the inſpector, having ſeen it, ſeemed 'ſatisfied, and aſked what brought us 'to Badajoz, and what was our pro-'feſſion. Donna Louiſa anſwered, 'that ſhe was by trade a ſempſtreſs, 'and that ſhe had always ſerved per-'ſons of quality; and that we were 'now come to Badajoz, wiſhing to 'ſettle there. The inſpector told us 'that, if what we ſaid was true, he 'would take care of us; and, if we 'did not want the will, we ſhould not 'want for employment: then he or-'dered one of his ſervants to carry us 'to his houſe. We thanked him, as 'the thing ſeemed to deſerve; and 'when he was gone, we deſired the 'ſervant to tell us his maſter's name 'and quality. "His name is Don "Franciſco de Furna," ſaid the ſer-'vant: "he is of one of the beſt fami-"lies in this city; he is an old batche-"lor, very rich, who ſpends all he has

"in

" in relieving the poor." We were ' very glad we had met with that in- ' ſpector, from whom we hoped to re- ' ceive ſome relief. He came home ' ſoon after us: he aſked us ſeveral ' queſtions concerning our marriage; ' and the reaſons that obliged us to ' leave Valladolid. He examined us ' apart, to try whether he could catch ' us tripping: but we had framed ſuch ' a plauſible ſtory, and concerted it ſo ' perfectly, that he thought us worthy ' of his compaſſion. He, therefore, ' hired a chamber for us, and pur- ' chaſed all the neceſſaries for houſe- ' keeping: beſides this, he gave us a ' month's ſubſiſtence in money, and ' cloathed us from head to foot. In ' ſhort, he plentifully ſupplied all our ' wants: we were ſo ſenſible of his ' goodneſs, that we gave him a thou- ' ſand bleſſings; but we were too ' wicked to deſerve that Heaven ſhould ' ſuffer us long to live happy.

' Though Donna Louiſa wore only ' a plain ſtuff ſuit, yet ſhe looked very ' lovely; and I ſoon ſuſpected that Don ' Franciſco de Furna was not inſenſi- ' ble of her charms. It is true, he ' had never yet, in his diſcourſe with ' her, ſuffered any thing to eſcape him ' that could juſtify my jealouſy; but ' he ſeemed to me to look upon her ' with a tender and paſſionate eye; and, ' perhaps, becauſe I was ſo fond of ' her, I fancied every body that ſaw her ' was equally enamoured. Donna ' Louiſa, who had not taken notice of ' what I imagined myſelf to have ob- ' ſerved, ridiculed my penetration; but ' one day, having left her at home ' alone, ſhe was convinced that I was ' not miſtaken. Don Franciſco went ' to ſee her; and, after talking of in- ' different things, looking on her very ' amorouſly, he ſaid—" I cannot but " blame you, Madam, for concealing " from me who you really are; ſince " your behaviour ſufficiently betrays " you: you are too witty and polite " for one of mean condition; and your " huſband has too much the air of " quality to be of low birth. I am " wholly yours, Madam; I offer you " my eſtate and my ſervice: is not this " enough to deſerve that you ſhould " put ſome confidence in me?" Don- ' na Louiſa looked down bluſhing, and ' ſaid—" Sir, ſince I have received ſo " many favours at your hand, I can " no longer conceal myſelf from you; " and muſt own, that my huſband and " I are of the beſt families of Toledo: " and, to give you our ſtory in a word, " we loved one another; but there be- " ing a mortal hatred between our fa- " milies, we thought they would never " give their conſent to our marriage; " and therefore my huſband, after " having married me privately, ſtole " me away. We have lived ſome time " at Liſbon, where we ſpent all our " money extravagantly, ſtill hoping " that our parents might be reconciled, " and that our marriage might give " them occaſion of becoming friendly " to us: but we are informed that they " are more our enemies than ever, and " would uſe us with the utmoſt ſeverity " if we were in their power. This " induced us to come to Badajoz, for " the purpoſe of concealment, reſolv- " ing to endure any hardſhips what- " ſoever, rather than return to To- " ledo." Don Franciſco believed all ' that Donna Louiſa ſaid to him, and ' made her freſh tenders of his ſervice; ' but in terms ſo lively, that ſhe had ' no reaſon to doubt any longer of his ' being in love with her. The next ' day he ſent a piece of fine ſilk to ' cloath her, and a purſe of ducats; ' and few days paſſed without his mak- ' ing her ſome preſent.

' As ſoon as we began to appear in ' better garb, ill tongues did not ſpare ' Donna Louiſa; and it was believed ' that Don Franciſco had an unlawful ' familiarity with her. Upon this ſup- ' poſition ſeveral perſons were deſirous ' of becoming acquainted with Donna ' Louiſa; and ſome attached themſelves ' very cloſely, in hopes of participating ' her favours. So many lovers began ' to be offenſive to me, and I was many ' times in the mind to fight them; but ' conſidering the ill conſequences of ' ſuch a ſtep, I left it to Donna Loui- ' ſa's contrivance to rid me of my rivals. ' She treated them ſo harſhly, that ' ſome of them deſiſted; but others ' were the more inflamed, and re- ' doubled their courtſhip. By day they ' followed us whereſoever we went, and ' they ſpent the nights under our win- ' dows, ſinging and playing on all ſorts ' of muſical inſtruments. All this ' ſeemed to confirm the ill reports ' which were ſpread abroad againſt ' Donna Louiſa's reputation, and we ' thought

'thought of nothing but the means of 'ridding ourſelves of theſe gallants. 'At length, they one night fought in 'the ſtreet; and one of them was left 'dead upon the ſpot, who proved to be 'the ſon of one of the chief magi-'ſtrates of the city. As ſoon as the 'nature of the thing was known, 'Donna Louiſa was ſeized and thrown 'into priſon. I ſhould alſo have been 'apprehended had I been at home; but 'I was then at Franciſco's houſe: and 'as ſoon as ever I heard the news, 'fearing to fall into the hands of juſ-'tice, which I had ſo much cauſe to 'be apprehenſive of, I left Don Fran-'ciſco abruptly; and it being then 'night, I got ſafe out of Badajoz, and 'departed for Merida. I had ſcarce 'gone half way, when reflecting that 'Donna Louiſa was left behind, ex-'poſed to the utmoſt calamities, I felt 'myſelf unable to withſtand the ap-'prehenſion; and therefore, deſpiſing 'the danger that had at firſt terrified 'me, I returned to Badajoz, and went 'directly to Don Franciſco's houſe. 'He told me, that by his intereſt he 'had procured the releaſement of Don-'na Louiſa; but that the very night 'after her diſcharge ſhe had diſappear-'ed; and though he had made the moſt 'diligent ſearch and enquiry, he could 'never hear of her. I at firſt ima-'gined that Don Franciſco had con-'cealed her, in the hope that, during 'my abſence, he might prevail on her 'to gratify his paſſion; but his afflic-'tion for her loſs appeared ſo ſincere, 'that I no longer ſuſpected him of that 'artifice. I ſpent ſeveral years in 'ſeeking Donna Louiſa in moſt parts 'of Spain and Portugal; and not find-'ing her, I believed Heaven had taken 'compaſſion on her, and inſpired her 'with the thoughts of ſhutting herſelf 'up in ſome monaſtery to lament her 'ſins. At the ſame time, I felt I 'know not what divine impulſe, which 'carried me away. In ſhort, I went 'to Rome; and having received the 'Pope's abſolution, as I deſired, I re-'turned to Spain in the habit you ſee, 'reſolving to dedicate the remainder of 'my life to penance, as ſome atonement 'for my former irregularities. I was 'deſirous of becoming a Carthuſian; 'but Providence, having brought me 'hither, ſeems to require me to follow 'the example of Donna Louiſa; and 'that, like her, I ſhould breathe my 'laſt in this ſolitude.'

Don Gregory having ended his diſ-courſe, the curate commended his re-ſolution; and ſaid it would be oppoſing the will of God to contradict him. Don Quixote took upon him to talk in his turn; and inveighing againſt ſuch as blindly devote themſelves to the plea-ſures of love, proved, by a thouſand inſtances gathered out of hiſtory, that man could never be too much upon his guard againſt that dangerous paſſion. In ſhort, he diſcourſed on this ſubject ſo ſenſibly, that the curate began to think all falſe that he had been told concerning the knight's inſanity; and the hermit himſelf was ſo much ſur-prized, that he could not forbear ſay-ing—'In truth, Sir, there is no hear-'ing without admiring you. How is 'it poſſible that, being a man of ſo 'much good ſenſe and judgment as 'you have now made appear, you can 'perſuade yourſelf there ever really 'exiſted any knights-errant?—Mr. Cu-'rate,' continued he, 'you ſee here a 'perſon of extraordinary worth; he 'has but one fault, which is, that he 'will not be undeceived as to the falſe-'hood of books of knight-errantry, 'but believes them to be true and au-'thentick. Aſſiſt me, I beſeech you, 'in convincing him of his error.' The curate, who was a very pious and un-derſtanding man, offered to ſecond the hermit. Accordingly, they both began to diſcourſe with Don Quixote, and la-boured to undeceive him. They uſed every argument to diſſuade him from continuing the practice of knight-er-rantry, alledging all that ſound reaſon could urge on the ſubject. They em-ployed entreaties, examples, and per-ſuaſions. The curate proceeded ſo far as to quote the canons of the church; and brother Stephen cited the conſtitu-tions of ancient anchorites. But their eloquence was all loſt; for the knight waxed into as great a paſſion as if they had perſuaded him to permit the giant Bramarbas to cut off his head; and, looking on the clergyman with a ſcorn-ful diſdain, ſaid—'Pray, Mr. Cu-'rate, do you mind your lectures; and 'take notice that there have not only 'formerly been knights-errant, but 'that there are ſuch ſtill, and will be 'to the end of the world, in ſpite of 'all the country curates upon the face

'of

'of the earth!—And as for you, bro-
'ther Stephen—or Don Gregory,' continued he, turning to the hermit, 'or
'what other name ſoever may be given
'to a raviſher of nuns; remember,
'that I know better than you, whether
'the books of knight-errantry contain
'truths or falſhoods. You talk to no
'purpoſe: all your words will not
'move me; I am not ſo eaſy to be de-
'luded as a poor ſilly nun. Take my
'advice; and, inſtead of loſing time
'about what does not belong to you,
'begin, without farther delay, that ri-
'gorous penance you propoſe to your-
'ſelf; for you ſtand in great need of it.'
Having ſpoken theſe words, he ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante; and, in ſpite of all they could ſay to him, departed that inſtant. The ſoldier, who hitherto had obſerved an exact neutrality, was now obliged to declare himſelf; that is, either to quit Don Quixote, or brother Stephen: taking, therefore, that ſide which ſeemed moſt for his intereſt, he accompanied the knight, who he reckoned would bear his charges as far as Siguenza.

CHAP. V.

THE CURIOUS DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HELD WITH BRACAMONTE AND SANCHO. AND THE FINE STORY OF THE GEESE.

THE hero of La Mancha was ſo enraged againſt the curate and the hermit, that Bracamonte and Sancho had enough to do to appeaſe him. 'Is it poſſible,' ſaid he, 'that I muſt
'every where meet with people who
'call in queſtion the exiſtence of
'knight-errantry?'—'For my part,' anſwered the ſoldier, 'I never made any
'doubt of it; but I believe it as firmly,
'as if I had really ſeen them in fleſh
'and bones. We muſt not ſpeak ill of
'our neighbours; but, to ſay the truth,
'I would not truſt too much to brother
'Stephen: perhaps he has been de-
'bauched by enchanters to cry down
'chivalry. What do we know! A
'man who could be ſo wicked as to
'ſteal a nun, may likely enough con-
'trive to debauch a knight from knight-
'errantry.'—'That's likely enough,' quoth Sancho; 'and the ſpark would
'come off again with going back to
'Rome for his pardon.'—'It may
'very well be,' replied Don Quixote:
'for you can never imagine, Don Bra-
'camonte, the various contrivances of
'enchanters to ſuppreſs knight-er-
'rantry: and it is not long ſince
'Archbiſhop Turpin, whom they brib-
'ed for that purpoſe, employed all his
'eloquence to perſuade me to forſake
'this noble profeſſion.'—'Archbiſhop
'Turpin!' cried Bracamonte, laughing; 'good God! ſure you don't ſay ſo!
'Is that prelate in this world ſtill? I
'thought he had been dead I know not
'how many ages ago.'—'It was gene-
'rally ſo believed till now,' replied the knight, 'becauſe he vaniſhed about
'ſeven hundred years ſince. But I, who
'am acquainted with all that relates
'to him, do know, that an enchanter
'going over to Aſia to ſeek him among
'many other Chriſtian princes, who
'had engaged in a cruſade for the de-
'livery of the holy city out of the
'hands of Infidels, enchanted him
'for ſome ages.'—'If ſo, Sir,' ſaid Bracamonte, 'enchanters have power
'to prolong the lives of thoſe they en-
'chant.'—'Who doubts it?' anſwered Don Quixote. 'Orlando has been
'ſo preſerved by the Mooriſh enchanter,
'as may appear by the combat I had
'but the other day with that Paladin.'
—'According to that,' quoth the ſoldier, 'the enchanters themſelves never
'die.'—'They are not immortal,' replied the knight; 'for all mankind is
'ſubject to death: but enchanters out-
'live hundreds of ages; years to them
'are like moments to us, and there-
'fore it is that they generally have ve-
'nerable aſpects, and long grey beards.'
—'Why, then,' quoth Sancho, in his turn, 'has the Mooriſh enchanter a red
'beard? I durſt lay a wager it is be-
'cauſe he is too young as yet, not being
'perhaps above ſeven or eight hun-
'dred years old.'—'That may very
'well be,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'for all
'enchanters have not grey beards; and
'ſome of them grow grey towards
'their latter days.'—'But, pray, Sir
'Knight,' ſaid the ſoldier, 'tell us,
'to what purpoſe did the necromancer
'enchant Archbiſhop Turpin?'—'To
'diſſuade me from knight-errantry,' replied Don Quixote; 'and the whole
'matter was thus: the enchanter even
'then foreſeeing that I ſhould follow
'knight-errrantry at this time, and
'might

'might be the means of restoring that 'order, made choice of Archbishop 'Turpin, a crafty and eloquent per-'son, to seduce me from it. To this 'purpose he inspired into him a per-'fect aversion to knight-errantry, which 'he had till then professed with ho-'nour; and having at length prevailed 'upon him to quit his archbishoprick 'of Rheims, he made him a preben-'dary at Ateca; placing him there by 'the name of Master Valentin, as well 'knowing I should pass through that 'place in the course of my adventures.' —'Od's my life!' quoth the soldier, laughing at such a mad conceit, 'the 'enchanter served him a base trick, 'then, to make him quit an arch-'bishoprick for a prebend at Ateca! 'By my troth, had I been the arch-'bishop, I would never have consented 'to so ill a bargain; that is, as the 'proverb says, for the bishop to turn 'clerk!'—'Don't think much of that,' quoth Sancho; 'for I have heard our 'curate, who understands the ways 'of sorcerers very well, say, that they 'will often make us take oaken leaves 'for pure gold, and bits of glass for 'diamonds; and therefore the enchanter 'might very well make Master Valen-'tin take a prebend for an arch-'bishoprick; for, let me tell ye, the 'devil is very crafty.'—'I am of your 'opinion, brother Sancho,' answered the soldier; 'I believe the magician has 'made that juggle pass upon him.'— 'The cowardly archbishop,' said Don Quixote, 'made a very formal ha-'rangue to me in his house, to induce 'me to forsake knight-errantry; but 'I listened to him as Ulysses did to the 'singing of the Syrens, and quitted 'him abruptly.'

Our adventurers having travelled four good leagues conversing after this manner, began to be much fatigued with the heat, which that day proved excessive. The foot-traveller being in particular unable to advance a step farther for weariness, applied himself to the knight of La Mancha, saying— 'Sir, since the sun is so exceeding hot 'that it scorches us to the very bones, 'and there being but two leagues from 'hence to the village where we must 'lie to-night, I would advise to get out 'of the road, that we may rest a little 'under the willows you see there. We 'may spend a few hours in the shade, 'on the bank of a pleasant rivulet that 'washes the feet of those trees; and 'when the sun is somewhat lower, we 'may proceed on our journey with 'more ease.' The advice was approved of; and more especially by Sancho, who, from that time forward, looked upon Bracamonte as a very judicious man. Accordingly, they went to the willows; where they found two canons of Calatayud, and an alderman of Siguenza, who were withdrawn thither with the same design of resting themselves. They saluted one another; and Bracamonte said to the canons—'Gentlemen, will you be pleased 'that the great knight Don Quixote de 'la Mancha take the cool air a while 'with you in the shade?' As soon as the canons heard the knight of La Mancha named, they accosted him with a thousand compliments. The adventure of the melon-field had made such a noise throughout the country, that there was scarce any body ignorant of Don Quixote: besides, the canons had heard all that passed at Mr. Valentin's; so that they were apprized of the true characters both of master and man. When they were seated on the grass, the knight said to them—'Gentlemen, 'I am of opinion that, to avoid idle-'ness, the bane of the best dispositions, 'it were fit for us, whilst the heavenly 'charioteer abates the heat of his rays, 'to divert ourselves with the relation 'of some important story, such as is 'worthy the consideration of wise men.' —'That was well thought of,' quoth Sancho, very abruptly; 'and if that 'be all, I will tell a pretty tale, for I 'have choice of them. And to be-'gin, gentlemen, you must under-'stand that, once upon a time, there was 'what there was. But be that as it 'can, if it be but all for the best. "Let ill be gone for aye, and good be-"tide, I pray."—'Hold your peace, 'dunce!' cried Don Quixote, inter-rupting him in a passion. 'Why don't 'you listen to these gentlemen, and not 'trouble them with your own imper-'tinences?' The canons, who were eager to hear Sancho, entreated the knight to let him go on. 'Come, good 'master Squire,' quoth one of them, 'proceed; I am convinced these gen-'tlemen will be as well pleased as my-'self, to hear you tell a story your own 'way.'—'Hark you, master Licen-

'tiate,' replied Sancho, 'you have 'touched a ſtring that will make you 'muſick enough: but if you will have 'me tell you wonders, my maſter Don 'Quixote muſt not cut me off ſhort.' —'Well,' ſaid the knight, 'conſider, 'then, what you are going to ſay; do 'not trouble us with ſuch a dull rela- 'tion as that you made to me in the 'wood, where we found the ſix giants 'converted into fulling-mills; nor ſuch 'an impertinent tale as that of the 'wandering Toralva, who followed 'the ſhepherd Lopez Ruiz with a piece 'of a comb and a broken looking-glaſs, 'when he fled her for her coquetries; 'nor ſuch a tireſome ſtory as that of 'the goats that lay down in the dirt, 'and which have infected my ſcent and 'fancy.'—'Nay, by my faith!' quoth Sancho, 'it is a ſign thoſe tales were 'not ſo bad, ſince you remember them 'ſo well: and I am glad of it, for by 'that you will like this I am going to 'tell you the better.—There was a 'certain king and a queen,' ſaid he, 'who lived in their own kingdom: all 'that was of the male kind in that 'kingdom, belonged to the king; and 'all that was of the female, as of right 'it ought, to the queen. Now, this 'king and this queen had a chamber 'as big as the ſtable my maſter Don 'Quixote keeps Rozinante in, in our 'village. This chamber was ſo full 'of white and yellow rials, that they 'reached up to the roof. So, time com- 'ing and going, the king ſaid to the 'queen—"Queen, my dear, you ſee "how much money we have; we ought "to improve it, that we might buy "more kingdoms." The queen pre- 'ſently anſwered—"King, my dar- "ling, I think it would not be amiſs "for us to buy ſheep."—"No, queen," 'ſaid the king, "we had better buy "kine."—"No, king," quoth the 'queen, "it will turn to better ac- "count to deal in ſwine at Toboſo "fair." The king did not agree to it, 'and took a fancy always to ſay No, 'when his wife ſaid Yes. At laſt they 'agreed to buy geeſe, reckoning by 'their fingers that they would go into 'Old Caſtile, where there is great 'plenty of geeſe, and where they might 'buy them for two rials a-piece; and 'then ſell them again at Toledo for 'four. What was ſaid was done: the 'king and queen went with all their 'money into Old Caſtile, and bought 'ſuch a world of geeſe, that they co- 'vered the ground for twenty leagues 'round.'—'Heaven confound thee 'and thy geeſe!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him a ſecond time; 'did 'not I tell you this blockhead would 'plague us with ſome impertinent non- 'ſenſe?' The canons, fearing to loſe ſuch a curious tale, appeaſed the knight, and earneſtly entreated him to let Sancho go on to the end. The ſquire, finding himſelf ſo well backed, without ſtaying for leave, proceeded after this manner. 'There was ſuch abundance 'of geeſe, then, gentlemen, that Spain 'was all covered with geeſe, as the 'world was with water, in Noah's 'Flood. The king and the queen went 'along the road, driving their geeſe 'with a wand, till they came to a river 'which had no bridge. Then the 'king ſaid to the queen, and the queen 'to the king—'How ſhall we get our "geeſe over? For if we turn them into "the water, the ſtream will carry them "away to Rome or Conſtantinople." 'The queen ſaid—"That's right; we "muſt adviſe with the lawyers about "it." But the king, who was a piece 'of a ſcholar, ſaid—"Here's a diffi- "culty indeed! Why, we need only "make a bridge ſo narrow, that only "one gooſe can paſs it at once, and by "that means they will not ſtraggle." 'The queen approved of the king's 'project, and the workmen were ſet to 'work. When the bridge was finiſh- 'ed, the geeſe began to paſs one by 'one.' Sancho ſtopping ſhort here, his maſter ſaid to him—'Get you over, 'then, with your geeſe, you dunce; 'and put an end quickly to your ſcurvy 'tale!'—'That cannot be, Sir,' replied the ſquire; 'how would you have 'a flock of geeſe twenty leagues 'ſquare, to get over in a moment; it 'will take up at leaſt two years—and 'ſo, gentlemen, two years hence I will 'tell you the reſt; for I deal plainly 'with you, I will not end my tale till 'the geeſe are all over.' This unaccountable concluſion of a ſtory ſet all that heard it a laughing, except only the ſerious Don Quixote, who wiſhed the tale and the teller at the devil.

The canons were not at all weary of the company of our adventurers; but perceiving the ſun was now low enough, and that they had no more time than

was

was abſolutely requiſite to carry them to Calatayud, they mounted their mules, and departed after the uſual compliments upon ſuch occaſions. Don Quixote and his company, for the ſame reaſon, left the willows, and went their way. The alderman of Siguenza being upon his return home, and intending to paſs the night at the ſame village with our adventurers, bore them company; concluding the Knight of La Mancha to be really a madman, though not knowing as yet the particular quality of his phrenzy: of this, however, he was ſoon fully informed by the occurrence of a very ſtrange adventure; which thoſe who take the pains of reading the enſuing chapter will preſently diſcover.

CHAP. V.

OF THE STRANGE AND DANGEROUS ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE'S VALIANT SQUIRE HAD THE HARDINESS TO UNDERTAKE.

DON Quixote and his companions were now about half way on their journey to the inn where they were to lie that night; when, paſſing by the ſide of a little wood of fir-trees, they obſerved a doleful voice iſſue from among them, as it were of a woman in diſtreſs. They halted, the better to liſten to it; and, being near enough, heard theſe words diſtinctly—'Alas! 'unhappy woman that I am! ſhall I 'find nobody to relieve me in this extremity? Muſt I end my days miſerably torn to pieces by the cruel 'beaſts that inhabit this place?' As ſoon as the knight heard theſe words, he ſaid to his companions—'Behold 'here, gentlemen, the moſt glorious 'and moſt dangerous adventure I ever 'met with ſince I received the order of 'knighthood! The wood which we 'now ſee is enchanted, and very difficult to be penetrated; the wiſe Friſton, my ancient enemy, has in it a 'ſpacious cavern, wherein he holds a 'great number of knights and princeſſes enchanted. To theſe he has 'lately added the ſage Urganda the 'Unknown: ſhe is cruelly bound with 'mighty iron-chains to a vaſt mill-'ſtone, which two deformed demons 'continually whirl about; and every 'time her body violently ſtrikes the 'rock on which the mill-ſtone ſtands, 'the terrible pain ſhe endures makes 'her cry out in the manner we have 'heard.' Information like the foregoing was perfectly new and ſtrange to the alderman; who, being by nature not over wiſe, anſwered with the utmoſt ſimplicity—'Sir Knight, enchan-'ters are not at all uſed in this coun-'try; and I do not believe there is 'any thing of what you ſay in this 'wood: all we can judge of it is, that 'ſome highwaymen have dragged ſome 'woman into the wood, where they 'have robbed and abuſed her. It be-'hoves us to go in and ſee whether ſhe 'is ſtill in a condition to be helped.'—'Mr. Alderman,' anſwered Don Quixote very ſternly, 'do not you know I 'do not love to contend, and eſpecially 'with little aldermen, who ought to 'hold their peace before knights-er-'rant!' Bracamonte, to prevent any conteſt, drew near the alderman, and in few words let him into Don Quixote's character; who, as one deeply concerned in Urganda's deliverance, had already drawn his ſword, and was entering the wood; affirming, that to him alone it belonged to finiſh that adventure. But Sancho, laying hold of Rozinante's bridle, ſtopped his maſter, and kneeled down before him with his cap in his hand. Don Quixote, judging by this poſture that the ſquire deſired leave to ſpeak, demanded what he had to ſay. 'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'you ſaw how, the other day, as we 'came out of Saragoſſa, I made my 'party good with Mr. Bracamonte; I 'humbly beſeech you to leave this ad-'venture to me, that I may one day, 'by my own feats, deſerve to become 'a knight-errant, and to be inſerted, 'as well as you, in the legend. I will 'go up fairly upon my aſs to ſee who 'this princeſs is that makes ſuch a 'grievous complaint; and if I can 'catch that ſcoundrel of a Friſkin our 'enemy aſleep, I will drag him before 'you by the collar, and give him a 'ſcore of good bangs before he awakes. 'However, ſince none can tell who is 'to live, or who is to die; and that 'very often a man is himſelf ſhorn 'when he goes for wool; therefore I 'deſire that, if my Dapple and I ſhould 'fall in the combat, we may be both 'buried together.'—'Friend Sancho,'

ſaid Don Quixote, 'that you may ſee 'I deſire nothing more ardently than 'your advancement in adventures, I 'am willing to grant you this one; 'but I cannot agree to give you up all 'the honour of it, unleſs it be upon 'condition that, if you finiſh it, you 'ſhall lay aſide your peaſant's habit, 'and cauſe yourſelf to be knighted by 'the king himſelf, as ſoon as we come 'to court; that you may then mount a 'ſtately Andaluſian courſer, and, arm-'ed at all points, enter the liſts to kill 'giants, and diſenchant knights and 'ladies.'—'Sir,' replied the ſquire, 'you need only ſlip the hounds after 'the hare; I am not a man to be ſent 'on a fool's errand; whenſoever I 'ſhall be put to ſtir my ſtumps, aſſure 'yourſelf I will do more in a day than 'two others ſhall in an hour: and 'whatever enemy I ſhall engage, if I 'can but contrive to have a good diſ-'tance between us, and ſtones enough 'in my way, you ſhall ſee I can make 'uſe of both my hands! Victory ſhall 'be on my ſide, or I will know why! 'And, in ſhort, all thoſe plaguy gi-'ants ſhall be ſlain upon the ſpot, 'though there were a whole buſhel of 'them! Farewel, dear Sir! give me 'your bleſſing; for that is all the ſignal 'I wait for to fall on!'—'Go, my 'dear child!' anſwered the knight; 'the God of Hoſts give you the ſucceſs 'I wiſh you!' The ſquire, fortified by theſe words, ſet off directly upon his expedition; but, before he had gone a dozen paces, he returned towards his maſter, ſaying—'Sir, I had like to 'have forgot the beſt of it. Pray take 'notice of what I am going to ſay to 'you. If I have the ill fate to fall into 'any great danger, and cry out for 'help, do not fail to make haſte to my 'aſſiſtance, that yonder ſcoundrel of 'a Friſkin may not have any cauſe to 'laugh at us.'—'Fear nothing, my 'ſon,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I will be 'with you before you can be ſlain; or, 'at leaſt, I will come in ſo ſoon after, 'that I ſhall amply revenge your death 'the ſame hour!'—'That is not 'enough, Sir,' replied Sancho; 'you 'muſt be at my heels before the giants 'come within a ſtone's throw of me. 'In ſhort, when you hear me cry 'Hither! Hither!' that ſhall be a 'ſign there is no time to loſe, and that 'I am then actually dead!'—'Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, ſhaking his head, 'you will do no wonders 'this bout, ſince you are already ſo 'much afraid.'—'Pox on it, Sir!' replied the ſquire, 'you make very light, 'I warrant, of this adventure! Here I 'am not yet knighted, and you would 'have me attack a million of giants, 'as if they were a dozen of chickens! 'But, ſince I have engaged myſelf, I 'muſt on: there is no running after 'the pudding when another has got it 'betwixt his teeth!' Having ſpoken theſe words, the courageous ſquire advanced into the wood. Hardly had he entered it, when he began to roar, with all his might—'Hither! Hither! they 'kill me! they murder me!' Don Quixote hearing theſe cries, clapped both ſpurs to Rozinante, and ruſhed into the wood, followed by the ſoldier and the alderman: but when, upon coming up to Sancho, and finding him peaceably ſeated on his aſs, the knight aſked him what diſaſter he had met with—'Well done!' anſwered the ſquire; 'you are a man of your word: 'I have ſeen nothing as yet, God be 'thanked! and I only cried out, to 'try whether you would come at the 'firſt call—and ſo, gentlemen, you may 'go back, for I will now finiſh the ad-'venture.'

Thus ſpeaking, he advanced farther into the thicket; and preſently heard theſe words uttered juſt by him—'O 'Holy Mother of God! will you ſend 'nobody this way to releaſe me? Good 'honeſt countryman, deliver me from 'the danger I am in!' The novice-knight looking round towards the place whence the voice came, eſpied a woman naked to her ſhift, and bound to a tree. This ſight threw him into ſuch a conſternation, that, dropping down plumb from his aſs, he took to his heels, without minding which way he went, yelling with horrible vociferation—'Help! 'Murder!—Now, maſter Don Quixote, 'your truſty ſquire is ſlain!' Don Quixote and the other two, who had quitted the wood, returned immediately upon this outcry, and found poor Sancho in the uttermoſt confuſion, trembling at every ſtep he took, and ſcarifying his face moſt fearfully among the briars and brambles. Bracamonte laid hold of his arm, and had enough to do to ſtop him; for he ſtruggled with might and main to get out of the wood. 'What

'it

Plate I.

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'is the matter, Sir Future Knight?' quoth the ſoldier. 'O good Mr. Bra-'camonte!' replied Sancho, 'do not 'forſake me, I beſeech you; for all the 'ſouls in purgatory are at my heels! 'My ſinful eyes have ſeen one bound 'to a pine tree, and clad in white, as 'our curate deſcribes them: and had 'I not made uſe of my heels, and re-'commended myſelf to the good thief, 'ſhe had ſwallowed me down like a 'ſtewed prune; for ſhe has not eaten 'any thing elſe theſe ſix thouſand years, 'but only my aſs, who is certainly de-'voured, ſince I ſee him not!' Don Quixote and the alderman, upon this, began to ſearch all about; and Sancho crying out to them to look to themſelves, the woman who was bound hearing a noiſe, conceived ſome hope of relief, and began her complaints again. Don Quixote and his companions eſpying her at laſt, drew near to her; the ſquire, however, kept cloſe behind the ſoldier, and durſt not look at her but by ſtealth. Nevertheleſs, he could not refrain ſaying to her, quaking as he was—'Madam Soul, be pleaſed to re-'ſtore me my Dapple, or I ſwear to 'you by the Fliſantorum, that my ma-'ſter Don Quixote will fetch him out 'of your maw with his lance!'—'Peace, 'Sancho!' ſaid Bracamante, laughing; 'this Lady Soul is an honeſt and con-'ſcientious ſoul, and has ſtolen no-'thing from you. See there, your aſs 'is grazing very quietly!' All this while, the Knight of La Mancha earneſtly viewed that wretched woman, whoſe body ſeemed covered with bruiſes. When he had eyed her for ſome time, he ſaid to Bracamonte and the alderman—'Gentlemen, I own I was de-'ceived: this lady, whom you ſee, is 'not the ſage Urganda, but the fa-'mous Zenobia, that great Queen of 'the Amazons. She went forth from 'her palace this morning, attended by 'the principal ladies of her court, to 'divert herſelf with hunting: her re-'tinue was great. She was clad in a 'rich green velvet, embroidered with 'gold and precious ſtones, holding a 'bow of ebony in her hand, and at her 'back hung a quiver full of gilded 'arrows; ſhe was mounted on a Tar-'tarian white horſe, dappled with 'black and red, whoſe bit was ſilvered 'with his foam, and whoſe proud 'neighings made the air reſound; her 'beautiful flaxen hair, covered with a 'ſightly cap adorned with white and 'green feathers, played in the wind 'in large treſſes on her ſhoulders. Be-'ing intent in the purſuit of a fierce 'bear, that had already devoured ſome 'of her dogs, the ſwiftneſs of her 'horſe ſoon parted her from her com-'pany; ſhe loſt herſelf in this wood; 'and, having alighted to refreſh herſelf 'on the bank of a cryſtal ſtream, which 'is but a little way off, ſhe was ſur-'prized by a troop of inſolent giants, 'who have taken away her mighty 'courſer, robbed her of her cloaths 'and jewels, and then bound her, in 'her ſhift, to this tree, as you behold; 'therefore, Mr. Bracamonte, unbind 'her quickly, and let us hear from her 'royal mouth the particulars of this 'adventure.' The ſoldier obeyed his commands out of hand, to the great comfort of the poor wretch, who was not ſo well pleaſed as the ſoldier and the alderman with the knight's relation of the chace.

CHAP. VI.

WHICH CONTINUES THE ACCOUNT OF THE HAPPY DELIVERANCE OF QUEEN ZENOBIA, OTHERWISE CALLED BARBARA HACKED-FACE.

THE Queen Zenobia was apparently near fifty years of age; and, beſides that the general expreſſion of her features exhibited what is uſually denominated a hanging-look, her right-cheek was, moreover, adorned with the ſeam of a long wound, which extended even to her ear, and which had probably been inflicted in her younger days, for her holy life and modeſt converſation! The ſoldier having viewed her well, ſaid to Don Quixote—'I can 'aſſure you, Sir, this lady has nothing 'of the air, nor is ſhe in her face any 'thing like Queen Zenobia; and I am 'much miſtaken if I have not ſeen her 'at Alcala among the little tippling-'houſes; and I think her name is Bar-'bara Hacked-Face, or ſomething like 'it.'—'You have ſaid all in a word, 'Mr. Soldier,' quoth the princeſs: 'that is my name; and God reward 'you for your ſeaſonable relief!' The alderman conſidering the naked condition of the Queen of the Amazons, whoſe

whose proper name, as has been said, was Barbara Hacked-Face, alias Machicona the Tripe Woman, charitably took off his cloak to cover her, that she might appear more decently in the town where they were to lie that night. Barbara wrapped it about her without any ceremony; and, judging by Don Quixote's garb, and the air of authority he assumed over the others, that it was to him she ought to make her compliment, she said to him—'Sir Knight, I return 'you thanks for your generous relief: 'had it not been for you and this noble 'company, whom Heaven was pleased 'to bring this way, I must infallibly 'have died this night!' Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity, answered her thus—'Beautiful Zenobia, mighty 'queen! whose valour was so dreadful to the famous Princes of Greece, 'and so advantageous to the Sultan of 'Babylon, whom you assisted against 'the warlike Emperor of Constantinople; I account myself most fortunate that it has this day been in my 'power to do you this small service! 'Hereafter, I trust, I shall be able to 'render you others more important.' The queen, who as yet did not know Don Quixote, thought his compliment passing strange; and, being at a loss how to answer it, said—'Sir Knight, I must 'beg your pardon for taking the freedom to tell you that I am nothing 'akin to Queen Zenobia, nor the Sultan of Babylon; but, if you call me 'so in derision, because I am old, you 'must understand there was a time 'when I was not despised. When I 'was a young wench at Alcala, the 'finest scholars in the university were 'as fond of me as of their own eyes. 'True it is, that ever since a great 'rogue of a tutor (God reward him in 'this world, or in the next!) made 'this mark you see in my cheek, I was 'not so much in vogue as before; and 'yet, for all that, I have lived merrily 'enough; "for every blemished apple "is not rotten."—'O Heavens! O 'just Heavens!' cried the Knight of La Mancha, 'what do I hear? Never was 'I so sensible of the need there is of 'knight-errantry as I am at present!—'Do but observe, Don Bracamonte, 'how far the malignity of enchanters 'extends! Those vile wretches thought 'it not enough to cause this beautiful 'queen to be inhumanly stripped and 'tied to a tree by a parcel of giants, 'the proper instruments of their malice; but they have also distracted her 'understanding by their sorceries, blotting out of her memory all the ideas 'of her grandeur, and making her 'think herself old, ugly, scarified in the 'face, of the vilest condition, and of 'a very lewd conversation!' The enchanted tripe-woman, a little nettled at these last words of Don Quixote, said to him—'Sir Knight, with your 'leave, I am not quite such a lewd 'liver as you have been informed; for 'though I have a little wronged my 'honour, yet I never did any body 'harm.'—'Cease, great princess! cease 'to debase your high birth, and the 'majesty of your race!' quoth Don Quixote. 'I know you think yourself 'a poor wretch; a servant to a tippling-house, if you please, because 'the vile enchanters have cast a mist 'before the light of your understanding: but I am not to be imposed upon; I still, in you, behold that mighty 'Queen Zenobia, whose valour is 'equal to her beauty! God forbid I 'should be so unjust as to believe you 'could ever stoop to prostitute your 'matchless perfections to scholars, or 'even to tutors, when I know the 'greatest princes of the east have pined 'for love of you; and the brave Hyperborean, of the floating islands, has 'performed so many glorious exploits 'for your sake! On him alone ought 'you to lavish your favours, to requite 'the victory he obtained over the four 'giants of bronze, and the phantom 'of fire, the guardians of the crystal 'tower; in which the sage Pamphus, 'the king your father's enemy, detained you prisoner by his magical 'incantations.'

Bracamonte and the alderman were amazed to hear Don Quixote talk so extravagantly: as for Sancho, having by this time got the better of his panick, and finding nothing in Barbara answerable to the harangue of his master, he could not forbear saying—'By 'Dapple's soul, Sir, you do not consider what you say! Why, where the 'devil are all those beauties you see in 'this Madam Segovia*? I have viewed

* Segovia is a city of Old Castile, the name of which Sancho naturally enough mistakes for Zenobia.

'her

'her all over; and God knows what I 'see! I will be hanged, if my aſs had 'but a hood on, if he would not look 'more like a princeſs than ſhe; and I 'will lay a wager Mr. Bracamonte and 'the alderman are of my mind!'—'I 'do not queſtion it,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'but be not deceived, my friend: 'the queen appears to me, as well as 'you, ugly, old, dirty, and impudent, 'becauſe the eyes of the body are 'charmed by Pamphus the enchanter; 'but I make uſe of the eyes of the underſtanding to frame a true judgment 'of the rare qualities of this princeſs. 'I lift myſelf above the ſenſes; and, 'by means of a peculiar privilege inherent in knight-errantry, which 'ever tends directly to the truth, I diſcover in this object, ſo diſagreeable to 'outward appearance, a complexion of 'lilies and roſes intermixed; a head of 'delicate flaxen hair, more beautiful 'than that of Apollo; heavenly conquering eyes; coral lips; teeth like 'oriental pearls; a neck and arms as 'white as alabaſter; a pleaſing and delightful air; a charming ſmile; an 'elegant ſhape; a majeſtick mien; and 'eaſy modeſt action: in ſhort, Sancho, 'when I ſhall have overcome Pamphus's enchantment, you will perceive which of us was in the right.'—'Nay, I have done with you, Sir,' replied the ſquire; 'you are an abſolute 'maſter at thoſe things: but is it poſſible that Dame Barbara, with her 'great ſcar, and her tanned leather 'hide, ſhould have coral eyes and 'teeth, and all the reſt you talk of! 'Well, I long to be a knight, that I 'may ſee things otherwiſe than they 'really are.'

This dialogue had not ended ſo ſoon, but that the alderman put Don Quixote in mind that the ſun was ſet, and that it was time to proceed on their journey. Upon this, the knight ſaid to his ſquire—'Sancho, bring Dapple 'hither; and let him have the honour 'this day to ſerve the queen, inſtead of 'a white palfrey.' This ſaid, he gravely ſaluted Zenobia, and went forward on his way alone, to meditate the revenge he would take upon Pamphus. Sancho willingly obeyed his maſter: he brought his aſs; and, throwing himſelf down on all fours, that the queen might mount with more eaſe—'Lady 'Princeſs,' ſaid he, 'you may ſet your 'feet on my back, and mount Dapple: 'he is ſo gentle, that he would not 'wrong a child; but, the deuce take 'me,' added he, looking up under her noſe, 'I did not know you was ſo 'handſome! Lord, how I long to ſee 'you with the eyes of the underſtanding! for, to deal plainly with you, 'that villainous tutor Pompous has 'made you as ugly as Lucifer.' Barbara did not well like this compliment; and therefore, in revenge, being of a gigantick ſtature, ſhe trod ſo hard upon the poor devil of a ſquire, as ſhe was mounting, that ſhe overthrew and half crippled him. 'Help!' cried Sancho, falling; 'I am a dead man!'—'What is the matter?' quoth the ſoldier, going to help him up. 'O, 'maſter Bracamonte!' anſwered Sancho, 'that carrion carcaſe of a queen 'has broke two of my ribs at leaſt. 'Would the dogs had eaten her to her 'finger's ends!'—'Fair and ſoftly, 'Sancho!' replied Bracamonte, laughing; 'pr'ythee, pay the Queen Zenobia more reſpect; and do not fancy 'it was her that hurt you: ſhe is too 'tender a princeſs; and has ſuch a delicate light foot, that ſhe ſcarce treads 'down the graſs or flowers.'—'O ho, 'Mr. Soldier!' cried Sancho; 'why 'you talk like a knight-errant! and a 'body would think you ſaw the queen 'with the eyes of your underſtanding.'—'No doubt of it,' quoth Bracamonte; 'for there being no other difference betwixt a ſoldier and a knight 'but only the dubbing, all martial 'men enjoy moſt of the privileges belonging to knight-errantry, and particularly that you ſpeak of: however, 'if you will be adviſed by me, we will 'talk no more of this matter; but, as 'we travel on to our lodging, will liſten to the queen, who is going to tell 'us how ſhe fell into this misfortune. '—Mrs. Barbara,' added he, directing his diſcourſe to the Amazon, 'pray, 'if you pleaſe, tell us what robber has 'uſed you ſo ill; and why you left Alcala, where you lived like a queen?'—'Did you then ſee me, Mr. Soldier,' ſaid Barbara, 'in the time of my proſperity? Was you ever in my ſhop? 'Did you ever eat any of that pure 'fried tripe I uſed to dreſs ſo curiouſly?'—'No,' replied Bracamonte; 'but I was then a commoner 'in the college of the Three Languages;

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'and I remember you were reckoned 'the beſt in the world at ſouſing of 'hogs-feet, and making black-pud-'dings.'—'Black-puddings!' quoth Sancho, in a rapture: 'nay, faith, if 'her majeſty's grace has ſuch a knack 'at making of black-puddings, I will 'hire her this moment to be my cook 'in my government.'—'With all my 'heart!' quoth Barbara; 'and I aſ-'ſure you I will make you ſuch rare 'black-puddings, and ſuch dainty 'hotch-potches, that you will lick 'your fingers after them.'—'God be 'praiſed!' ſaid the ſquire, 'I could 'wiſh I were at that ſport already! 'But may it pleaſe your majeſty to 'tell us the cauſe of your miſadven-'ture?' Barbara, who never denied any man, ſoon granted the requeſt, and ſaid—

'Since you deſire it, gentlemen, you 'muſt underſtand that my mother, be-'ing convinced there is no better in-'heritance than a good education, 'taught me to make black-puddings, 'to ſouſe hogs-feet, and to fry tripe: 'ſo that, before ſhe died, ſhe had the 'ſatisfaction of ſeeing me in a way to 'get my living. I had a little cook's 'ſhop in the Tavern Street, whither 'the ſcent of my cookery drew abun-'dance of ſcholars: among the reſt, 'there was one, who made a curious 'figure, and was about twenty-three 'years of age. I found him ſo cour-'teous and civil, and grew ſo fond of 'him, that I was never well any longer 'than I was in his company: I treated 'him like a prince at meals; and I 'bought him books, ſhoes, ſtockings, 'bands, and, in a word, whatever he 'wanted; nor was he ſparing, but 'had every thing he could aſk. When 'he had lived with me in this manner 'almoſt a year, he told me, one day, 'making much of me, that he muſt go 'to Saragoſſa, where he had ſome 'eſtate; and, if I would go with him, 'he was ſo in love with me, that he 'would marry me. Lord, what fools 'women in love are! I had ſo little 'wit that, without thinking any harm, 'I told him I would follow him to the 'Antipodes: accordingly, the very 'next day, I began to ſell all my goods, 'being the furniture of two rooms, 'and a good quantity of linen, which 'brought me fourſcore ducats. In 'ſhort, we left Alcala yeſterday; but 'the devil being in him, as we were 'paſſing by this wood this morning, 'he propoſed to go into it to take the 'cool air—God grant he may take it 'after the ſame manner! But I will not 'curſe him; for perhaps we may chance 'to meet again, and I am apt to be-'lieve that, ſhould he repent, (God 'forgive me!) I could love him again. 'Well, into the wood I went with that 'villain; who, looking ſtern on a ſud-'den, and drawing his dagger, bid 'me deliver all the money I had; and, 'becauſe I did not comply ſoon enough 'to his mind, he began to pinch my 'noſe and ears, to cuff me over the 'face with his fiſt, and to hunch my 'belly with his knees, ſaying—"You "old witch, will you be quick? Will "you make haſte and deli[illegible]e the "money you have got ſo ill, and which "I know better how to ſpend?" I 'muſt confeſs I am ſtill in a paſſion, 'when I call to mind the ill language 'he gave me; and he lyed like a rogue, 'when he called me witch; for though 'I was tied to the ring* upon the ſteps 'of the church of Santa Juſta, I may 'thank ſome of my neighbours, who 'did me that good turn, and ſwore 'falſely againſt me: a pox choak them 'for a parcel of envious jades! But I 'was revenged of one of them, for 'I poiſoned a pretty little dog ſhe 'had.'—'Lord, Madam Queen!' quoth Sancho, interrupting her, 'what 'harm had the poor beaſt done you? 'Was it he that ſwore falſely againſt 'you?'—'No,' replied Barbara; 'but 'they that cannot hurt the maſter are 'revenged on the dog.'—'There is no 'reaſon for that,' anſwered the ſquire; "the vicar is not bound to pay the cu-"rate's debts."—'I grant it,' quoth Hacked Face: 'but, to return to my 'ſtory. When I found there was no 'way to appeaſe that wretch who abuſed 'me, without complying with him, I 'delivered him my fourſcore ducats to 'a farthing: but yet that did not con-'tent him, he ſtripped me to my ſmock; 'and, tying me to a tree, went away 'with all my cloaths.'—'Oh, the con-'founded ſon of a woman!' cried

* A part of the puniſhment inflicted on perſons convicted of witchcraft, or ſuperſtitious practices.

Sancho.—

Sancho.—'What ſay you to that, 'Mr. Bracamonte? Ought not I to 'go from college to college, to find 'that outrageous ſcholar, and chal-'lenge him to fight man to man, or 'ten to ten? I vow, by the order of 'errant-ſquireſhip I profeſs, that I 'will cut off his head, and carry it 'ſticking upon the point of a lance 'to a tilting! All I am afraid of, '(for a man muſt have a care when he 'gathers a roſe that he does not prick 'his fingers) is, leſt I ſhould fall in with 'ſome of thoſe ſcholars of Beelzebub, 'ſuch as I met with in a college at Sa-'ragoſſa. O the profligate vermin! 'One of thoſe rakes, whom Heaven 'burn like Gomorrah! hit me ſuch a 'furious cuff on my left-jaw, that my 'cap fell off; and, as I was ſtooping to 'take it up, another gave me ſuch a 'kick on the breech, that I came over 'upon my noſe. This was not all 'neither; for when I got up, there 'poured down upon my face ſuch a 'ſhower of glanders, that I knew not 'which way to turn myſelf.'

CHAP. VII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE ALARMED A WHOLE VILLAGE, WHERE THE FRIGHT WAS GREATER THAN THE HURT.

SANCHO's hand being once in for talking, he never gave over till they came to the village. There they found the Knight of La Mancha at the door of the inn, ſurrounded by a conſiderable number of people, and very earneſtly holding forth after this manner—'Brave warriors, whoſe valour and 'vigilance defend this famous city, I 'come to warn you to make ready for 'battle! The enchanter Pamphus will 'ſoon be at your gates with a dreadful 'army of giants: he deſigns to raviſh 'from us the chaſte Queen Zenobia, to 'expoſe her again to the cruel death 'from which my invincible arm has 'but now delivered her. Let us not 'ſuffer ſuch an indignity, my friends, 'to be put upon the moſt amiable prin-'ceſs in the world. Stand by me, and 'we will eaſily rout Pamphus and all 'his giants, and will purſue them to 'the fartheſt parts of their dominions! 'But take heed, I entreat you, leſt 'emulation in point of valour, and 'about dividing the kingdoms we 'ſhall conquer from them, do not ſow 'diſcord and animoſities among you; 'for it is abſolutely neceſſary that we 'be always unanimous to put a happy 'end to this war!' The inhabitants of the village were ſo aſtoniſhed at this extraordinary exhortation of Don Quixote, that they knew not what to think of him: ſome looked upon him as a madman; but others, by the richneſs of his armour, and gravity of his diſcourſe, judged him to be ſome famous general whom the king had appointed to command his armies againſt France, a rupture being then expected between that court and Spain. That which moſt puzzled them, was the approach of the enchanter Pamphus, and the protection of Queen Zenobia; and theſe particulars they were about enquiring into, when they ſaw a coach, drawn by ſix mules, attended by five or ſix men on horſeback, advancing towards them on the road that leads from Siguenza. No ſooner had Don Quixote deſcried this cavalcade, than, with a burſt of martial ardour, he exclaimed—'To arms, my friends, to arms! 'Behold here the enchanter advancing 'towards us with all his forces!' Thoſe who had been duped by the firſt part of the knight's diſcourſe, were fools enough to fancy the enemy was at hand; and as generally it happens that fear multiplies objects, that ſmall retinue looked to them like an army: they were all full of confuſion; and began to run into their houſes for weapons, when Bracamonte and the alderman ſet all right, by telling them that Don Quixote was a poor diſtracted gentleman, who was going to the hoſpital at Toledo to be cured. In the mean while, the knight had poſted himſelf in the midſt of the ſtreet, covered himſelf with his buckler, fixed his lance in the reſt, and was now courageouſly waiting to encounter the enemy: but the ſoldier, to prevent any diſaſter, coming up to him, ſaid—'Noble Don 'Quixote, no man knows better than 'yourſelf, that it is always requiſite 'to view the numbers, and the diſpoſi-'tion of an army, before engaging: 'give me leave, therefore, to advance 'upon diſcovery; you may ſtay here; 'I will obſerve the enemy ſo nearly, 'that you ſhall not fail of a particular

'account of them.' The Knight of La Mancha approving of what he ſaid, the ſoldier went towards the coach, and deſired leave to ſpeak to thoſe who were in it, to give them an account of Don Quixote's madneſs; but as ſoon as he caſt his eyes upon a gentleman who was in the coach with two ladies, he was ſtruck dumb with ſurprize, and could not utter a ſyllable. The gentleman was no leſs amazed at the behaviour of the ſoldier; but having viewed him well, he leaped out at the door of the coach, and ſtretching forward his arms to him, exclaimed—'Oh, my 'brother! my dear Bracamonte, is it 'you! The wretched condition I ſee 'you in, does not hinder me from 'knowing you!'

They embraced one another ſeveral times, weeping for joy; for they had not ſeen each other during fifteen years, and had been mutually anxious on that account. After the death of their father, they had divided betwixt them a ſmall inheritance; and the ſoldier, who was the youngeſt, took to the army: but though he had behaved himſelf bravely in Flanders, yet he had gained nothing but the honour of his actions. The elder, whoſe name was Don Raphael de Bracamonte, was now returning from Peru very rich, with two ladies, one of whom was his wife, and the other his mother-in-law. The two brothers never ceaſed embracing one another, and that with the warmeſt tranſports that kindred and friendſhip could produce. As ſoon as the ladies underſtood the character of the ſoldier, though his appearance did little honour to the alliance, they received him with ſuch exceſs of civility and politeneſs, that he could hardly make ſuitable acknowledgments.

Whilſt this happened, Don Quixote, finding that the ſoldier did not return, and fancying he had been taken by the enemy, advanced to reſcue him, and ſpurred on towards the coach; but before he could come up to it, the ſoldier had in a few words acquainted his brother and the ladies with his madneſs; and having thus prepared them to receive him, he ſuffered him to draw near; and then, with a loud voice, ſaid —'Sir Knight, whoſe redoubted arm 'has thunderſtrucken more giants than 'Jupiter! you muſt underſtand that the 'enchanter Pamphus is not here. The 'perſonages you here behold are no 'enemies to the Princeſs Zenobia: on 'the contrary, it is the queen her mo-'ther who is in the coach, and who, 'attended by a damſel and a ſquire, 'comes to return you thanks for hav-'ing delivered her daughter from a 'death ſhe could not have avoided, but 'by your undaunted courage!' Don Quixote, hearing theſe words, drew near to the coach; and, after ſaluting the ladies gravely, without alighting from his horſe, or giving them time to ſpeak, he directed his diſcourſe to Don Raphael's mother-in-law, ſaying—'Great 'queen, who mayeſt juſtly boaſt that 'you have brought forth the moſt fa-'mous princeſs in the world, as being 'mother to the peerleſs Zenobia! I am 'ſorry you have left your dominions 'for my ſake, and undergone the fa-'tigue of ſo long a journey! I have 'not yet performed any thing worthy 'your acknowledgment; but I hope, 'when I have overcome the giant Bra-'marbas Ironſides, King of Cyprus, in 'ſingle combat; I hope, I ſay, I ſhall 'then cauſe the infanta your daugh-'ter to be crowned queen of that de-'licious iſland, formerly the place of 'abode of the goddeſs of love.' Though Zenobia's mother was forewarned of the knight's extravagance, ſhe knew not very well what anſwer to return to ſo prepoſterous a ſalutation: the ſoldier, therefore, to eaſe her of that trouble, told Don Quixote, that the queen being extremely wearied with her journey, they muſt make haſte to the inn, where they might diſcourſe more at their eaſe. When they came thither, Don Quixote would needs himſelf introduce to the ladies the beautiful Queen of the Amazons; who, being ſtill wrapped up in the cloak of the alderman, excited no moderate ſurprize. The knight perceiving this, ſaid—'It doth not at 'all aſtoniſh me, moſt unparalleled 'empreſſes! that you continue to look 'round in ſearch of the amiable Ze-'nobia, notwithſtanding that ſhe is 'now before you; nor do I marvel, 'that even her own mother knows her 'not! This horrid metamorphoſis is 'the work of the enchanter Pamphus; 'but I ſwear by all that is moſt ſacred 'in knight-errantry, that I will diſpel 'the fatal ſpells which ſurround this 'renowned queen, and will ſoon re-'ſtore her to her former beauty!' Don Raphael's

Raphael's mother-in-law, having had leiſure to ſtudy a compliment, applauded the knight's generous reſolution; and ſpoke to him in ſuch language as fully convinced our hero that ſhe was the parent of Zenobia.

At this inſtant Sancho, who till now had divided his time between the ſtable and the kitchen, came into the room, all in a heat, clapping his hands for joy, and crying—'Good news, my 'maſters! Good news! We ſhall be all 'littered up to our bellies!'—'Why, 'what is the matter, Sancho?' quoth Don Quixote; 'have you found out 'where the giants are that ſtripped the 'queen?'—'That's well enough, 'i'faith!' quoth the ſquire; 'that's 'likely to be the matter that pleaſes 'me!'—'Perhaps it is,' replied the knight, 'that Bramarbas is come to 'this village, to put an end to our com-'bat.'—'God deliver us!' anſwered Sancho, 'I have better news than all 'that; what I can tell you is, that I 'ſaw a delicate ſoup below ſtewing 'upon the fire; and it is that has re-'joiced me.'—'Scoundrel!' cried Don Quixote in a paſſion; 'can you never 'open your mouth without diſcovering 'your greedineſs?' Then turning to the ladies, he entreated them to forgive his ſquire's impertinence; and fell into a diſcourſe with them, which held till ſupper. In the mean while, the ſoldier, who had acquainted his brother with Sancho's ingenuity, drew him into the corner of the room; and, in the preſence of Don Raphael, ſaid to him—'Dear 'Sancho, we have a great deal of bu-'ſineſs upon our hands; perhaps you 'don't know who that old lady is 'that your maſter is talking with: 'ſhe is a princeſs, my friend; ſhe is 'Queen Zenobia's mother!'—'Maſter 'Bracamonte,' quoth Sancho, 'carry 'that candle to another ſaint. Don't 'think to make me take rials for du-'cats. I remember very well her la-'dyſhip the queen told us, a while ago, 'that her mother was dead.'—'That's 'true,' anſwered the ſoldier; 'but 'have you forgotten already, that 'Pamphus the enchanter has diſturbed 'the Princeſs Zenobia's underſtand-'ing? Nay, do not you perceive that 'the whole hiſtory ſhe has juſt told us 'is to be regarded, from one end to the 'other, as nothing but a fabulous ſug-'geſtion of the ſame enchanter?'—'By my ſoul, I am ſorry for it!' replied Sancho; 'for, if ſo, I dare lay a 'wager ſhe has forgot how to make 'black-puddings.'—'Nay, as for the 'black-puddings,' quoth the ſoldier, laughing, 'it is poſſible ſhe may know 'how to make them ſtill; for the prin-'ceſs has had an excellent education. 'But be it as it will, there certainly is 'her mother, who has been thanking 'your maſter for releaſing Queen Ze-'nobia.'—'In troth,' quoth the ſquire, looking upon the ladies, 'I am glad of 'it. And who is that young damſel 'by her?'—'It is her maid of ho-'nour,' ſaid the ſoldier—'and this is 'her ſquire,' added he, pointing to Don Raphael. Sancho ſaluted him; and they ſoon grew acquainted. When ſupper was ready, there aroſe a controverſy about ſitting down to table. Don Raphael's mother-in-law having ſeated herſelf at the upper-end, ſaid to Don Quixote—'Sir Knight, will you per-'mit my damſel and ſquire to ſup with 'us, that they may hereafter boaſt they 'have had the honour of eating with 'the great Don Quixote.' The knight having ſignified his conſent by a profound bow of approbation, Don Raphael and his wife placed themſelves by Zenobia; the alderman and young Bracamonte by Don Quixote. All were ſeated but Sancho; who, drawing a chair, took his place without any ceremony at the lower end, ſaying, with a loud voice, to his maſter—'Sir, ſince 'you give leave for the princeſs's ſquire 'to eat with you, perhaps ſhe will give 'me leave to eat with her: and why 'not? I am a Chriſtian as well as ano-'ther; and, God be praiſed, I han't 'the itch!—So, gentlemen,' added the ſquire, 'here goes without farther ce-'remony! "Faint heart never won "fair lady!" In this place the ſage Aliſolan ſtops to remark a circumſtance worthy of attention. He obſerves, that Don Quixote did not manifeſt the ſmalleſt token of diſpleaſure at the liberty juſt taken by Sancho; becauſe, being himſelf naturally very haughty, he was well pleaſed that his ſquire ſhould be treated with equal ceremony as the ſquire belonging to the princeſs. The diſcourſe during ſupper turned entirely upon knight-errantry; and the ſoldier having ordered his brother's ſervants, who waited at table, to ply Sancho with wine pretty often, the honeſt ſquire

was ſoon ripened into a pleaſant humour, and afforded high diverſion to the company, by reciting the unheard-of exploits of his maſter; who did not fail to interpret, to his own advantage, the favourable attention that was paid to his ſquire's narrative. When it was time to go to bed, the innkeeper conducted the two ladies into the beſt room in the houſe; and the hoſteſs led Barbara into a cloſet which looked out over the ſtables. The two Bracamontes ſtaid in the room where they had ſupped; the alderman went to bed in another, and Sancho was diſpoſed of in a garret. As for Don Quixote, his admirable ſagacity at ſmelling out adventures determined him to continue under arms in the inn-yard, and to watch all night for the protection of the princeſſes; foreſeeing, as he ſaid, that the enchanter Pamphus would make ſome attempt to carry off Zenobia.

CHAP. VIII.

THE STORY OF DON RAPHAEL DE BRACAMONTE.

WHEN the two Bracamontes were left to themſelves, they began to aſk one another what had befallen them ſince their ſeparation upon their father's death. 'For my part,' ſaid the ſoldier, 'I have ſerved ever ſince in 'Flanders, and have been always unfortunate; which, in truth, is at preſent the whole I have to tell you. 'But as for you, brother, I find you 'in ſuch a flouriſhing condition, that 'I am impatient till I hear where, and 'in what manner, you have advanced 'yourſelf ſo conſiderably.'—'I ſhall 'ſatisfy your curioſity,' replied Don Raphael; 'and acquaint you with ſuch 'things as it moſt highly concerns me 'to conceal from all the world: but I 'will hide nothing from a brother I 'love ſo entirely as yourſelf; and, beſides, every thing which regards my 'honour, perſonally concerns you alſo.' Don Raphael then began his ſtory as follows.

'You will remember our parting, 'after we had divided the ſmall fortune Don Bernard our father left us. 'You went away for Flanders, and I 'to Corunna, where I ſhipped myſelf 'aboard the firſt veſſel that ſailed for 'Peru. When I arrived at Nombre de 'Dios, I there found many Spaniards 'who purpoſed, like myſelf, to proceed 'to Lima; but hearing that Gonzalo 'Pizarro had made himſelf maſter of 'that kingdom, we durſt not go thither. Though we were very eager to 'make our fortunes, yet we were too 'loyal to ſide with Pizarro; and therefore ſtaid a conſiderable time at Nombre de Dios, without knowing which 'way to beſtow ourſelves. At laſt we 'learned, that one Melchior Verdugo, 'a Spaniſh commander, was arrived at 'Panama. He came to rouze up the 'king's loyal ſubjects, and to raiſe forces 'againſt Pizarro. This information 'ſufficiently determined our plan. We 'immediately went away to Verdugo at 'Panama. He received us with extraordinary tokens of joy and affection; 'and, aſking every one of us from what 'part of Spain he came, as ſoon as I 'told him my country and my name, 'he embraced me; ſaying, he was alſo 'of the city of Avila, and had been formerly my father's particular friend. 'Verdugo was a very rich man; the 'whole province of Caxamalca belonged to him; and he was, at that 'time, the only man in Peru able to 'cope with Pizarro. I determined, 'therefore, to attach myſelf cloſely to 'Verdugo; and I ſtudied his temper ſo 'ſucceſsfully, that, within a year's time, 'I inſinuated myſelf into his particular confidence. I ſhall not trouble 'you with recounting our various ſucceſſes againſt ſeveral officers whom 'Pizarro ſent to oppoſe us. A detail 'of this nature would be too prolix; 'and it is not my purpoſe at preſent to 'enter upon the wars of Peru. I ſhall 'only tell you, that the king, hearing 'of the troubles of that kingdom, caſt 'his eyes upon the licentiate Pedro 'Gaſca, one of the council of the inquiſition, a man of known wiſdom, 'and whoſe prudence had been tried in 'ſeveral negociations. This man his 'majeſty ſent to Peru, with the title of 'Preſident of the Royal Audience; and 'with full power to uſe ſuch means as 'he ſhould judge moſt expedient for 'reſtoring peace in that country. As 'ſoon as the preſident came to Nombre 'de Dios, and the cauſe of his going 'to Peru was known at Panama, all 'perſons openly declared for the king; 'and even ſome of Pizarro's officers

'came

'came in to him, and avowed their re-
'ſolution to ſubmit themſelves to his
'majeſty. The preſident thanked them
'in the king's name; aſſuring them of
'his intention to pardon the rebels, pro-
'vided they returned to their duty. It
'would now have been Pizarro's wiſeſt
'courſe to have embraced his majeſty's
'mercy; but he obſtinately ſtood out,
'and refuſed to ſubmit. The preſi-
'dent therefore levied troops, and
'joined Verdugo: in fine, we fought
'Pizarro; who was routed at Xaqui-
'xaguana, and afterwards executed.
'After his death, and the entire de-
'feat of his party, the preſident pu-
'niſhed thoſe who had ſupported him,
'and divided their effects among us.
'I had a good ſhare in this dividend;
'for the preſident, upon the applica-
'tion of Verdugo, allotted me a con-
'ſiderable number of Indians; with
'whom I went and eſtabliſhed myſelf
'in the territory of Potoſi, where ſome
'very rich mines had lately been diſ-
'covered. Theſe are only ſilver mines;
'but the veins are ſo large, and the
'metal ſo fine, that they yield more
'than all the others in Peru. In ſhort,
'an hundred weight of ore yielded
'fourſcore marks weight of ſilver *,
'which is very unuſual. I contracted
'with my Indians to pay me two marks
'a week each, and to keep the reſt for
'their wages; which they did with ſuch
'eaſe, that they gained more them-
'ſelves than they paid me. I did not
'at all neglect ſo fair an opportunity
'of enriching myſelf; and in eight
'years time I had amaſſed near an hun-
'dred thouſand crowns. I now grew
'very deſirous of returning to Spain,
'that I might make you partaker of
'my good fortune, and that we might
'live reputably together. I therefore
'parted with my Indians, and ſet out
'with all my treaſure for Lima. There
'I found ſome other Spaniards, who
'having, like myſelf, made their for-
'tunes in Peru, were extremely anxious
'to reviſit their own country. We
'joined companies, hired a ſhip, and
'put aboard our effects. Verdugo,
'who was then at Lima, uſed all his
'endeavours to diſſuade me from my
'reſolution; but I would not give ear
'to him, and went aboard.

'We ſet ſail with a fair wind, and
'had no reaſon to doubt of a good
'voyage; nay, we even came in ſight
'of the port of Panama; but the joy
'of the ſailors on this occaſion coſt us
'dear: for the captain having made
'his crew drink to exceſs, and the pilot
'being alſo drunk, there was ſo little
'care of the helm, that about mid-
'night, nobody looking out, the ſhip
'was driven by the wind and tide ſo
'furiouſly upon a rock, that we gave
'ourſelves up for loſt. It was then ſo
'dark that we could ſee nothing, and
'therefore did not preſently diſcern
'that we had ſprung a leak; but when
'day appeared, and diſcovered to us
'the whole of our misfortune, nothing
'was to be heard among the ſailors
'but cries and lamentations: we, how-
'ever, betook ourſelves to planks, and
'other things that might bear us up,
'and endeavoured to ſwim to the ſhore.
'I was the firſt man who reached it,
'my good fortune having thrown me
'into a ſort of little bay that ſtretched
'out into the ſea between two rocks:
'from thence, I encouraged my com-
'panions to follow my example, and
'many of them fared the better for
'my advice. Some of the people of
'the country, having obſerved from
'land that our ſhip was near founder-
'ing, came off to our aſſiſtance in fiſh-
'ing-boats: but it proved too late;
'for above half the crew were already
'drowned, ſome becauſe they could
'not ſwim, and others from being
'daſhed by the violence of the waves
'againſt the rocks, or againſt the ſhip
'itſelf, which ſoon ſunk; ſo that no-
'thing of her appeared above water
'but the vane at the main-top-maſt-
'head, which only ſeemed to riſe above
'the water to ſhew where the wreck
'lay. When we were got to ſhore, I
'propoſed attempting to weigh up the
'ſhip; but there was ſcarce any body
'elſe of the ſame opinion: they all ſaid
'that the ſhip, being old and rotten,
'the iron grapples which muſt be fixed
'to it, would tear out the parts they
'laid hold of; and the veſſel being
'thus moved by piece-meal, our ſilver
'would ſtill be left at the bottom.

'We travelled along the coaſt to-
'wards Panama; and when we came
'into the town, ſome people hearing
'of our ſhipwreck, and taking pity on

* A mark weight is eight ounces.

'us,

'us, came to our assistance, and carried us to their houses; where they endeavoured, by all manner of courtesy, to mitigate our sorrow. I happened to be in the house of one Don Michael de la Vega, a man of great generosity. He omitted nothing that might raise up my spirits under my misfortune: he made me a thousand tenders of his service, and offered to employ his friends to procure me some establishment under the viceroy in New Spain. Whilst he was making interest for me, I took care to write to Verdugo an account of all that had happened, conjuring him to advise me what in his wisdom and friendship he should think best. In the mean while, Don Michael and I contracted a strict friendship for each other: he introduced me to the principal men in Panama; and one day he carried me to visit a lady that was his relation, whose name was Donna Maria de Almagro. This lady had a young daughter called Donna Theodora: they both received me so very courteously, that I had no sooner left them, but I wished to see them again. Don Michael asked me what I thought of them; and he might well judge by my answer, that he would oblige me in carrying me thither again. He did so; and, in short, I visited them almost every day for three months. This intercourse having produced much familiarity between us, it was not long before I discovered that the young Theodora felt some attachment to me; and I was soon confirmed in this opinion: for, one morning, a shrewd little Creole girl, of Moorish extraction, entered my apartment, who brought me a note from her, accompanied with several pair of Spanish garters, embroidered with gold and silver, and a very rich scarf of Spanish lace. The note was not written in very courtly language; but the stile had such an air of tenderness and simplicity, that it discovered a heart unused to these intrigues. That I might not be behind-hand in generosity, I sent back by the same messenger some of the few valuable things which I had saved from my shipwreck; a pair of ear-rings, and a ring worth fifty pistoles; together with an answer full of passionate expressions. That same day I went, after dinner, to visit her; and finding her at work with only two little negro girls in the room, her mother being then taking her afternoon nap, I had all the opportunity I could wish for of acknowledging the favour she had conferred on me. Donna Theodora could not look upon me, after what she had done, without emotion. "I know not what you will think of me!" said she. "I shall think," replied I, "that you are the most lovely creature "in the world; and I shall retain, as "long as I live, the most grateful re-"membrance of your goodness!" Our conversation, after this, grew insensibly very lively; till, at length, Donna Maria's appearance interrupted it, and obliged us to change the discourse.

'The next day, a fly-boat from Lima came to an anchor in the port; and the pilot brought me an answer from Verdugo, which informed me that he had received my letter, and advised me to return to Peru, where he would put me in a way to retrieve my fortune. This letter extremely embarrassed me; for I then felt myself so much in love with Theodora, that I could not think of leaving her: at the same time I could not guess in what manner my passion would terminate, my affairs not suffering me to flatter myself that Donna Maria, who was very rich, would bestow on me her only daughter. In fine, I shewed Verdugo's letter to Don Michael; who, being no stranger to the passion I had for his niece, told me that it was not worth while returning to Peru, to lay the foundation of a new fortune; since mine was already made, it being at my option to marry Donna Theodora. "I have "had this marriage in my mind," added he, "for some time past; and "I have managed so successfully, "that Donna Maria is already disposed "to consent to it." At these words, I clasped my arms about Don Michael's neck, and assured him, in the warmest terms I could think of, that I was most sensible of the favour he did me, and would use my utmost endeavours to deserve it, since I had done nothing to merit it, and owed it entirely to his goodness. He embraced me again, and returned me a

'most

' moſt obliging anſwer. We went to-
' gether to Donna Maria's houſe, with
' whom he diſcourſed a while in pri-
' vate: he then went out, and left me
' alone with her. Donna Maria pre-
' ſently led me into her cloſet; where,
' when we were ſeated, ſhe told me,
' without any heſitation, that the pity
' ſhe felt for my heavy misfortunes,
' the high commendations of Don Mi-
' chael, and the good qualities ſhe
' daily diſcovered in me, had at length
' determined her to beſtow her daugh-
' ter upon me, with a portion of four
' hundred thouſand crowns, if I choſe
' to marry her. I thought ſhe had
' bantered, when ſhe aſked a man that
' was not worth a groat, whether he
' would marry a rich heireſs; and I
' knew not what to anſwer, when ſhe
' went on, and ſaid—" I perceive, Don
" Raphael, you are aſtoniſhed at my
" ſeeming to doubt whether you would
" marry my daughter; but though ſhe
" is young, rich, and handſome, you
" muſt underſtand, perhaps, there is
" not a gentleman in this country but
" would refuſe to be my ſon-in-law.
" This diſcourſe ſurprizes you," pur-
' ſued ſhe; " but I will ſoon clear up
" your aſtoniſhment. About twenty
" years ago I had a brother, whom I
" loved moſt tenderly: he was unfor-
" tunate; he one night killed a gentle-
" man, who was nephew to the gover-
" nor of the town. Whatever mea-
" ſures he took for his eſcape, he was
" unable to elude the ſtrict ſearch of
" the governor, who cauſed him to be
" ſeized, and iſſued orders that he
" ſhould ſuffer as a murderer, though
" he had killed his antagoniſt fairly.
" Our kindred and friends all united
" in ſoliciting his pardon; but the
" governor, who was both judge and
" party, proved inexorable. The day
" appointed for my brother's execu-
" tion drew near; the danger that
" threatened a life I held ſo dear oblig-
" ing me to lay aſide all the reſerved-
" neſs of my ſex, I haſted to the go-
" vernor's houſe, I caſt myſelf at his
" feet, and gave way, in his preſence, to
" all the tranſports of piercing grief.
" He ſeemed touched at my affliction;
" and I at firſt fancied that my tears
" had moved his pity; but I ſoon found
" that I had excited a very different
" ſenſation. In ſhort, the brute de-
" clared to me his wicked deſires; and
" aſſured me, that I muſt either reſolve
" to gratify them, or to ſee my brother
" periſh. I ſhuddered at this deteſta-
" ble propoſition, and looked upon the
" judge as a monſter; but, at length,
" the time he had given me to conſider
" being almoſt expired, the idea of my
" brother's death, and of the infamy
" his execution would bring upon our
" family, ſo diſtracted me, that I
" yielded myſelf up to his embrace,
" having firſt bound him by an oath
" to reſtore my brother to me the day
" following. The villain did ſend
" him; but he firſt cauſed him to be
" ſtrangled. This perfidy rendered
" me utterly frantick; ſo that, breath-
" ing nothing but vengeance, I re-
" paired inſtantly to Mexico, and laid
" the whole affair before the viceroy.
" My deſpair touched his heart; and
" he was ſo incenſed at the governor's
" perfidiouſneſs, that he ſent imme-
" diately ſeveral officers of his guards
" to Panama, with orders to ſeize and
" bring him to Mexico; which was
" accordingly done. I was there to
" confound him; and the viceroy, hav-
" ing drawn from him a confeſſion of
" the fact, condemned him to ſuffer
" the ſame death which he had inflicted
" on my brother. After the gover-
" nor's death, I returned to Panama,
" with the ſatisfaction of an entire re-
" venge; but, at the ſame time, with
" the ſhame of having publiſhed my
" diſhonour: for, in ſhort, I was with
" child; and I was delivered of Donna
" Theodora. This, Don Raphael, is
" my ſtory; and I was willing to tell
" it myſelf, that I might ſatisfy you
" as to my motives for offering you
" my daughter. I deſign to leave this
" country, where I have the misfor-
" tune of feeling my reputation loſt,
" and the diſſatisfaction of living a-
" mong people who have ſomething
" to upbraid me with. Beſides, ſince
" my daughter is grown up, I ima-
" gine that every body who looks at
" her, does it but to my ſhame. I will
" go with you into Spain; where, my
" daughter and I being known to no-
" body, we ſhall live comfortably; and
" I am the more pleaſed with this re-
" ſolution, becauſe, at the ſame time
" that I provide for my own quiet, I
" flatter myſelf I am doing eſſential
" ſervice to an honeſt man. Nothing
" now remains, but to inform me of

" your

" your ſentiments on the occaſion."—
' I made anſwer to Donna Maria, that
' ſhe could not propoſe any thing more
' pleaſing to me; that her daughter
' was too well educated, and too de-
' ſerving for a man to regard a chi-
' merical point of honour; and that,
' for my part, a ridiculous delicacy
' ſhould never induce me to deſpiſe
' worth and virtue. Donna Maria
' was well ſatisfied with my anſwer;
' and a few days after I married Donna
' Theodora*.

' We thought of nothing, after this,
' but our departure; and the appointed
' day being come, we left Panama, re-
' gretting nothing but our ſeparation
' from Don Michael. We went to
' Nombre de Dios, where we embark-
' ed, with all our treaſure, on board a
' man of war bound for Spain, in
' which we arrived ſafe at Cadiz:
' there we ſet up an equipage, and
' hired ſervants; for we had brought
' none with us, Don Maria not chuſing
' to have any domeſtick, whoſe indiſ-
' cretion ſhe might have reaſon to be
' apprehenſive of. From Cadiz we
' travelled towards Avila, hoping there
' to hear ſome news of you; but, when
' we came thither, we were informed
' that you had not been ſeen there for
' ſeveral years, and nobody knew what
' was become of you. We lived there
' half a year; and ſhould have con-
' tinued longer, had I not heard of a
' very deſirable eſtate upon ſale in the
' neighbourhood of Saragoſſa: we are
' now going thither to purchaſe it, if
' we like it, and to ſettle there. I bleſs
' God for having found you, and that
' I am in a condition to make ſome
' amends for the little regard the court
' has ſhewn to your long ſervice. You
' ſhall go with us to-morrow; and I
' dare aſſure you my mother-in-law
' and my wife will be happy in what-
' ever I ſhall do to relieve you from
' your preſent miſerable ſituation.'—
When Don Raphael had done ſpeak-
ing, the ſoldier returned him thanks
for his kindneſs; and the two brothers
gave one another a thouſand teſtimonies
of mutual affection.

CHAP. IX.

HOW DON QUIXOTE PREVENTED PAMPHUS THE ENCHANTER FROM STEALING AWAY QUEEN ZENOBIA, AND OTHER MATTERS WORTH READING.

DON Quixote having reſolved to remain under arms all night, as was ſaid before, for fear of any ſurprize from Pamphus the enchanter, which there was reaſon enough to be apprehenſive of, took upon himſelf the office of ſentinel; and, graſping firmly his lance and buckler, paraded fiercely about the yard of the inn. All people were now retired to their reſt, and beginning to enjoy the ſweets of ſlumber, when the knight, wearied with the continual exerciſe of traverſing the yard, leaned againſt the wall of a well to reſt himſelf for a moment. As he caſt his eyes around on every ſide, he deſcried, by the faint light of the ſetting moon, an object which called up all his attention. He ſaw ſally forth from the ſtable, a man, naked to the ſhirt, who bore a ladder upon his ſhoulders. This was no other than the coachman of Don Raphael, who having been an old acquaintance of Queen Zenobia's, and knowing where ſhe lay, was going to offer his ſervice to her, deſigning to get in at the window, which he thought might eaſily be effected with his ladder. Barbara, who was not at all afraid of ſuch attempts, had left the window open to let in the cool air of the night, which the coachman obſerving, he planted his ladder againſt it, not in the leaſt doubting of the ſucceſs of his enterprize, and with-

* The French paraphraſt has uſed very little ceremony with reſpect to the incidental narratives introduced in Avellaneda's Don Quixote. He rejects thoſe of his original, or inſerts new ones of his own, juſt as inclination leads him. The preſent ſtory (which in it's chief circumſtance reſembles Shakeſpeare's Meaſure for Meaſure, but which circumſtance one might ſuppoſe to be actually copied from the act of ſavage iniquity perpetrated by Colonel Kirke, after the defeat of Monmouth at Sedgemoor, in 1685) is not, for inſtance, to be found in the Spaniſh original. There are, however, ſome things in the Spaniſh, which the paraphraſt may deſerve thanks for the omiſſion of. There is a ſtrange relation concerning the miſtaking of a nun for the Virgin Mary. There is a tale of a man making his way into the bed of a lady, immediately after child-birth; and there is a very offenſive medley of adultery and murder.

out

out conſidering that projects apparently the moſt eaſy are not always ſucceſsful. He had not quite reached the top, when the Knight of La Mancha, who had obſerved him the whole time, and doubted not of his being the enchanter Pamphus, who was about to make his way into the caſtle, that he might carry off Queen Zenobia; approached quietly to the ladder, and laying down his ſhield upon the ground, graſped his lance with both hands, and with the butt-end of it diſcharged ſo terrible a blow upon the ſcull of the amorous coachman, that he fetched him down much faſter than he had aſcended. 'This! perfidious necro-'mancer!' exclaimed Don Quixote, 'this is the reward of your deſperate 'machinations! You imagined, then, to 'elude my vigilance, and to carry off the 'princeſs? But know, enchanter, that 'ſhe is better guarded than the daugh-'ter of Inachus; and that the Loveleſs 'Knight is incapable of being ſurpriz-'ed.' The poor necromancer, who was little leſs hurt by the fall than by the blow, made no anſwer but by his piteous cries, which rouzed and alarmed the whole inn. The ladies, fancying themſelves in ſome harbour of robbers, expected their throats would be cut every inſtant, and began recommending themſelves to God. The landlord and landlady bellowed—'Fire! fire!' without knowing what the matter was. Sancho and the alderman jumped up in diſmay, and hurried down almoſt naked into the yard. The two Bracamontes, who were not yet gone to bed, were the firſt who reached the field of battle in conſequence of the noiſe. There they found the knight-errant, who having by this time quitted his lance, was about to thruſt his ſword down the throat of the enchanter, roaring to him at the ſame time, with a voice of thunder—'At length, monſter! thy final 'hour is come, and thou wilt receive 'thy death's wound at my hands. But 'before I cut ſhort the execrable courſe 'of thy abhorred exiſtence, inform me, 'caitiff! inform me in what country of 'Aſia or Africa thou impriſoneſt in-'fantas and princes in thy horrible 'dungeons, that I may repair thither 'this inſtant with the happy tidings of 'thydeath and theirdeliverance.'—'Ha! 'Don Bracamonte,' continued he, recognizing the ſoldier by his voice, 'behold here Pamphus the enchanter, 'whom I have felled by the force of 'my ſtrokes. The traitor was about 'entering the chamber of Zenobia, to 'carry her off; and you may ſtill ſee at 'yonder window the ladder he had 'brought for the purpoſe.' By this time Barbara appearing at the window, the two Bracamontes eaſily gueſſed at above half the truth; and Don Raphael obſerving that the enchanter was very like his coachman, in order to bring him off, ſaid to Don Quixote—'Sir 'Knight, beware of killing that en-'chanter; his life is behooveful to your 'honour: forgive him, upon condition 'he go and publiſh throughout the 'whole world, that notwithſtanding all 'the power of his art, you have van-'quiſhed him in ſingle combat. You 'will gain more honour by this than 'by his death.'—'It is moſt certain,' ſaid the ſoldier; 'yet that is not all: 'the enchanter muſt bind himſelf never 'more to diſturb Queen Zenobia; and 'he muſt ſwear by every thing enchant-'ers hold moſt ſacred, that he will ne-'ver more attempt to ſteal into the 'chambers of princeſſes by night, ſince 'he has no better fortune in ſuch en-'terprizes.'—'Gentlemen,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'you are not ſo well acquaint-'ed with enchanters as I am; they will 'take as many oaths as you pleaſe, but 'they do not value their word, for they 'are a faithleſs and lawleſs race.' '—You are in the right, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'ſpare him not: nay, faith, 'ſince 'tis the firſt time we have over-'come an enchanter, we muſt drub this 'dog till we are weary, that he may go 'tell the reſt of them, and then they 'will trouble us no more.'—'Though 'he does not deſerve to live,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'yet I will pardon him, pro-'vided the queen, with her royal mouth, 'commands it from that golden bal-'cony, to which the fame of my victory 'has brought her.' Upon this, Barbara, who began to grow acquainted with Don Quixote's mode of behaviour, cried to him, from her window—'Sir 'Knight, do not hurt him, I beſeech 'you; I heartily forgive what he has 'done to me, though it had been ten 'times as much; for we ought not to 'bear malice in our hearts.' The coachman being let looſe upon theſe words, got up with much difficulty, and ſlunk away to his truckle as he could. Don Raphael then acquainted Zenobia

that her majeſty might return to bed again in ſafety; ſince, after what had happened, Pamphus the enchanter would not be ſoon in a condition to diſturb her repoſe. The princeſs took his advice, and went to bed again without ſhutting the window, or ſo much as cauſing the ladder to be taken away, leaving all enchanters at their liberty to try whether they could prove more ſucceſsful than Pamphus. The two Bracamontes conducted Don Quixote into the houſe, and ordered a room for him, where he was diſarmed by the ſoldier and Sancho; whilſt Don Raphael conjecturing the ladies muſt neceſſarily be frightened, went to ſatisfy them, by telling the adventure. He then returned to his brother, with whom he reſted the remainder of the night. The alderman went back to his room with the ſame deſign; and Sancho remounted into his garret.

Next morning, when every body was riſen, the ladies complimented the knight upon his encounter; and Donna Maria, as mother to the Hacked-face Queen, addreſſing him, ſaid—'Sir 'Knight, I intended to have taken 'the princeſs my daughter along with 'me; but I fear leſt her enemy Pam-'phus, ſeeing her ſo ill guarded, ſhould 'attempt to force her away: I therefore 'am deſirous that ſhe may bear you 'company where you go; that, being un-'der your protection, the enchanter 'may not moleſt her.' The knight returned the old lady thanks for the confidence ſhe repoſed in his valour, and ſwore to her by the order of knighthood, that he would place the princeſs her daughter ſo high, that Pamphus ſhould not be able to offend her.

The two brothers and the ladies having a long journey to perform that day, and the coachman, notwithſtanding his hurt, being in a condition to drive the coach, they ſoon took leave of Don Quixote and the alderman, with a thouſand offers of ſervice never to be performed. As ſoon as Don Raphael's retinue was gone, Sancho ſaid to Don Quixote—'Do you really believe, Sir, 'that Queen Barbara's mother is in the 'coach?'—'No doubt of it,' anſwered the knight. 'O rare!' quoth Sancho; 'I durſt lay a wager they are not a-kin 'in the hundredth degree, or I under-'ſtand nothing. Who the devil ever 'ſaw a mother go away as this does? 'She has ſcarce looked upon her daugh-'ter; and pray, do but mind how ſhe 'leaves her here naked, without giv-'ing her a rag to put on.'—'You take 'things wrong,' quoth Don Quixote; 'you attribute that to want of tender-'neſs, which in reality is the effect of 'her politeneſs. Do not you perceive 'that Queen Zenobia, being under my 'my protection, the queen her mother 'would have thought it an affront to 'me to give her any money? She durſt 'not ſo much as leave one of her pal-'fries to carry her to Madrid, for fear 'of offending my nice honour, ſhe is ſo 'very obſervant and circumſpect; a 'thing which, indeed, ſhe might have 'done without offence to the laws of 'chivalry: ſo that the care of cloath-'ing the queen, and getting her a white 'palfrey, lies wholly upon me; and I 'ſhall be well pleaſed to be at that 'charge.' The hoſt, who ſtood by, laying hold of this opportunity, ſaid to our hero—'Sir Knight, I have a good 'mule in my ſtable, which I will ſell 'you, if you pleaſe.' Don Quixote deſired to ſee her; and, liking the beaſt, he ordered his portmanteau, where his whole revenue lay, to be brought forth, and told out twenty-ſix ducats to the hoſt upon the ſpot. The mule was then ſaddled; and Barbara mounting her, our adventurers ſet out with her for Siguenza.

They got to the town between four and five in the afternoon, and alighted at the firſt inn they found. The alderman deſiring to have his cloak again, a broker was ſent for, who brought women's cloaths of ſeveral colours. The knight beſought Zenobia to pleaſe herſelf, but ſhe inſiſted upon conſulting his opinion; and Don Quixote was not a little gratified to find his taſte correſpond with that of the queen. They both pitched upon a cloak and petticoat of taffeta, with yellow, green and black ſtripes; and their inclination being thus turned to ſtriped commodities, they made choice of a ſattin gown, enriched with flame colour, violet and olive; in which Barbara arrayed herſelf immediately. Sancho ſeeing Zenobia thus clad, burſt out a laughing. 'By our holy 'mother Eve's ſoul,' ſaid he, 'me-'thinks my lady the queen, in theſe fine 'cloaths, looks like an old houſe new 'white-waſhed! Pox take me, if this 'gay garb does not make her look

'like

'like——by my faith, she is comically 'clad!'

Don Quixote having paid the broker, and the queen now seeming to him worthy the design he had of defending her beauty in publick, he called for pen, ink, and paper; and, shutting himself up in his chamber, wrote the following challenge—

'THE CHALLENGE.

'THE Loveless Knight, the mirror 'and flower of La Mancha, does 'challenge to single combat him, or 'them, who shall refuse to own that 'the grand Queen Zenobia is the most 'noble and most beautiful princess in 'the world: and the said Loveless 'Knight, with the said edge of his 'redoubted sword, will maintain and 'defend the rare and singular beauty 'of the said princess to-morrow, from 'morning till noon, and from noon 'till night. Those who shall think 'fit to combat the said knight, though 'they be an hundred thousand in num-'ber, need but to subscribe their names 'at the foot of this defiance!'

He wrote several copies of this challenge; and then, calling his squire, said—'Here, Sancho, take these pa-'pers, and fix them up at all the cross-'streets of this city; but place them 'so that every body may read them, 'and give ear to what the knights say 'to them: be sure you remember all 'the blasphemies which zeal for their 'own ladies honours will make them 'utter against the queen, that I may 'hasten immediately to teach them the 'respect they owe such a beautiful and 'chaste princess.' This commission did not much hit the fancy of Sancho. 'Pox take such princesses,' quoth he, 'who are the cause that we are every 'day engaged in battles, when we 'might live in peace with the Holy Ca-'tholick church! Suppose any knight-'errant takes huff at this challenge, 'and for my pains gives me a thou-'sand——' 'Coward!' said Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'and is it 'you, then, who set forth pretensions 'to receiving the glorious order of 'knighthood? Away, wretch! that 'honour is not to be granted to any 'but men of courage; never to such 'heartless things as thou art.' These bitter reproaches touched the sluggishness of Sancho; who, passing at once, like the heroes of Homer, from terror to intrepidity—'Well, then, Sir,' quoth he, 'give me your papers; I 'will go paste them up, one by one, 'at the corners of streets; and if any 'man asks me my name, faith I know 'what to say to him.' These words pacified the knight, who answered—'Go, then, my dear Sancho, and ob-'serve all particulars nicely, as you 'value your life. Run! Fly! and 'bring me back a just account.' The squire took the papers, and sallied forth to paste them up; but, as ill-luck would have it, they did not produce the effects Don Quixote expected; for all the knights of Siguenza, from the highest to the lowest, were so far from being in a rage at the perusal, that they only laughed at them. The corregidor*, and some other gentlemen, who had heard of the fame of our knight, had the curiosity to go and see him; and the corregidor undertaking for the rest, acknowledged, in the name of the city and suburbs, that Barbara Hacked-Face was the most singular princess in the world. Having received this publick confession, Don Quixote left Siguenza the next day, very well satisfied.

CHAP. X.

HOW DON QUIXOTE MET WITH TWO SCHOLARS, AND THE CONVERSATION WHICH PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

DON Quixote being gone before, Barbara and Sancho followed without speaking one word; but the squire seeming to be melancholy and thoughtful, at last Hacked-Face asked him what he ailed. 'What ails me!' quoth Sancho; 'I wish I could see the 'dog hanged who was the occasion of 'our meeting. Faith, I know not 'what my master thinks of it; but I 'am of the mind that giving of mules 'and silk cloaths is not the way to be 'rich.'—'Be not troubled, friend

* The supreme civil magistrate in a city, appointed by the king.

'Sancho,' quoth Barbara; 'for if it 'pleaſe God to bring us ſafe to Alca-'la, I will treat you there like a prince.' —'Then the caſe is altered,' replied Sancho, ſmiling. 'Pr'ythee, what 'good meat will you treat me with?' —'Nay, do not you trouble yourſelf 'for that,' replied Barbara; 'you ſhall 'taſte of a pretty young wench about 'fifteen years of age, which you will 'like better than a partridge.'—'Bleſ-'ſed Virgin!' cried Sancho in amaze, 'what do you talk of, miſtreſs Queen? 'Do you take me for one of thoſe Lu-'therans of Conſtantinople, that eat 'human fleſh? Body o'me! that is 'enough to have me condemned to the 'gallies for three hundred years.'

This diſcourſe had not ended ſo ſoon, but that they overtook Don Quixote. They found him in converſation with two ſcholars, who were travelling on foot to Alcala: as ſoon as Sancho perceived by their habit that they were ſcholars, he ſaid to his maſter very earneſtly—'Pray, Sir, have a care of your-'ſelf; theſe men are of the ſame race 'with thoſe that belonged to the col-'lege where I was ſo curiouſly handled 'at Saragoſſa; and if they once begin 'to ſpit in our faces, we are utterly 'gone!' The ſcholars, knowing who our adventurers were, as having heard of them at Siguenza, one of them ſaid to Sancho—'Mr. Squire, we are 'not ſo unlucky as the ſcholars of Sa-'ragoſſa, though we are of the ſame 'profeſſion; and we are ſo far from 'deſigning you the leaſt harm, that we 'are ready to ſerve you to the utmoſt 'of our power.' This declaration having re-aſſured Sancho, Don Quixote fell again into the diſcourſe that had been interrupted, and ſaid to the ſcholars—'Gentlemen, to return to what I 'was now obſerving; the order of 'knight-errantry, which I profeſs, is 'no enemy to learning: though I em-'ploy myſelf wholly in redreſſing 'wrongs, and combating giants, yet 'I admire works of genius; and if 'you have compoſed any thing of that 'ſort, you will oblige me in letting 'me ſee it; I will give you my opinion 'with all the ſincerity which an author 'ought to deſire from thoſe he con-'ſults. The great Queen Zenobia 'will alſo give ear to you: that prin-'ceſs has ſo curious and nice a taſte, 'that if your works deſerve her ap-'probation, you may then boldly ex-'poſe them to publick cenſure, for 'they cannot fail of being admired.' The ſcholars, who were no ſtrangers to Queen Zenobia, felt a violent propenſity to laughter; but the dread of enraging Don Quixote, whoſe lance and ſword they ſtood in awe of, reſtrained their mirth: one of them, therefore, ſaid to him—'Sir, ſince you 'love the productions of genius, my 'comrade the batchelor can divert you 'whilſt we travel together: he com-'poſes for the ſtage, and has already 'written ſeveral things that have been 'well received by the connoiſſeurs. 'For my part, I write only trifles, 'ſuch as rondeaus, ſonnets, enigmas, 'and epigrams.'—'Do not miſtake 'yourſelf,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'thoſe 'trifles are not ſo eaſy to be done well: 'good ſonnets are very rare; epigrams, 'ſuch as Martial's are, require a quick 'and acute wit. As for enigmas, I 'own they are the eaſieſt; but no-'thing, in my opinion, is more di-'verting: they ſharpen the under-'ſtanding by puzzling it in a pleaſing 'manner; and you will oblige me by 'reciting ſome of yours.'—'With all 'my heart!' replied the ſcholar; 'I 'will ſhew you two I made this morn-'ing, which I have not yet had time 'to put into verſe; but it muſt be up-'on condition that Sancho ſhall ex-'pound them.'—'Agreed!' quoth the ſquire; 'I will plunge into them up to 'my chin: it is true, I do not well 'underſtand all thoſe affairs, but no 'matter; by God's help a man may 'do any thing.'—'You are in the 'right,' replied the ſcholar. 'Now 'mind, this is the firſt.

"ENIGMA.

"I am bright, and of great uſe to "men, who unmercifully load me "with chains, though I am no offend-"er. I am day and night in the "churches, and I cannot ſubſiſt with-"out water, though it is that which "deſtroys me."

Don Quixote made him repeat it; and, while he was ſtudying the meaning, Sancho cried out very joyfully—'Victory, gentlemen! victory! I have 'found out the pigmy, or whatever 'you call it.'—'I did not queſtion,' ſaid

ſaid the ſcholar, 'but your ſharp wit 'would find it out.'—'By my troth,' quoth the ſquire, 'the very firſt time 'you ſpoke it, I underſtood it as well 'as my criſs-croſs row.'—'Well, 'then, my ſon,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'tell us what it is?'—'It is a holy-'water-pot,' quoth Sancho; 'for that 'is day and night in the church, and 'there is always water in it.' The ſcholars burſt out a laughing; and Don Quixote himſelf could not forbear a ſmile. 'Mr. Scholar,' ſaid Sancho, 'if it is not a holy-water-pot, it muſt 'be ſomething elſe. Tell us what it 'is, and my maſter and I will ſubmit.'—'No,' replied the knight; 'give me 'leave, and I will expound the enig-'ma; for, if I miſtake not, it is a 'lamp.'—'Right,' ſaid the ſcholar; 'you have hit the nail on the head.'—'Nay, faith, gentlemen,' quoth Sancho, 'I muſt put a pigmy to you, 'ſince you call thoſe pigmies. What 'is it that is like a horſe, that has the 'hair, head, and feet, like a horſe, and 'yet is no horſe?'—'It is a mare,' cried Barbara. 'By my troth, you 'have hit it!' quoth Sancho; 'and is 'not a mare very like a horſe?'—'Gen-'tlemen,' quoth Don Quixote, 'at-'tend, I beſeech you, to the queen's 'readineſs of conception; 'there is 'no need of repeating things to her 'over and over; ſhe takes them at firſt 'ſight, and is never in the wrong.' The ſcholars pretended to be charmed at it, which gave the knight great ſatiſfaction; addreſſing, therefore, the compoſer of the enigmas—'Will you fa-'vour us, Sir,' ſaid he, 'with the 'other enigma you compoſed this 'morning; which I do not at all queſ-'tion is as ingenious as the laſt?'—'Liſten to it, then,' replied the ſcholar.

"ENIGMA.

"I am great and little, and am often "ſeen ſitting on the heads of kings "and emperors; but I am ſo ill ſeated "on that height, that the leaſt puff of "wind can throw me down. I ſerve "the poor as well as the rich; but I "am of no uſe in ſeveral nations; as, "for inſtance, among the Turks, "where I am out of faſhion."

'It is a gammon of bacon!' ſaid Sancho, very briſkly; 'it can be no-'thing elſe; for, as I have been told, 'the Turks do not eat bacon.'—'You 'are out again,' quoth Don Quixote; 'it is rather a hat; for the hat ſerves 'rich and poor; it is worn on the heads 'of kings and emperors, and a puff 'of wind blows it down. It is uſeleſs 'to ſeveral nations, for there are other 'people, as well as the Turks, who 'wear turbans inſtead of hats.'—'Faith, and ſo it is a hat!' quoth the ſquire. 'It is the eaſieſt thing in the 'world to gueſs now; and Mr. Scho-'lar need but tell me his two pigmies 'over again, and I will lay any man a 'wager I expound them.'—'You are 'very ingenious,' replied the knight; 'why, who cannot do the ſame? For if 'the word were named at firſt, it could 'be no longer an enigma.'—'Nay, 'what matter is it?' anſwered the ſquire. 'Is it not better a man ſhould 'have the word beforehand, than to 'crack his brains to find it out? In 'ſhort, a man cannot tell a thing, if 'he does not know it; and I would 'defy the Pope himſelf to ſay his Pa-'ter-noſter, which is the eaſieſt thing 'in the world, if he had not learned 'it beforehand.' The ſcholar having owned to Don Quixote, that a hat was the true expoſition of the laſt enigma, the knight ſaid, he would deſire him to write them both out for him at the next baiting-place, for he had a mind to keep them. 'I have a copy here,' ſaid the ſcholar; 'and I will give it 'you.' He began to feel in his pock-ets for it; and, having dropped another paper, as he pulled it out, Don Quix-ote had the curioſity to aſk what it was. 'It is a rondeau,' replied the ſcholar, 'which I wrote upon a lady in Sigu-'enza, whom I am in love with, but 'who does not yet know that I love 'her.'—'Pray read it to us,' quoth Don Quixote. The ſcholar did not wait to be entreated, but preſently read theſe verſes—

'AS to the powers above whom we adore,
'To you, in ſilence, I prefer my prayer:
'Alas! I dare no more!
'Nor can my lips my am'rous wiſh declare.
'Yet what my aw'd lips dare not ſhew,
'My eyes, my fever'd eyes, too plainly prove;
'And theſe would freely tutor you:
'Ah! would my Iris, would my love,
'Saw my heart open'd to her view,
'As to the powers above!'

Don

Don Quixote highly commended the rondeau; and Sancho would not omit ſpeaking his mind. 'By my troth,' ſaid he, 'theſe verſes are not ſo bad, 'neither! and you will oblige me, 'Mr. Scholar, if you will make ſome 'upon Mary Gutierrez, who is my 'wife, and will be ſo as long as it ſhall 'pleaſe God and the four Evangeliſts: 'but I muſt put you in mind not to 'call her queen upon any account, but 'only lady-admiral; for my maſter 'Don Quixote is not likely ever to 'make me a king, and ſo I muſt even 'be ſatisfied with being a governor. 'We cannot expect to do as we would 'in this world; and had better take 'what offers. Had we, ſince we have 'gone about ſeeking adventures, look-'ed directly for archbiſhopricks, in-'ſtead of ſeeking to gain kingdoms 'and iſlands, we might by this time 'have had whole ſhoals of them: and, 'though they ſay I might not enjoy 'them becauſe I have a wife and chil-'dren, yet I might have ſold them; 'and, though I ſold them only at 'market-price, I ſhould ſtill get enough 'by them.'

When Sancho once got into the humour for talking, his tongue ran ſo faſt that it was no eaſy matter to ſtop it: but Don Quixote having at laſt ſilenced him by his uſual method of menaces, the author of the rondeau ſaid to his companion—'Come, ma-'ſter Batchelor, it is your turn next: 'pray let the knight ſee that I have 'not commended you without reaſon.' —'I have not ſo great a value for my 'works,' anſwered the batchelor, 'as 'to think any body can take pleaſure 'in hearing them: yet, ſuch as they 'are, I would freely communicate 'them to Don Quixote, if I had them 'about me; but I am not like thoſe au-'thors who always carry their pockets 'full of their works; and my memory 'is ſo bad, that I cannot repeat two 'verſes together of all that ever I made 'in my life—but, ſince I have not any 'thing to read to you, Sir Knight, 'ſhall I adviſe with you about the plot 'of a play I have in my head?'—'You 'will oblige me,' replied Don Quixote; 'but, pray, tell me whether in your 'plays you ſtick cloſe to Ariſtotle's 'rules?'—'No, truly,' ſaid the batche-lor, 'I do not.'—'So much the worſe,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'for Ariſtotle 'is an infallible oracle in that point. 'Not to follow his rules, is to ſwerve 'from nature and reaſon; and that is 'the cauſe why ſtrangers do not ap-'prove of our performances, which in 'all other reſpects are excellent.'—'I 'own,' quoth the batchelor, 'that 'moſt of our dramatick poets ſeem to 'make little account of Ariſtotle's 'rules. For my own part, I like them 'very well; I never depart from them 'out of mere levity or wantonneſs, but 'follow them, when they will ſuit with 'my plot: but, to deal ingenuouſly, 'I do not pay ſo much deference to 'them, as to loſe any ſurprizing turn 'for their ſake, which cannot ſubſiſt 'with them.'—'That turn muſt be 'caſt away,' quoth Don Quixote, in-terrupting him; 'all muſt be ſacrificed 'to the ſevere rules of that wiſe ma-'ſter: but let us come to your plot.'— 'This is it,' replied the batchelor. 'An 'Earl of Barcelona takes a voyage into 'England, where he falls in love with 'the king's daughter, and is beloved 'again; but the king, for reaſons of 'policy, marries the princeſs to the 'King of Bohemia. The Earl of 'Barcelona, in deſpair, embarks, and 'returns to his own dominions. The 'King and Queen of Bohemia live 'very happily together, though that 'princeſs always preſerves a tender 'affection for the Earl of Barcelona: 'but, ſoon after, a favourite of the 'King of Bohemia falls paſſionately 'in love with the queen, and has the 'boldneſs to declare himſelf to her; 'ſhe reproves him, and threatens to 'acquaint the king her huſband with 'his baſeneſs. The favourite, chang-'ing his love into rage, prepoſſeſſes 'that weak prince, and accuſes the 'queen of being in love with an officer 'of his guard. The king, who only 'ſees with his favourite's eyes, cauſes 'the officer to be put to death, and 'would do the ſame by the queen; 'but ſhe demands that, according to 'the cuſtom of thoſe times, ſhe may 'have leave to find knights to defend 'her honour againſt her accuſer: the 'king, not knowing how to refuſe the 'combat demanded by the queen, ap-'points a day, which is proclaimed in 'Bohemia and England. When the 'day comes, the favourite appears in 'the liſts to make good his accuſation; 'but, no antagoniſt preſenting himſelf,

'the

'the queen is on the point of losing 'her life, when there arrives a knight, 'armed at all points, who fights her 'battle, and kills the favourite. This 'knight proves to be the very Earl of 'Barcelona, brought thither by the 'fame of the queen's accusation, of 'whose innocence he is satisfied. This, 'Sir, is the whole plot of my play.'— 'It is a very good one,' answered the knight; 'but I know not whether you 'can make a regular piece of it.'—'It 'is true,' said the batchelor, 'our 'authors, who follow Aristotle the 'closest, would lay the first act in Eng-'land, the second in Barcelona, and 'the third in Bohemia: but I am 'bringing this play to answer all the 'rules; and I do not despair of suc-'cess.'—'I am satisfied you will com-'pass it,' said the other scholar, 'pro-'vided you omit the combat in the 'lists.'—'Let him have a care of that,' cried Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'that is the best part of the plot!'— 'But, Sir,' quoth the batchelor, 'if 'you would have me adhere to Ari-'stotle's rules, I must leave out the 'combat.'—'Aristotle,' replied the knight, 'was a man of parts, I admit; 'but his capacity was not unbounded; 'and, in short, his authority does not 'extend over combats in the lists, which 'are above his rules. Would you 'suffer the Queen of Bohemia to pe-'rish? or, how can you clear her in-'nocence? Believe me, combat is the 'most honourable way; and, besides, 'it will furnish your play with such a 'splendid and interesting spectacle, 'that all the rules in the world must 'not stand in competition with it.'— 'Well, Sir Knight,' replied the batche-lor, 'for your sake, and for the ho-'nour of chivalry, I will not leave out 'the combat; and, in order to render 'it the more magnificent, the whole 'court of Bohemia shall be present at 'it, from the princes of the blood to 'the very footmen. But still one dif-'ficulty occurs; which is, that our 'common theatres are not large enough 'for such an exhibition.'—'There 'must be one built on purpose,' an-swered Don Quixote; 'and, in a word, 'rather than leave out the combat, the 'play had better be acted in a field or 'plain*.' This discourse held Don Quixote and the scholars to Hyta, where they rested till the next day; a day memorable among enchanters, and which is marked down with red letters in the chronicles of the wise Alisolan, the faithful author of this true history.

CHAP. XI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND A COMPANY OF PLAYERS; AND HOW THE UNFORTUNATE KNIGHT WAS STRUCK DUMB BY ENCHANTMENT.

THE Arabian author informs us, that Don Quixote and his company, having travelled all day, entertaining themselves with various subjects, at length came in sight of a tolerably spacious mansion, which, in it's appearance, extremely resembled an ancient castle. One of the scholars, pointing to it with his finger, said to Don Quixote—'Sir Knight, you see that 'house there; we may lie in it to-'night, and find good entertainment. 'It is an inn, called "The Goblin's "Castle;" because they say it was 'formerly a castle, and haunted.' No sooner had the scholar spoken these words, than Sancho swore bitterly, by the bowels of his grandmother, he would never lodge there. 'Let us 'take heed, Sir!' cried he; 'let us 'take heed how we go lie in that castle 'of goblins; for it still looks to me 'very like one of those enchanted cas-'tles where phantoms and necroman-'cers have so often made us bewail 'our sins! In short, my heart fore-'bodes no good; and, you know, "that when the partridge sings, it is a "sign of rain." Don Quixote, disre-garding the apprehensions of his squire, answered thus—'I have not forgotten, 'Sancho, whatsoever we have endured 'in such castles; but what remedy, my 'friend, would you propose to me? 'Knights-errant are no sooner out of 'one danger but they seek another; 'and they must be always in a readiness 'to meet whatever comes. I will

* From the above story, Mr. Jephson has apparently borrowed the ground-work of his tragedy, entitled, 'The Law of Lombardy.' The story is not to be found in the Spanish original.—For further particulars concerning it, the reader is requested to refer to the Preface at the beginning of this Volume.

'therefore

'therefore draw near to that caſtle, to 'obſerve what ſort of people inhabit 'it; you may all follow me at your lei-'ſure.' This ſaid, he put on towards the inn. It happened that a company of players were there at that time, rehearſing a piece which was to be performed the next day at Alcala. As ſoon as they beheld Don Quixote, armed cap-a-pié, and covered with his magnificent buckler, they all ſallied forth to gaze at ſo unuſual a ſpectacle. The knight, obſerving that they thronged out in a body, and that they eyed him with uncommon attention, halted a moment to remonſtrate; and then, turning briſkly about, rode back again to his companions. Sancho, ſeeing him return upon a full trot, cried out—'What is the matter, maſter Don 'Quixote? Have the goblins ſtung 'you already?'—'O my ſon Sancho!' anſwered the knight, 'it was not with-'out reaſon you had an ill conceit of 'that caſtle! My enemy Friſton the 'enchanter expects me there to load 'me with irons, and caſt me into a 'loathſome dungeon! He intends, by 'his magick ſpells, to ſtop me here, 'obſtructing thereby my intended com-'bat with the King of Cyprus, that 'he may then fly about the world, 'ſpreading diſhonourable reports of 'me: but I have received intelligence 'of his deſigns from friendly hands; 'and, my valour being nothing infe-'rior to his art, I am now going to 'attempt ridding the world of that 'execrable necromancer.' By this time, our travellers being within muſquet-ſhot of the inn, the ſcholars ſoon recognized the players, with whom they were particularly acquainted by name; and the batchelor, deſirous to undeceive Don Quixote, told him what he thought of the affair. The knight, however, reſolutely maintained that they were enchanters. 'To convince 'you,' ſaid he, 'that I am not miſ-'taken in this matter, do you obſerve, 'amongſt thoſe ſoldiers who guard the 'gate of the caſtle, that large black 'figure, who holds a wand in one 'hand, and a book in the other?'—'That is the author to the company,' replied the batchelor; 'and his name 'is Pedro de Moya: the book he has 'in his hand is probably ſome play 'that he is reading to the actors.'—'I know, better than you, who he is, 'Mr. Batchelor,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'and I tell you once more, that 'yonder great black man is not Pedro 'de Moya, as you imagine; but it is 'Friſton the enchanter himſelf. Do 'not you ſee that he is now making 'circles with his wand, and drawing 'magical characters, and that he makes 'uſe of his book to conjure up the 'devils? If you would ſatisfy your-'ſelves concerning this truth, you 'need only go both of you before, and 'ſay you are my pages, and you will 'ſee what will be the event.' The ſcholars agreed to this experiment; and, ſoon coming up to the players, they told them all they knew concerning Don Quixote and Queen Zenobia; with the latter of whom they were all perfectly well acquainted, and ſome of them to their coſt. The players fell a laughing, and were very glad they had ſo good an opportunity of diverting themſelves. In the mean while, Don Quixote drew near the inn; and, having ſet the butt-end of his lance on the ground, he thus accoſted the author—'O thou who, from the moment of 'thy birth till this inſtant, haſt been 'my enemy, and who haſt never failed, 'though to no purpoſe, to favour all 'the knights and giants who have had 'the boldneſs to try their ſtrength with 'me; tell me, wicked and perfidious 'necromancer! why dareſt thou, con-'trary to all the laws of God and na-'ture, ſally forth upon the highways, 'to commit the greateſt outrages a-'gainſt ladies and princeſſes, who go 'in ſearch of the knights they love ſo 'tenderly, attended by their faithful 'dwarfs and truſty ſquires? Nay, ſo 'far art thou from being aſhamed at 'doing what I now ſay, that, cruel 'and pagan as thou art, thou carrieſt 'them off, to bury them alive in dark 'and gloomy dungeons, where the 'light ſerves only to diſcover the hor-'rors of their ſituation! Set free!' added he, ſeeing ſome actreſſes look out at the window, 'ſet free, I ſay, all 'thoſe damſels I behold, together with 'all the knights and princes, whom 'you keep cloſe immerſed in pitileſs 'priſons; and, at the ſame time, yield 'up to me all the treaſures you have 'moſt injuriouſly ſtolen! If not, I 'ſwear by the peerleſs beauty of Queen 'Zenobia, whoſe preſence renders me 'invincible, I will this moment take

'away

Plate III. Published as the Act directs. by Harrison & Co. Sept.r 4, 1784.

'away that life you ought long ſince 'to have forfeited.' As he uttered theſe words, he ſpurred Rozinante from ſide to ſide, and made him curvet ſo aukwardly, that it was no ſmall diverſion to the players; a people naturally given to raillery, and accuſtomed to make ſport with others. Sancho, who thought his maſter's harangue moſt curiouſly contrived to terrify the players, ſeeing them laugh as if they would burſt themſelves, was prodigiouſly offended; and ſaid to them, very ſternly—'Haughty and unmannerly 'players! deliver up to us inſtantly 'thoſe princes, thoſe infantas, thoſe 'knights, and thoſe horſes, you hold 'enchanted, and which my maſter re-'quires of you! Diſpatch, I pray you, 'for we want to come in there; or elſe 'ſend my lady the queen and me ſome 'lunches of bread, for our guts begin 'to grumble furiouſly.' The author now, drawing near Don Quixote, thus addreſſed him—'Sir Knight-errant, 'your pages have acquainted me with 'your valour and your ſtrength, which 'are ſuch as this caſtle cannot reſiſt: 'all theſe knights and princes, there-'fore, who have dwelt here with me 'theſe ſix hundred years, do yield 'themſelves overcome by you; and we 'are ready to do you homage. Alight, 'then, from your beautiful horſe; lay 'aſide your lance, and that peerleſs 'buckler; and diſarray yourſelf of your 'rich armour, that you may be more 'at eaſe. Though I am a Pagan, as 'my bulk and my tawny complexion 'ſufficiently indicate, yet I am a man 'of honour: enter then, ſecurely, into 'this ſtately caſtle, accompanied by 'the Queen Zenobia, alias Barbara 'the Tripewoman, and we will all ſup 'merrily together.'—'O thou traiter-'ous necromancer!' anſwered Don Quixote, 'hope not ever to deceive me 'by your fallacious courteſies, and to 'draw me into that deep pitfal which 'is at the entrance of your caſtle; I 'know you too well to ſuffer myſelf to 'be ſurprized by your artifices.'—'No 'doubt of that, by my troth!' quoth Sancho; "they that ſell onions, muſt "needs know the ſmell of a leek." 'We were not born for nothing in the 'wiſe village of Argamaſilla; and, 'God be praiſed! we can tell that 'four and five makes nine.' As theſe words were ſpoken, Don Quixote, pointing his lance downwards, ſpurred Rozinante forwards upon the author to run him through; but he ſtepping aſide dextrouſly, avoided the ſtroke; and, laying hold of the knight's foot, threw him over the other ſide of his horſe. At the ſame inſtant the players ruſhing upon him, ſeized his lance and buckler, and carried him by force into the inn, where they laid him on the ground, and preſſed upon him ſo cloſely, that he was unable to ſtir. The author then giving him three ſtrokes with his wand on the ſhoulder, pronounced theſe words:—'Loveleſs 'Knight! I enchant you for three 'hundred years; and, by the power of 'my dreadful art, I ſtrike you dumb, 'yet without impairing your reaſon; 'becauſe I will that you be ſenſible of 'your misfortune, without enjoying 'the ſatisfaction of complaint. Thus 'it is I treat all thoſe knights who are 'ſo raſh as to encounter me.' Don Quixote lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and let them fall again ſorrowfully, without attempting to utter a word, ſo fully was he perſuaded of the efficacy of Friſton's enchantment.

The author having ordered four giants, to wit, four ſervants belonging to the company, to keep the knight in the ſame poſture, went himſelf in ſearch of Sancho, who was ſcared out of his wits at the uſage his maſter had met with. 'Are you there, then, you knaviſh 'ſcoundrel ſquire!' cried the author; 'I have caught you now, and you ſhall 'pay me all you owe, as well for laſt 'year as for this.'—'Good maſter en-'chanter,' cried Sancho, 'I beg your 'pardon, if I ever wiſhed you all the 'harm you have done us, and I do 'allow you to be a man of honour, 'though you are as much a Pagan as 'Judas.'—'I am glad,' anſwered the author, 'that chance led your maſter and 'you hither; for I give a ſupper to 'night to ſome enchanters my friends, 'who feed on man's fleſh: ye could 'never have come at a better time; and 'particularly thou, Sancho, who art as 'groſs and fat as a Benedictine.'—'Alas! good maſter Friſkin!' blubbered Sancho, falling down upon his knees before the author, 'I beſeech you, by 'the ſores of holy St. Lazarus, whoſe 'ſoul God keep in glory, have pity! 'have pity upon me!'—'Riſe, friend,' replied the author, 'and loſe no time in

'praying to me; tears and prayers do 'not move enchanters: you ſhall be 'eaten to the very bones!'—'Mercy on 'us!' roared Sancho, 'what have we 'brought ourſelves into!—Pray, good 'Mr. Enchanter, give me leave at leaſt, 'before I die, to go and take leave of 'Mary Gutierrez, my wife; for I can 'aſſure you ſhe is ſo ill-natured, that 'ſhould I ſuffer myſelf to be eaten 'without bidding her farewel, ſhe 'would never look upon me with a 'good eye again.'—'You are very cun-'ning truly, Sancho,' quoth the au-thor; 'if you were once gone, I ſuppoſe 'you would not be ſuch a fool as to 'come again.'—'Pray excuſe me, Mr. 'Friſkin,' ſaid Sancho, 'St. Anthony 'ſhall be bound for me that I will come 'again upon the day appointed; and 'if I fail of my word, I pray to St. 'Barbara, the guardian againſt thunder 'and lightning, that this cap may fail 'me at the hour of my death!'—'No, 'no,' anſwered the author, 'this mat-'ter will admit of no delay.' Then raiſing his voice, he cried—'Here, 'ſomebody bring me hither that great 'three-pointed ſpit I uſe to roaſt fat 'men upon, and let this peaſant be 'roaſted out of hand!' Sancho fancy-ing himſelf upon the ſpit already, and ſeeing Barbara laughing with ſome of the players, whined out to her, with a tone inexpreſſibly dolorous—'Oh! lady 'of Segovia, you ſee here your truſty 'dwarf, poor Sancho, in grievous tri-'bulation! Be pleaſed, moſt impotent 'queen! to entreat maſter Enchanter to 'countermand the three-pointed ſpit!' Barbara then applying herſelf to the au-thor, ſaid, ſmiling—'Maſter Pedro de 'Moya, ſovereign conſtable of this 'palace, ſpare Sancho this time, I be-'ſeech you, and he will never come 'again.'—'Beautiful princeſs,' replied the author; 'chaſte Queen of the Ta-'vern Street in Alcala; I cannot 'ſpare you this peaſant, or forbear put-'ting him upon the ſpit, unleſs he will 'turn Mahometan.'—'Gad take me,' quoth Sancho, with much comfort, 'why did you not ſay ſo at firſt, with-'out beating the buſh ſo long? If there 'is nothing to do but to turn Maho-'metan, the great ſpit and I ſhall keep 'far enough aſunder! I had rather be 'a Mahometan than be roaſted.'—'Then from this time forward,' ſaid the author, 'you ſhall follow the Alco-'ran.'—'I will,' quoth Sancho; 'if 'he pleaſes I will follow him to the 'Indies, provided Dapple can carry 'me ſo far.'—'Friend,' ſaid the au-thor, 'I perceive you do not underſtand 'me; what I propoſe is, to embrace a 'new religion, and believe in Maho-'met.'—'Well,' anſwered the ſquire, 'if you pleaſe, I will believe in all the 'Mahomets betwixt this and Jeruſa-'lem: in ſhort, I will believe all our Holy 'Mother the Church will allow me to 'believe, for which I would lay down 'a thouſand lives.'—'If ſo,' replied the author, 'you need but to be cir-'cumciſed, and you will be as per-'fect a Moor as I am. Now with a 'ſharp knife I muſt cut off——' 'O no, 'good Mr. Enchanter,' cried Sancho, 'pray do not cut any thing off, if you 'pleaſe; for all my goods are in com-'mon with Mary Gutierrez; and ſhe 'has taken ſo exact an account of them, 'ſhe will immediately miſs it, if there 'want's but a farthing's-worth. But 'there is my cap; you may cut and 'round that as ſhall beſt pleaſe Mr. 'Alcoran.' Though the author poſ-ſeſſed as much ſteady gravity of coun-tenance as moſt of his nation, he could not refrain ſmiling at the ſimplicity of Sancho; and, taking him by the hand —'Come then, Signor Moor,' ſaid he, 'prepare yourſelf to depart for the 'kingdom of Fez, for I muſt ſend you 'thither very ſoon.'—'Hold a little, 'Mr. Enchanter,' replied Sancho; 'I 'muſt firſt take one turn into the coun-'try, that I may give orders about a 'couple of oxen I have at home: be-'ſides, I have ſix ſheep, two goats, 'eight hens and a cock; and you know 'a man cannot leave all theſe at ſixes 'and ſevens. Beſides, when my wife 'underſtands that I am turned Ma-'hometan, perhaps ſhe may have a 'mind to be a Mahometaneſs. Who 'can tell? If ſo, we muſt circumciſe 'her tongue; and, by my troth, we need 'not be ſparing of the ſtuff, for there 'will be more than enough left, I war-'rant it!'

All this while Don Quixote lay in the poſture before mentioned, bitterly reflecting on his enchantment. The ſage Friſton having now quitted Sancho, went again into the inn to a new ſcene. He drew near therefore to Don Quixote, and accoſted him as follows—'It is 'well: you are, at length, Sir Loveleſs 'Knight,

'Knight, fallen into my hands; and 'you ſhall now increaſe the number of 'thoſe I detain enchanted, and loaded 'with irons in damp and dreary dun-'geons. Yet ſhall there arrive a time 'when you will come forth: but ere 'you come forth, your beard ſhall be 'twelve ells long, and the nails of your 'fingers and toes ſhall be bigger than 'an elephant's trunk. But before you 'are ſhut up in the diſmal dungeon I 'have appointed you, I reſtore to you 'your ſpeech for one moment: I will 'hear you ſpeak once more, that my 'ears may be gratified with your la-'mentations; for the ſufferings and 'the lamentations of knights-errant 'are the greateſt delight of enchanters.'

When he had ſo ſaid, he touched the unfortunate knight of La Mancha with his wand, who immediately addreſſed him in theſe words.—'O treacherous 'necromancer! who haſt overcome me 'by fraud; in vain doſt thou diſplay 'this terrifying picture of the pains to 'which thy cruelty has deſtined me! 'Knights-errant, true and conſtant, 'know how to endure, unmoved, the 'uttermoſt torments; and nothing can 'terrify them. Thou mayeſt therefore 'at thy will ſtrike me dumb, and re-'ſtore me to my ſpeech, and vent all thy 'malice upon me; but know thou ſhalt 'never have the power to make me 'afraid! At worſt, I ſhall be diſcharg-'ed after three hundred years enchant-'ment: nay, perhaps, my enchant-'ment may be ſooner at an end; for 'the wiſe Alquife, my protector, will 'not be long before he relieves me; and 'I very well know that a Grecian 'prince is to ſet out, one night, from 'Conſtantinople, under the conduct of a 'ſage his friend, and to gain immortal 'glory, by expoſing himſelf to all dan-'gers. When he has run through all 'the kingdoms and provinces in the 'univerſe, he ſhall come and beſiege 'this ſtrong caſtle; he ſhall deſtroy the 'giants that guard the draw-bridge, he 'ſhall ſlay the two griffins that are at 'the firſt gate, and ſhall then enter the 'firſt court without oppoſition, where 'ſeeing nobody, he ſhall lie down on the 'ground to reſt him a while; but ſhall 'ſoon hear a dreadful voice, which 'ſhall ſay to him—"Ariſe, Grecian "prince, who to thy ill fortune haſt "entered this caſtle!" Then, when 'he leaſt thinks of it, he ſhall ſee a 'dreadful dragon coming towards him, 'whoſe very looks are venomous, and 'whoſe hideous throat ſhall belch forth 'rivers of fire. Yet ſhall the undaunt-'ed prince attack him, and combating 'with courage anſwerable to the great-'neſs of the danger, he ſhall kill the 'monſter, and defeat all enchantments 'by the aſſiſtance of the ſage his friend. 'Then ſhall he enter the ſecond court 'in victorious manner, and thence pro-'ceed onward into a garden filled with 'ſweet flowers and odoriferous trees, 'watered by a thouſand pleaſant 'ſtreams; where he ſhall have the ſa-'tisfaction of hearing the harmonious 'birds celebrate his conqueſt. In the 'midſt of the garden he ſhall obſerve 'a nymph, exquiſitely beautiful, and 'clad in a long robe embroidered with 'diamonds, emeralds, topazes, and ru-'bies. This charming nymph, having 'received him with a ſmiling coun-'tenance, ſhall with one hand deliver 'to him a bunch of golden keys, and 'with the other ſhall place on his head 'a garland of amaranths and jaſmins. 'The prince, then, ſhall with the golden 'keys unlock all the priſons and dun-'geons, and ſhall knock off all the irons 'of the illuſtrious priſoners; and, direct-'ing his diſcourſe to me, ſhall requeſt 'me to dub him a knight-errant with 'my own hands, and to grant him leave 'to become my inſeparable companion 'in all my undertakings. Gratitude, 'and the reſpect I ſhall entertain for a 'prince of ſuch proweſs, obliging me 'to grant all he can demand, we ſhall 'both range the world for an infinite 'number of years, and ſhall finiſh all 'the adventures we ſhall meet with!'

CHAP. XII.

CONTAINING A CONTINUATION OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE PLAYERS.

THE players were ſtruck with Don Quixote's extraordinary madneſs; and this laſt effuſion of his extrava-gance perfectly amazed them. Whilſt they talked of it, Sancho returned from the ſtable, where he had been putting in Rozinante, Dapple, and Barbara's mule. As ſoon as he came in, he drew near his maſter, and ſaid to him—'Go to, 'Loveleſs Knight! here we are, by the

'grace of God!'—'My ſon Sancho,' aſked Don Quixote, in a ſorrowful accent, 'has our common enemy done 'thee no harm?'—'No, Sir,' replied the ſquire; 'but, by my faith! if I had 'not had the wit to turn Moor immediately, I had by this time been fairly 'turning upon a ſpit that has only three 'points; for Mr. Enchanter deſigned 'to have roaſted me to-night to treat 'his friends.'—'What do I hear?' cried the knight. 'Is it poſſible you 'are turned Mahometan? What mean 'you, wretch? Can you be guilty of 'ſuch baſeneſs?'—'Ho, ho, Sir!' quoth Sancho; 'what, I had better have 'ſuffered myſelf to be roaſted, I'll warrant you! Yes, faith, I turned Moor; 'and I would ſooner have turned hermit, had he deſired it, though it were 'in the face of the Sacriſtan of Toboſo: 'when a man is once in the grave, 'he can neither be Chriſtian nor Moor. 'But let us talk no more of that, Sir; 'if we can make our eſcape from this 'place, God knows my meaning!' Don Quixote was ſo deeply concerned at this apoſtacy of his ſquire, that it afflicted him no leſs than his own enchantment: but his ſorrow was preſently turned into joy; for the author, changing countenance all on a ſudden, ſaid to him, ſmiling—'Thus far all is 'good: noble Don Quixote, it is now 'time to undeceive you! Know, then, 'that I am not the enchanter Friſton, 'as you imagine. On the contrary, I 'am the ſage Alquife, your great 'friend; and I have done this to prove 'your conſtancy, and the confidence 'you repoſe in me. I am now ſatisfied; let us embrace, I beſeech you; 'and aſſure yourſelf, that you ſhall 'never implore my aſſiſtance in vain!' This ſaid, he cauſed the ſervants who held down Don Quixote to withdraw; and the knight, finding himſelf at liberty, and never doubting but that the author was in reality the ſage Alquife, aroſe, and went to embrace him. He then embraced all the players in their turns, looking upon them as ſo many princes protected by the ſage his friend. The actreſſes, ſeeing the ridiculous figure the knight made, had enough to do to forbear laughing in his face; however, they reſtrained themſelves, which was no ſmall matter among them: and, when they had made their obeiſances, with all the tokens of profound reſpect they could counterfeit, one of them, in the name of the reſt, ſaid—'Great Knight of La Mancha, North-'ſtar of gallantry, you ſee here ſeveral 'princeſſes who deſire your protection! 'If it happen that any ſcoundrel giants 'ſteal us away ſome time or other, and 'only deſign to keep us enchanted as 'if we were made of wood, we be-'ſeech you to come to our aſſiſtance, 'and not ſuffer us to ſpend our youth 'to ſo little purpoſe!'—'Beautiful in-'fantas,' replied Don Quixote, very graciouſly, 'it is needleſs to make me 'that requeſt; ſo long as you are friends 'to the wiſe Alquife, you need fear 'nothing: but, laying aſide his mighty 'power, did the whole univerſe con-'ſpire againſt your beauty; ſhould all 'the magicians ever Egypt brought 'forth, come hither to hurt you; I 'would defy them to touch a hair of 'your heads!'—'Valorous Don Quix-'ote!' ſaid the author, 'theſe prin-'ceſſes are extremely obliged to you; 'but, until ſome giant ſhall give you 'an opportunity of employing your 'valour in their behalf, think of no-'thing but taking your eaſe, and ſo-'lacing yourſelf in this caſtle with the 'great Queen Zenobia; whoſe arrival, 'I am ſure, is a private ſatisfaction to 'ſome of the princes here preſent. 'Were not you in haſte to be at Ma-'drid, we would deſire you to ſtay a 'few days with us; but I am too much 'concerned for your honour, to deſire 'to ſtop you. I know that you have 'no time to ſpare; and therefore you 'may proſecute your journey to-mor-'row: in the mean while, let us all go 'and ſit down to table; and, after ſup-'per, I will divert you with a play; for 'I have brought a company of players 'hither on purpoſe.' Thus ſaying, he took the knight by the hand, and led him into a great room, where they found a good ſupper provided for them. Don Quixote was ſo rejoiced to find himſelf in the company of his friend the ſage Alquife, that it appeared in his countenance; and Sancho's heart was ſo full of ſatisfaction, that he could not contain himſelf; but ſaid to the author—'By my troth, maſter Skiff, 'I am glad to ſee you, once in my life, 'face to face; for I never ſaw you be-'fore but in a dream; and, to ſay the 'truth, when my maſter Don Quixote, 'in our rambles, talked ſo much of

'you,

'you, St. Thomas knows what I 'thought. But, pray, Mr. Skiff, ſince 'all things are poſſible to magick, I 'beſeech you to make me a Chriſtian 'again, for I have been conſidering I 'am not at all fit to be a Moor.'—'And, pray, why not, Sancho?' quoth the author. 'Becauſe,' ſaid the ſquire, 'I love wine and bacon as I love my 'life; and theſe two things are forbid 'among the Moors more ſtrictly than 'any ſin.'—'The thing is not to be 'eaſily done,' replied the author; 'but 'I ſhall make a ſhift to compaſs it, 'provided you will be three days with-'out eating or drinking. I am ſure, 'if you perform that ſmall penance, 'you will become a Chriſtian again, and 'it will never appear in the leaſt that 'you were a Moor.'—'That penance,' quoth Sancho, 'were very proper for 'my maſter Don Quixote, who does 'not mind eating or drinking. But I 'am of another conſtitution; for if I 'am, I will not ſay three days, but 'three hours, without eating or drink-'ing, I can hear my guts ſing the 'Black Pſalm.'—'How ſhall we con-'trive, then,' ſaid the author, 'to 'unmahometanize you?'—'How!' anſwered Sancho; 'why, is there but one 'medicine in phyſick? You may com-'mand me, for inſtance, to lie only 'upon one ſide; or not to drink but with 'the left-hand; and I promiſe, before 'God, and on my conſcience, to obey 'your commands!' Whilſt they were thus talking, Don Quixote, Barbara, and the ſcholars, ſtood round about the table; but before they ſat down, one of the ſcholars ſaid grace aloud. The author perceiving that Sancho, who ſtood behind, had not taken off his cap during the prayer, ſaid to the company—'Pray, gentlemen, obſerve what it is 'to be a Moor: whilſt we ſtood with 'our hats in our hands, that irreli-'gious Sancho kept his cap on his 'head.'—'It is true, gentlemen,' quoth Sancho; 'and I am not aſhamed to 'own it; for I do not take off my cap, 'or ſay grace, till I am to eat myſelf: 'but when others eat, I think I am 'no ways concerned; "every man for "himſelf, and God for us all." The players laughed heartily; and inſiſted upon it that Sancho, as much Moor as he was, ſhould ſit down to table with them; and, being well taken care of, he made the beſt ſport at ſupper.

The players, both men and women, having eaten and drank as it were for a wager, made ready to rehearſe the play in the hall, which they were to act the next day at Alcala. They lighted ſome candles that were ſtuck in little wooden candleſticks, and drew a line on the floor, to divide the ſtage from the audience. Don Quixote, Barbara, Sancho, and the ſcholars, and ſome others that were in the inn, took their places to hear the rehearſal, which ſoon began. A prince of Cordova appeared firſt, accompanied by his confidante, to whom he ſaid—'Yes, my dear Henriquez! 'it is reſolved: a diſdained lover be-'comes an implacable enemy. I will 'be revenged of the Queen of Leon! 'The king her huſband, whom you 'know I govern, is already prepoſſeſ-'ſed againſt her, and contrives her 'death!' The Prince of Cordova would have proceeded; but ſeeing the queen appear, he withdrew. That princeſs ſtepped forward alone, with an handkerchief in her hand; and, after wiping her eyes, which ſeemed bathed in tears, and ſtepping a few paces forward in ſilence, ſhe ſaid—'Perfidious Prince 'of Cordova, who, not able to cor-'rupt my virtue with your love, doſt 'contrive to blacken it by your arti-'fices! can you, without remorſe, ac-'cuſe my innocence? Alas, it is not 'death I fear! it is the dread of dying 'diſhonoured! Great God, who ſeeſt 'the ſecrets of my ſoul, compaſſionate 'my ſorrows! And will you, then, 'permit falſhood to triumph over vir-'tue?' The actreſs, entering into her part with great energy, touched to the quick the ſuſceptible Knight of La Mancha. He ſtarted up abruptly from his ſeat, drew his ſword, and foaming with fury, cried out—'The Prince of 'Cordova is a traitor, a villain, and 'a ſlanderer! and as ſuch I here chal-'lenge him to ſingle combat: and I 'will ſoon, with the ſole edge of my 'keen ſword, cauſe him to confeſs, 'that the Queen of Leon is not leſs 'chaſte than the Princeſs Zenobia her-'ſelf!' The players, who were not provided for this adventure, burſt out a laughing; but the knight going on with his challenge to the Prince of Cordova, the player who repreſented him drew his ſword; and, ſtepping up to Don Quixote, ſaid—'There is no 'need, Sir Knight, of ſo much noiſe

'for

'for ſo ſmall a matter: and ſince you 'will eſpouſe the queen's quarrel, 'whoſe chaſtity you are not ſo well ac- 'quainted with as I am, I conſent to 'fight you; not here, but in the Great 'Square of Madrid, before the king 'and all the court!' As he was thus ſpeaking, he eſpied a mule's crupper, which hung to the cieling of the room; this he took down, and, tendering it to Don Quixote, went on, ſaying—'There, Sir Knight, ſince I have nei- 'ther glove nor gauntlet to give you 'as a gage, take one of my garters, 'which may ſerve in the ſtead; and 'remember the combat ſhall be twenty 'days hence.' All the company fell a laughing at the player's contrivance; which ſo highly offended Don Quixote, that he ſaid—'Really, gentlemen, I 'wonder that ſuch wiſe and courageous 'princes ſhould laugh to ſee a traitor 'accept my challenge: you ought ra- 'ther to weep with the queen, who 'has ſo much cauſe to be troubled; 'but who ought now to take comfort, 'ſince ſhe has had the good fortune to 'meet with me.' Then turning to his ſquire, and giving him the crupper, he ſaid—'Here, Sancho, keep this gage 'ſafe.'—'By my faith!' cried Sancho, 'the crupper is none of the worſt; 'I'll e'en make it faſt to my aſs's pan- 'nel, where it ſhall ſtay till we can 'find out the owner.'—'Fool!' quoth Don Quixote, 'to call that a crupper!' —'What the devil is it, then,' re- plied Sancho, 'if it is not a mule's 'crupper?'—'It is the Prince of Cor- 'dova's garter,' anſwered the knight. 'Why, ſure, you will make me re- 'nounce Antichriſt!' ſaid the ſquire. 'One would think I had never ſeen a 'crupper. Look ye, Sir, I have hand- 'led more cruppers than there are ſtars 'in Limbo!'—'Here, blockhead!' quoth Don Quixote, 'ſee whether ever 'there was a richer garter! Obſerve 'thoſe golden fringes; and mark how 'a diamond, or a ruby, or an emerald 'of ineſtimable value, terminates every 'thread.'—'Then I am certainly 'drunk,' ſaid Sancho; 'for let me be 'hanged, if I ſee any of the gold 'fringes you talk of, but only little 'packthreads knotted at the ends! In 'ſhort, it is poſſible this may be a gar- 'ter in the other world, for the devil is 'a ſad rogue; but, in this, I do affirm 'it is a crupper.'—'Friend Sancho,' quoth the author, 'do you banter us 'in calling this a crupper? I can 'aſſure you it is a garter of great va- 'lue.'—'Nay, if you have any hand in 'it, Mr. Skiff,' cried Sancho, 'I ſay 'no more to it; for you gentlemen en- 'chanters will turn white black; and, 'if you have it in your head, this muſt 'needs be a garter, though it ſmells ſo 'ſtrong of a crupper.'

Whilſt they were in this pleaſant con- teſt, not unlike that about the helmet of Mambrino, a mule-driver coming in- to the room, and ſeeing the crupper in Sancho's hand, ſaid—'Couſin, pr'y- 'thee leave the crupper where you 'found it; I did not buy it for your 'diverſion.'—'Gentlemen,' cried San- cho, 'do not you hear what this honeſt 'man ſays? I am ſure I did not bid him 'ſay ſo. Then it is a crupper, by 'Jove! I am glad of it. You may ſee 'by this, that enchanters and knights- 'errant are no ſuch conjurors as they 'take themſelves to be.' Thus ſaying, he gave the crupper to the mule-driv- er; but Don Quixote, having no mind to part with it, went up to him, and ſnatching it away rudely, ſaid—'It is 'likely, clown, ſuch a rich garter was 'made for you, then?' The mule- driver, who did not underſtand jeſting, and was much ſtronger than Don Quix- ote, laid hold of his arm, and giving him a thruſt in the ſtomach, threw him over; then jumping upon him, he ſoon forced the crupper out of his hands. The ſquire, ſeeing his maſter fall, ran to his aſſiſtance, and greeted the mule- driver with two furious fiſty-cuffs, one of which took him in the nape of the neck, and the other on the right-ear. The mule-driver was ſtunned for a while, but ſoon revenged himſelf; for he laid on three or four ſmart ſtrokes with the crupper acroſs the chaps of the ſquire; after which he went out of the room, becauſe the players and the ſcholars threatened to ſecond Sancho, if he did not give over. Sancho feigned great eagerneſs to follow him, crying aloud to the ſcholars, who held his hands— 'Ay, ay! that's right! pray hold me, 'gentlemen, I beſeech you; for if I go 'after that diſcourteous mule-driver, 'I ſhall kill him and all his race, to 'the twentieth generation!'—'No, 'Sancho,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'let 'the wretch go, ſince he flies before us; 'he is not worth our anger. Knights

'are

'are not to make ill uſe of their valour; 'and ought rather to make ſlight of, 'than to revenge a wrong, when it 'comes from a man of no note, one of 'the meaneſt of the rabble.'—'You 'are in the right, Don Quixote,' ſaid the author; 'you take juſt meaſures in 'this affair: great men muſt ſhew mo-'deration and calmneſs, that they may 'not do all the harm that is in their 'power to the little ones.'—'Well, 'then,' ſaid Sancho, 'God ſpeed the 'mule-driver with the two raps I laid 'him on about the ears!' Night being now far advanced, the author led Don Quixote into a room, where he double-locked him in; after which he returned to the actors, who performed their re-hearſal, and then went to bed.

CHAP. XIII.

OF THE GRIEVOUS AFFLICTION OF SANCHO, AT BEING UNABLE TO SEE THINGS LIKE A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

THE next morning the players aroſe at day-break, paid their reckoning, and went away to Alcala. An hour after they were gone, Don Quixote awaking, called his ſquire, who, hearing his voice, came up, and opened his chamber-door, which the author had faſtened. 'Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'what news from Queen Zenobia? Did 'you take care ſhe had an apartment 'worthy her perſon?'—'By my troth, 'Sir,' anſwered the ſquire, 'my head 'was ſo full of our combat laſt night, 'that I thought of the princeſs no more 'than if ſhe had not been queen! but, 'in ſhort, ſhe did not lie abroad; two 'of the players took her along with 'them into their chamber, whither ſhe 'followed them without any ceremo-'ny; and, by the ſame token, they eat 'a paſty, and drank a great pot of 'wine.'—'That cannot be!' cried Don Quixote; 'I am well acquainted with 'the queen's chaſtity, and there is no 'likelihood of what you ſay: you cer-'tainly dreamed all this laſt night.'—'No, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I am ſure 'the paſty was no dream, it was real 'fleſh and bones; and but now I ſaw 'what little was left of it on a plate in 'the kitchen.'—'It is a ſtrange thing,' replied Don Quixote, 'that, having ſo 'long followed knight-errantry, and 'converſed with princes and emperors, 'thou ſhouldeſt ſtill be as unpoliſhed as 'thou waſt the firſt day I raiſed thee 'from nothing! Will you never learn 'to ſee things as they ought to be ſeen? 'Will you ever confound the objects 'with the ideas? Will nothing ever 'appear to you in it's true ſhape? In 'truth, there is no enduring you any 'longer; I am weary of inſtructing you 'ſo often to ſo little purpoſe; and will 'ſend you back to your village again, 'as a brute incapable of being taught.' Theſe words, and the tone in which they were uttered, had ſuch effect upon Sancho, that he concluded for the preſent he was in the wrong; yet could he not comprehend the reaſon he made ſo little progreſs in diſcernment. 'My dear 'maſter Don Quixote,' anſwered he, weeping, 'I am as willing as any man 'in the world; but, do all that I can to 'ſee things like a knight-errant, I can-'not compaſs it.' At this moment the two ſcholars entered the room; and finding Don Quixote in a paſſion, and the ſquire weeping, they deſired to know the cauſe. 'Gentlemen,' ſaid the knight, 'am not I to be pitied, in having for 'my ſquire this clown, this blockhead! 'who ſees all things the wrong way; 'who takes helmets for barbers baſons, 'paladins for peaſants, and princeſſes 'for maids of inns? I dare ſay, ſhould 'the Princeſs Landabrides arrive at this 'inſtant, with the very equipage ſhe 'had when the Knight of the Sun firſt 'met with her, this ſimpleton would 'miſtake her glorious triumphal cha-'riot for a cart, and the two white 'unicorns that drew it, for heavy oxen.' —'Sir,' ſaid the batchelor, 'you ought 'rather to pity than to be angry with 'your poor ſquire: conſider, he is af-'fectionate and faithful; and you ought 'to hope that, in time, his eyes may be 'opened. Let me talk to him a little, 'while you dreſs yourſelf.' Then turning to the ſquire, he ſaid—'Friend San-'cho, you have the beſt maſter in the 'world; but you know not how to 'deal with him: he requires nothing of 'you but what is reaſonable, and yet 'he has not been hitherto able to force 'you to a compliance: if he required 'impoſſibilities of you; if he enjoined 'you to take the moon in your teeth; 'to find him out a woman, or a witty 'book, without a fault; I ſhould ex-

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'cuſe you, and be the firſt to condemn 'him: but when he only deſires that 'you would ſee objects as they really 'are, white unicorns as white unicorns, 'and not as oxen; in truth, friend, it 'is a great obſtinacy to be ſo rebellious.' —'Maſter Batchelor,' anſwered Sancho, 'I agree to all you ſay: but I 'know not what to do; and I could 'wiſh myſelf hanged! I often give 'myſelf good cuffs and thumps on the 'jaws; nay, ſometimes I tear off my 'hair, eye-brows and eye-laſhes; and 'yet all to no purpoſe: and I believe, 'God forgive me! that though I ſhould 'pull out both my eyes, I ſhould ſee 'never the better. I always ſee quite 'contrary to my maſter Don Quixote; 'certainly the wicked enchanters have 'bewitched my ſight.'—'I ſhould be 'loth to ſwear for them,' replied the batchelor; 'thoſe vile fellows have ſerv-'ed others of my acquaintance ſo.'—'O 'the wicked wretches!' cried Sancho, weeping again. 'Alas! how ſhall I 'govern my iſland with theſe purblind 'eyes! All my ſervants will look like 'animals to me: I ſhall take my pages 'for monkeys, my maid-ſervants for 'magpies, my ſteward for a fox, my 'ſewers for ſwine, and my counſellors 'for aſſes; and, what is worſt of all, 'I ſhall take another's goods for my 'own; and then the governor will go to 'the devil, or will be whipped out of 'his government.'—'Be not ſo much 'concerned, my friend,' ſaid the batchelor; 'I will take off the magical 'blemiſh you have on your eyes.'— 'O dear Mr. Batchelor,' quoth Sancho, 'if you have that ſecret, do not 'grudge it me, I beſeech you!'—'I will 'teach it you,' quoth the batchelor; 'do not trouble yourſelf.'—'O Lord!' quoth the ſquire, 'why would you not 'teach it me at firſt? Is not work done 'better than work to do?'—'Nay, but 'this matter,' ſaid the batchelor, ſmiling at Sancho's eagerneſs, 'is not to be 'done ſo lightly; it is a very myſte-'rious ceremony, and requires many 'preparations. It is enough for the 'preſent that you know the receipt is 'infallible, and that you ſhall have 'trial of it before we part.'—'I would 'fain be at it already,' cried Sancho; 'for I have a great heart; I am mad to 'think I cannot ſee as well as others; 'but, in the mean while, Mr. Batche-'lor, pray reſolve me one difficulty: I 'know I am enchanted; but how comes 'it my enchantment does not extend to 'all I ſee, and particularly to what I 'do; for I am very ſenſible I am not al-'ways deceived. As for inſtance, I 'ſee you all three as really as you are; 'and I do not take you for aſſes. Be-'ſides, when I tell money, provided the 'ſum be not above twenty ſhillings, I 'defy the beſt divine to beſtir his fingers 'more nimbly, or tell truer than I do.' —'Brother Sancho,' quoth the batche-lor, 'I will give you the reaſon of that 'difference, which depends wholly on 'the caprice of the enchanter: it is in 'their power to give to objects all ſorts 'of forms; they can metamorphoſe all 'mankind; turn ſolicitors into leeches, 'counſellors into ſyrens, attornies in-'to apes, courtiers into ſpaniels, and 'tolerable women into phœnixes: but, 'for the moſt part, they paſs by thoſe 'trivial matters, that they may wholly 'attend to knight-errantry, which they 'uſe their utmoſt endeavours to ſup-'preſs. And therefore Friſton the en-'chanter, who ſtudies nothing but how 'he may harm you, pleaſes himſelf with 'ſo diſguiſing things to you, that you 'may be deceived every moment; and 'he flatters himſelf with the hopes that 'this blindneſs will hold you an hun-'dred and fifty years.'—'Nay, but 'how do you know,' replied the ſquire, in amazement, 'that I muſt continue 'enchanted all that while?'—'I will 'tell you,' quoth the batchelor. 'When 'I was in Flanders, (for, different as I 'may look now, I have ſerved ſix years 'in the army) there came thither a 'famous Jew from the extremity of 'Chaldea and Arabia*. He was the 'moſt expert man upon the face of the 'earth in affairs of magick; nature 'to him was quite naked, and he knew 'all that is to come as plain as what 'paſſed before the creation of the world. 'I had the good fortune to reſcue him 'from a party of the enemy who had 'taken him priſoner; in return for 'which, he honoured me with the ſtrict-'eſt friendſhip, and repoſed ſingular 'confidence in me. We were inſepa-'rable companions during the two years

* The above is evidently a ſatirical alluſion to the popular ſtory of 'The Wandering Jew;' for an account of whom, ſee Percy's Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry, Vol. II.

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'he ſtaid in Flanders. He bore me 'company in all our marches; he was 'always by my ſide in all the battles 'and ſieges I was concerned in. You 'may judge how advantageous his 'company was to me. He brought me 'off ſafe from a thouſand dangers, and 'preſerved me by his art from four-'ſcore and three muſquet-ſhot; fifteen 'whereof I ſhould have received in my 'head, five in the lungs, nine in the 'liver, ſeventeen in the ſpleen, thirty 'in the optick nerve, and the reſt in the 'great gut. He taught me abundance 'of curioſities; and, among the reſt, 'the ſecret how to live four times as 'long as Neſtor, without feeling the 'inconveniences of old age; and this 'ſecret is ſo infallible, that this rare 'Jew, at the moment when we parted, 'was thirteen hundred and ſixty-ſix 'years, ſeven months, fourteen hours, 'and ſixteen minutes, old; and he had 'a complexion like a young girl, and 'was as ſtrong as the giant Mandrake, 'who was killed by the valiant Sacri-'dorus.'—'You miſtake, Mr. Bat-'chelor,' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'King Sacridorus did not 'combat with the giant Mandrake; it 'was Roſiclair who took away his life. 'It is true, that the knights who fol-'lowed the giant, being deſirous to re-'venge his death, and falling all toge-'ther upon Roſiclair, his friend Sacri-'dorus ruſhed in among them, and 'ſlew ſix.'—'Signor Don Quixote,' quoth the batchelor, 'you may very 'well excuſe me that ſlip; for, beſides 'that it is a long time ſince I read the 'ſtory of the Knight of the Sun, you 'may remember I told you, but yeſter-'day, that I had a very bad memory. 'But, to return to my Jew, and have 'done in two words; he taught me all 'the tricks of the mountebanks—and, 'to conclude, friend Sancho, he taught 'me the ſecret of diſenchanting you; 'telling me, at the ſame time, that the 'enchanter Friſton had bewitched your 'ſight for an hundred and fifty years.' —'Of all the Jew's learning,' quoth Sancho, 'that is what I like the beſt: I 'don't much want to live many ages; if 'I can live to ſix ſcore, I deſire no more. 'After that, come what will! "When "a man has well ſucked the cherry, "he need not care much for the ſtone." The knight admiring what he had heard, ſaid to the ſcholar, looking on him with amazement—'Truly, Mr. Bat-'chelor, I am mightily taken with the 'wonders you have told us, and it is 'a great misfortune that you are not a 'knight errant; for, what with the va-'lour you diſplayed in Flanders, and 'the ſublime knowledge you are maſter 'of, I queſtion not but in a ſhort time 'you would have made great profici-'ency in that moſt excellent order.'— 'Incomparable Don Quixote!' replied the batchelor, 'I have always looked 'upon knight-errantry as the firſt and 'nobleſt of all profeſſions; and, I muſt 'own, I would devote myſelf to it 'zealouſly, were I not ſubject to cer-'tain evil habits which I cannot maſter, 'and which I look upon as very repug-'nant to that holy exerciſe.'—'Pray, let 'me know them,' anſwered the knight; 'and no man ſhall inform you better 'than myſelf whether they ought to 'obſtruct your becoming a knight-er-'rant.'—'Well, then, Sir,' replied the batchelor, 'to acquaint you at once 'with all my frailties, I muſt tell you, 'in the firſt place, that I am nothing 'near ſo chaſte as Amadis de Gaule. 'I ſhould be apt to fall in love with all 'the maidens that came in my way, and 'ſhould not diſenchant one of them 'without making her pay for her diſ-'enchantment.'—'Chaſtity,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'is doubtleſs a great virtue, 'but yet not abſolutely neceſſary in a 'knight-errant; and though Amadis 'de Gaule was, like myſelf, a mirror 'of chaſtity; yet Don Galaor, his bro-'ther, and the worthy Don Rogel of 'Greece, did not make any ſcruple of 'receiving favours, when they met with 'ladies inclinable to beſtow them; and 'this did not hinder them from be-'coming famous in the order of knight-'errantry.'—'I grant it,' anſwered the batchelor; 'nor is the want of 'chaſtity my greateſt obſtacle. That 'is the leaſt of my faults; and I muſt 'tell you freely, that, beſides that 'lewd inclination, I have others more 'unpardonable: I am ſlothful, an epi-'cure, a drunkard——' 'Out upon it!' cried Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'thoſe are vile failings! O Heavens! 'why muſt the greateſt men be ſubject 'to the greateſt vices? Thoſe faults 'are too oppoſite to our rules, to al-'low of your being admitted into our 'holy body: but exert all your endea-'vours to correct them; and if you

'can but compaſs it, I promiſe that I 'will myſelf dub you a knight, and 'will be your aſſociate in the firſt com-'bat you ſhall undertake.' The bat-chelor returned thanks for ſo ſpecial a favour; and the knight being by this time dreſſed and armed, they all four went down into the yard of the inn.

CHAP. XIV.

OF THE CEREMONY THE BATCHELOR USED TO DISENCHANT SANCHO, AND OF IT'S SUCCESS.

THE innkeeper and Queen Barbara were talking in the kitchen, when our knight appeared. They both went out to meet him. The hoſt, who was a pleaſant fellow, made him a bow, ſaying to him, with a ſmiling countenance —'How fares to-day the noble Don 'Quixote, the flower and pearl of La 'Mancha, and the jewel of knights-'errant?' Don Quixote, having replied to this compliment, ſaluted the queen, and then aſked where the wiſe Alquife was, that he might take his leave of him. 'Sir Knight,' anſwered the hoſt, 'the wiſe Alquife is no 'longer in this caſtle: he went away 'this morning to Conſtantinople, whi-'ther he was obliged to tranſport 'himſelf upon affairs of the greateſt 'conſequence. But before his de-'parture, he ordered me to entertain 'you handſomely during your ſtay; 'which, indeed, he needed not have 'done, for I naturally love knights-'errant; and not one of them paſſes 'by this caſtle but I give him a taſte 'of the beſt I have.' Don Quixote, knowing that enchanters appear and vaniſh as they pleaſe, was not at all ſurprized at this news; and, addreſſing the landlord—'Signior Caſtellano,' ſaid he, 'I thank you for your good-will; 'but I am in haſte to be at Madrid, 'and can ſtay no longer with you.'— 'If ſo,' anſwered the hoſt, 'I ſhall 'not preſume to ſtay you; and you 'may depart when you pleaſe.'—'As 'for us,' quoth the batchelor, 'we 'muſt ſet out before you.'—'Ah, ma-'ſter Batchelor!' cried Sancho, 'if 'you leave us, farewel ſecret!'—'No, 'no, my friend,' anſwered the batche-lor, 'we ſhall meet again at Alcala.'— 'By my hand, Mr. Batchelor,' ſaid the other ſcholar, 'you ought rather to 'diſenchant this poor devil Sancho 'immediately! Don Quixote and I do 'beg it of you.'—'If it can be ac-'compliſhed ſpeedily,' quoth Don Quixote, 'Mr. Batchelor will oblige 'me by not poſtponing this ceremony 'till another time.'—'I grant your re-'queſt, gentlemen,' replied the batche-lor; 'and, ſince Don Quixote deſires it, 'I am willing to put my ſecret to the 'trial immediately. The conſtable 'will be pleaſed to conduct us into 'the darkeſt part of the caſtle, becauſe 'ſpirits do not love much light; they 'will not appear but in gloomy places. 'Queen Zenobia, if ſhe pleaſes, muſt 'not accompany us, for we ſhall be-'hold things not fit to be ſeen by a 'princeſs.' The innkeeper, who was an arch fellow, gueſſed at the batche-lor's deſign; and, being a man that would loſe no paſtime, lighted a can-dle, and led Don Quixote, Sancho, and the ſcholars, into a cellar ſo dark, that it might have ſatisfied ſpirits the moſt averſe to day-light. When they were all in, the hoſt ſet down the candle upon a little rotten table there happened to be in the place, and went out again with the batchelor to ſpeak to two young mule-drivers who were then in the ſtable, and whoſe aſſiſtance they thought they might ſtand in need of. When they had agreed together what part every one was to play, the hoſt re-turned into the cellar, and ſoon after him came the batchelor with a great black cloak about his ſhoulders, and on his head four paſteboard caps half an ell high, made in the form of a ſu-gar-loaf, and all four of them appear-ing as if they had been but one. He made a bow of reverence to Sancho, more profound than a novice to the ge-neral of his order: he alſo ſaluted Don Quixote and the reſt; and, finally, all the caſks in the cellar. Then, turning to the knight, he ſaid—'Don Quixote, 'without doubt, is amazed to ſee me 'ſalute theſe caſks; but he muſt un-'derſtand, that on theſe hogſheads 'there are ſeveral inviſible enchanters, 'who are come to be ſpectators of our 'magical operation.' Having ſpoken theſe words, he took off one of his paſteboard caps, and placed it upon the head of the ſquire: the ſame he did to the other two ſpectators; and then he ordered Sancho to ſtrip to his ſhirt.

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The ſquire looked upon this prelude as an ill omen; he was all in diſorder, and the ſweat ran down in great drops. He was glad, it is true, to think he ſhould be ſoon diſenchanted; but judging, by the batchelor's diſcourſe, that he might chance to ſee ſome ſcurvy apparition, he began to be as much afraid of the ceremony as he was before deſirous of it: however, come what would, he ſtripped; and when he had done, the batchelor ſaid to the hoſt—'Signior 'Caſtellano, I pray thee fetch three 'great cryſtal glaſſes, if you have any, 'and fill them with good white wine.' —'I have them,' replied the hoſt; 'and 'they were made purpoſely for this ce-'remony.' In ſhort, he fetched three of the largeſt he had, and filled them to the brim with the beſt wine in the cellar, the more to honour the operation. The batchelor took them, one after another, with myſterious geſtures, and placed them in a triangular form on the table: he then uttered, with a loud voice, theſe words—'By Belfe-'gor; by Leviathan; by Beelzebub; 'by Aſmodeus!' He cauſed the ſquire to repeat them ſeveral times, making him walk round the table: then he ordered him to drink off the three bumpers, and ſaid to him—'Courage, 'friend! I have a good conceit of 'your buſineſs: I find you have a good 'heart for the work.'—'Mr. Batche-'lor,' cried Sancho, 'you ſee I do not 'ſpare my body: I uſe my poor endea-'vours; the Lord muſt do the reſt.'— 'Nay,' replied the batchelor, 'you 'have hitherto played your part to ad-'miration, bating one word, which 'you did not pronounce properly.'— 'As for that,' quoth the ſquire, 'a 'word is a mere trifle: I would fain 'know whether all the canons ſay 'their matins without tripping. No, 'no; they do not go to Rome for a par-'don every time they turn over two 'leaves of their breviary at once, and 'yet they are ſure to find their dinner 'ready. But, however, leſt we ſhould 'loſe a hog for a halfpenny-worth of 'tar, you may order me another bumper in lieu of the word I miſtook, and 'perhaps one will make amends for 'the other.'—'That will not do,' replied the batchelor; 'but it is likely 'you did not murder that word de-'ſignedly; and ſince your intention was 'good, all is well.'—'By my troth, I 'believe ſo!' anſwered the ſquire. 'I 'can aſſure you the wine has wrought 'wonders: I begin to ſee like a knight-'errant already; for methinks I ſee a 'thouſand candles here.'—'You are 'out in your reckoning there,' quoth the batchelor: 'the ceremony is not 'yet ended, and the beſt part is to 'come; or rather, all that we have 'done hitherto is nothing in compari-'ſon with the ſequel. Now there be-'ing two enchanters, who are your 'enemies; to wit, Friſton, and a 'Mooriſh enchanter, whom you told 'me of yeſterday; I muſt make a cir-'cle, and, by virtue of a charm which 'commands them, I will oblige each 'of them to ſend a devil hither to diſ-'enchant you. But, my dear friend 'Sancho,' added he, after making a great circle on the ground with chalk, 'I muſt give you ſome advice: the de-'vils will be ſure to uſe all their en-'deavours to make you ſtep out of the 'circle, in the middle of which you 'are ſafe, becauſe they cannot come 'within it; but you muſt be ſure to 'ſtand faſt in it, whatever they may 'do to you; for ſhould you be ſo un-'fortunate as to ſtir out of it, they 'would ſwallow you like an oyſter. 'If, on the contrary, you ſtill keep 'within the circle, they will drop at 'your feet a ſkin of white vellum, 'which contains the charm, and will 'take their flight, howling for ſhame 'and vexation: take eſpecial care, 'therefore, that fear does not cauſe 'you to ſtep aſide.'—'Fear!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'what 'can he fear whilſt I am preſent?— 'No, Sancho,' continued he, 're-'member I am with you: I ſay no 'more.'—'It is enough, Sir,' replied the ſquire; 'I know your word can-'not fail in that point: God be praiſed, 'in your company I fear nothing! 'The worſt of it is, that as to my 'body, I perceive myſelf quake a lit-'tle. But let them give me another 'glaſs of wine, and I promiſe you I 'will then ſtand within the circle as 'ſtiff as a ſtake.'—'With all my 'heart, brave Sancho!' ſaid the hoſt, giving him at the ſame time a great bumper. 'Courage, my friend!' The ſquire, having gulped down this heartening doſe, boldly entered the circle. 'So, Sancho,' ſaid the batchelor, 'now for the charm! but remember

'that you remain ſilent till the devils 'have thrown the parchment at your 'feet: for I muſt tell you, that if you 'utter a ſingle word before that time, 'the ſpirits will vaniſh immediately, 'and there will then be no poſſibility 'of diſenchanting you.'—'It ſhall 'never miſcarry for that fault,' quoth Sancho; 'you may begin the dance as 'ſoon as you pleaſe.' The batchelor then fell upon his knees, and continued almoſt a quarter of an hour with his eyes fixed on the ground; after which, he ſtarted up; and, like one agitated with the tranſport of a phrenzy, ſometimes ſtretched out his arms, ſometimes rolling his eyes and diſtorting his frame with fearful geſticulations, ſmote himſelf violently on the breaſt and ſtomach. At length, raiſing his voice, and gabbling, with ſurprizing vivacity of action, he commenced his conjuration in the following words—

'Beelfegor! Aſmodeus! ye frightful 'fiends who obey the enchanter 'Friſton, and the Mooriſh enchanter, 'I conjure you liſten to my voice!—

'By Juno, and by mighty Jove!
'By Pluto, and the god of love!
'By Neptune's boots, and Merc'ry's ſhoon!
'And by the horns of Madam Moon!
'By Leo, Libra, and Aquarius!
'By Taurus, Cancer, Sagittarius!
'By the Twins, and the Ram's Horn!
'By Piſces, and by Capricorn!
'By the Scorpion's poiſonous ſting!
'By the Virgin, that rare thing!
'By Pan's pipe and bed of graſs!
'By Silenus' gentle aſs!
'By the killing bold phyſicians!
'By the ſenſeleſs politicians!
'By the ſpirits, great and ſmall!
'By the fairies, devils, and all!

'Ye cruel and miſchievous ſpirits, 'who, in compliance with the malice 'of enchanters, enemies to the Knight 'of La Mancha, have, by your ſorceries, infected the eyes of Sancho 'Panza, his truſty ſquire; I command 'you to appear here preſently, and to 'caſt into the circle the parchment 'containing the charm! Come away, I 'command you—

'By Proſerpine's black ſooty coat!
'By Charon's oars, and rotten boat!
'By the flambeaux of the furies!
'By the ſenſe of common juries!
'By their truth who buy and ſell!
'By the three-mouth'd dog of hell!
'By the Sybils and the Oracles!
'By Mahomet, and all his miracles!
'By the conſcience of a jailor!
'By the honeſty of a taylor!
'By the ſpirits, great and ſmall,
'By the fairies, devils, and all!'

The batchelor ſtopping ſhort here, a noiſe was heard at the cellar-door; and preſently the two confederate devils appeared. They were wrapped up in tattered old red hangings, tied about them in ſeveral places with ropes, and each of them had a jack-chain about his neck; their caps had two horns, and their faces were ſo daubed with ſoot, that no white appeared but the white of their eyes; each of them had a whip in the right-hand, and an iron-prong in the left: but that which moſt of all deceived Don Quixote, and terrified his ſquire, was a lighted match which each devil held in his mouth, ſo twiſted with fine flax, that, whenever they blowed it, they ſeemed to vomit fire. They now drew near the circle, grinning with a thouſand hideous grimaces upon Sancho, who ſhut his eyes to avoid ſeeing them; and, ſhaking in every limb like an aſpen-leaf, betook himſelf to his prayers. The batchelor then continued his conjuration as follows—

'Infernal ſpirits! who behold the 'intrepidity of Sancho, throw down at 'his feet your fatal parchment! I 'command you—

'By fair Hebe's god-like head!
'By Jove's love to Ganymed!
'By Orpheus' lute, guitar, or fiddle!
'By cruel Sphynx's fatal riddle!
'By Comus' revels in the dark!
'By warlike Mars, that bloody ſpark!
'By Venus, and her chaſte embraces!
'By Vulcan's Cyclops' lovely faces!
'By Olympus, when it nods!
'By all the whole and demi-gods!
'By the ſpirits, great and ſmall!
'By the fairies, devils, and all!'

The devils, though ſo powerfully conjured, were not over haſty to caſt the parchment into the circle; but, perceiving that Sancho ſtill kept his eyes ſhut, began to jerk his haunches with their mules whips; and though they were only in jeſt, yet, being naturally rough play fellows, and Sancho in his ſhirt, they made him extremely ſenſible of the laſhes. Sancho gnaſhed his teeth, ſhrugged his ſhoulders, and cut capers,

capers, kicking his heels up to his very breech: he, however, bore all without ſtirring out of the circle, or uttering one word. The devils, who were determined to make him ſpeak, yet wiſhed rather to frighten than hurt him, now laid aſide their whips, and began to tickle him with their pitchforks; till at length Sancho loſt all patience, and blubbered out, with might and main—'O my good maſter Don Quixote! 'have pity on me, I beſeech you, and 'deliver me from theſe curſed ſatans!' The knight was not deaf to his cries; but exclaimed, with a dreadful voice—'Hold, devils! and you ſhall ſee whether Don Quixote is afraid of your 'iron-prongs!' Thus ſaying, he drew his ſword; but, in an inſtant, he found himſelf environed with ſuch thick darkneſs, that he could no longer diſcern any thing; for, as ſoon as Sancho opened his mouth, the mule-driving devils, the hoſt, and the ſcholars, who expected ſuch a ſtorm, extinguiſhed the candle, and ſlipped out of the cellar as faſt as they could.

Still Don Quixote threatened the devils, though the darkneſs checked his paſſion, and rendered his valour uſeleſs. Sancho was ſo frightened, that he fancied he ſtill felt the forks.—'Maſter 'Don Quixote,' quoth he, 'pray keep 'me near you, if you pleaſe; for per-'haps the devils have put out the 'candle that they may uſe me the 'worſe: draw cloſe, that I may know 'you are by me.' Our knight, upon this, drew nearer, to encourage him; and, as both of them held out their arms to feel for each other, the ſquire chancing to touch the lean hairy hand of his maſter, ſcreeched out immediately—'I am a dead man! I have felt 'Lucifer's claw!'—'No, my child,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'it is I; be not frighten-'ed.'—'Alas!' replied the ſquire, 'fear has overcome me!'—'The devils 'are not here,' anſwered the knight; 'but what I marvel at, is, that me-'thinks we two are left alone in this 'diſmal place! What can have become 'of the ſcholars and the Caſtellain? I 'do not hear them ſpeak!' Thus ſaying, they both began to call upon them; but nobody anſwering—'By my troth,' quoth Sancho, 'the devils have cer-'tainly carried them all away! As for 'Mr. Batchelor's part, he is well 'enough ſerved; and he deſerves it for 'his damned conjuring, which I ſhall 'never forget as long as I have a bit 'of ſkin left upon my breech.'—'I 'do not believe that,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'the batchelor has too much 'power over the devils, to ſuffer them 'to hurt him.'—'On my conſcience,' quoth Sancho, 'there is no truſting to 'that! Dogs ſometimes bite their ma-'ſters. But, pray, Sir, ſtay till I ga-'ther up my breeches and doublet, 'which I feel under my feet; and then 'let us endeavour to get out of this 'place; for, in troth, I am not like the 'ſpirits, I do not like dark places at 'all; and I fancy I am in the other 'world!' He put on his breeches; and, whilſt they were groping about for the door, the hoſt and the ſcholars came back into the cellar, with each of them a lighted candle in his hand. 'O ho! 'gentlemen,' quoth Sancho, 'are you 'there? What have you done with 'the devils?'—'Were you mad, San-'cho?' replied the batchelor; 'do not 'you know you had like to have been 'the death of us all, by calling upon 'your maſter Don Quixote to aſſiſt 'you? All devils, and theſe more 'particularly, hate to have any forci-'ble means employed againſt them; 'they preſently break looſe, and no 'charms can hold them any longer. 'The conjuror himſelf is not ſafe; for 'they are a falſe generation; and there 'is no more truſting of them than the 'rogues of galley-ſlaves you reſcued 'laſt year: and this was the reaſon we 'fled with ſuch expedition.'—'Yet 'they are not ſo fierce as you make 'them,' replied Don Quixote; 'though 'they were armed with prongs, and 'ſpit more fire than Endriagus, which 'Amadis de Gaule overcame; or than 'Paunus the demoniack, ſlain by the 'Knight of the Sun, they durſt not 'ſtand before me!'—'I believe ſo too,' anſwered the batchelor; 'they are cun-'ning devils, and never fight but when 'they are ſtrongeſt. All that vexes 'me,' added he, turning to the ſquire, 'is, that the operation was not per-'formed with more ſucceſs: but it is 'your fault, Sancho; you ought to 'have had a little more patience; how-'ever, if you will be more ſtaunch, 'and not ſpeak one word, we will be-'gin again.'—'No, no, maſter Batche-'lor!' quoth Sancho; 'I had rather 'be enchanted till doom's-day, than

'ſee

'ſee thoſe hell-hounds any more!'— 'Why the devil,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'did not you keep ſilence till all was 'ended? It would have been over by 'this time.'—'No doubt of it!' quoth Sancho; 'for, by this time, it would 'have been over with me! A pox on 'the devil! I ſhould ſtand ſtill and be 'flayed without wincing, ſhould I? 'Faith, you take me for a pretty fool! 'Had not I called you to my aſſiſtance, 'they would have thruſt their hell-'forks into my guts; for I felt them 'grate upon my ribs already! In ſhort, 'if I never ſee things relating to 'knight-errantry as I ought to do, the 'loſs is not great. What matter is it 'to me, whether Madam Zenobia is 'handſome or ugly? I have a wife al-'ready, God be thanked! and that is 'enough for a peaſant. I am not de-'ceived in eating and drinking; and 'that concerns me moſt.'—'Alas, 'my poor Sancho!' cried the batche-lor, 'do not ſing victory before the 'battle is over! Enchanters may 'as well hinder you from eating and 'drinking; and I wonder they have 'not done it already! Aſſuredly it 'muſt be, that Friſton reſerves this as 'his finiſhing ſtroke upon you; for 'that is the general way of enchant-'ing.'—'O the dog!' cried Sancho, 'all the devils in hell take him before 'he does! But, perhaps, that may ne-'ver come to paſs, Mr. Batchelor: "it does not always rain when we "fancy it."

After ſome further diſcourſe of this ſort, they all quitted the cellar, and went to meet Queen Zenobia in the court, who pretended great earneſtneſs to know the ſucceſs of their enterprize, as if ſhe had been quite a ſtranger to it. 'Beau-'tiful princeſs,' ſaid Don Quixote to her, 'it was not the batchelor's fault, 'I am well ſatisfied, that his ſecret did 'not take effect; but my ſquire diſap-'pointed it by his impatience: and I 'foreſee I am ſtill likely to have trouble 'enough with him.'—'No, no, Sir!' cried Sancho, 'we will argue no more 'about chivalry; for I have conſidered 'on it. From this time forwards I 'will believe all you ſay as certain as 'if it were in the almanack. When-'ſoever you tell me, "Sancho, it is this "thing, or t'other," I will ſwear to it, 'and by that means ſhall be too hard 'for the enchanters. Now let them 'come as faſt as they will, when they 'happen to ſhow me a wind-mill, whip 'ſay I, "There is a giant!" and ſo of the reſt.'—'O my friend Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'if you will but perform 'what you ſay, if you can ſo far prevail 'upon yourſelf, I deſire no more. Do 'you but humbly ſubmit the weakneſs 'of your eyes and underſtanding to 'your maſter's clear ſight and ſound 'reaſon, and then you have found the 'ſecret of mortifying enchanters, by 'diſappointing their malice.' Sancho hereupon binding himſelf by oath to ſee in future with no eyes but thoſe of his maſter, matters were re-adjuſted, and the company ſomewhat conſoled for the ill ſucceſs of the magical operation. They now gave themſelves up to good humour; and, after eating a morſel, and drinking a glaſs of wine, Don Quixote, Barbara, Sancho, and the ſcholars, re-turned the conſtable many thanks for his kind cheer, and departed all together from the caſtle of Goblins. The hoſt, on his part, demanded nothing for the expence they had put him to. The players, it is true, had paid for the ſupper; but that matters not: others of his profeſſion would have made no ſcruple of reckon-ing with Don Quixote and the ſcholars. As for him, he took the ceremony in the cellar in full payment, and ſhew-ed as much generoſity as any Caſtilian we meet with in the volumes of chi-valry.

CHAP. XV.

WHICH THE ARABIAN ALISOLAN DOES NOT RECKON THE BEST IN THE BOOK.

WHEN our adventurers were come near Alcala, the ſcholars, not caring to enter the town with Don Quixote, from apprehenſion of the hub-bub his figure would probably occaſion, ſtopped as it were to reſt themſelves, after taking leave of him and his company. When they were on the point of entering the ſuburbs, Barbara ſaid to Don Quix-ote, 'Sir Knight, you have purchaſed 'for me a mule and cloaths, and have 'brought me with you thus far, as if I 'were your ſiſter; I therefore return 'you moſt humble thanks: but if you 'have no other commands to lay on 'me, I will, by your leave, ſtay in this 'town,

'town, where I was born, and where 'I should be glad to serve you more ef-'fectually than with bare words.'— 'Oh, my princeſs!' exclaimed Don Quixote, much ſurprized, 'what is it 'you talk of? What ſtrange reſolution 'is this you have taken? Will you then 'leave me, after travelling together 'with me through ſo many deſarts? 'Alas! if you once abſent yourſelf from 'me, who will defend you againſt your 'enemy Pamphus the enchanter? Where 'can you be ſafe againſt his practices? 'Be adviſed by me, Madam; let us go 'to Madrid together, where I deſign 'publickly to defend your beauty. Af-'ter this, you are free to do whatſoever 'pleaſes you. You ſhall go, if you de-'ſire it, to Cyprus; or you ſhall ſtay in 'the court of Spain; where I do not 'queſtion but the king will entertain 'you as the Sultan of Babylon did the 'Princeſs Hermiliana and the beautiful 'Polixena, miſtreſſes to the two young 'princes of Greece, Don Clarineus of 'Spain, and Don Lucidaner of Theſ-'ſaly.' Sancho, finding his maſter ſo earneſtly oppoſe Barbara's deſign, grew angry, and ſaid—'Body o' me! maſter 'Don Quixote, I cannot imagine to 'what purpoſe you would have us take 'the princeſs along with us: is it not 'better ſhe ſhould ſtay in her own 'country, than make us ſpend the reſt 'of our money to no purpoſe? On my 'conſcience, a pretty jewel to carry to 'court! And ſhe muſt be aſked and en-'treated too, and be hanged to her! 'Aſk her no more, ſay I! we can go to 'Madrid well enough without her, and 'be never the worſe for it. See what 'ſtate the jade takes upon her, becauſe 'ſhe is called Madam Queen here, and 'Madam Princeſs there; though ſhe is 'no more than ſhe knows well enough, 'for I heard what ſhe ſaid to the ſcho-'lars. Let her pay us what the mule 'and the cloaths coſt, and let us have 'no more of her!'—'Incorrigible 'dunce!' quoth Don Quixote in a rage, 'will you ever be the moſt indiſcreet and 'the ſaucieſt of ſquires? Do you think, 'ſirrah! I ſhall always have the patience 'to endure your impertinent babble; 'and particularly when it is injurious 'to the great Queen Zenobia? Vile 'wretch! I could almoſt find in my 'heart to ſtrike my lance through your 'body!' Having ſpoken theſe words, he was drawing near Sancho to ſtrike him; but Barbara, who, conſidering ſhe was a woman, was not very miſchievous, interpoſed and appeaſed him. Deſirous, however, to revenge herſelf upon Sancho, notwithſtanding, ſhe addreſſed herſelf to our hero, and ſaid—'Sir Knight, 'it is true I did deſign to ſtay here; 'but ſince your worſhip deſires it, I am 'ready to follow you to Madrid, and 'farther too, if need be, in ſpite of 'that baſe peaſant.'—'Peaſant!' quoth Sancho; 'it is true, I am a peaſant in 'the eyes of the world, but quality ſig-'nifies nothing before God. If a man 'is a Chriſtian, that is enough; and I 'had rather be a peaſant than go eat 'and drink all night with players.' Barbara coloured at theſe words; and anſwered the ſquire?—'Sancho, San-'cho! have a care of making raſh judg-'ments; all thoſe who eat and drink 'together are not good friends for all 'that. We muſt not always believe it 'is day when the cock crows: if I was 'in the players chamber, I did nobody 'harm there; but you are quite a ma-'licious one.'—'You call me malici-'ous,' replied the ſquire; 'by my troth, 'you dare not ſay it to my face; for, 'body o'me! I'm no ſuch fool, d'ye 'ſee, but I know there are more days 'than weeks.'—'Beautiful princeſs!' ſaid Don Quixote, 'regard not, I be-'ſeech you, what that brute ſays; let us 'leave him for a blockhead, as he is, 'and conſider where we ſhall alight.'— 'Sir Knight,' replied Barbara, 'I would 'adviſe to ſtay in the ſuburbs till to-'morrow.' Don Quixote, who was wholly at the queen's devotion, agreed to this propoſal, and they alighted at the firſt inn they found in the ſuburbs.

Don Quixote now ordered two rooms; one for himſelf and his ſquire, and a better for the princeſs; and, whilſt a maid-ſervant conducted the queen and the knight into a tolerable apartment, Sancho led the beaſts to the ſtable. Barbara, finding herſelf alone with the knight, reſolved not to loſe the opportunity, and therefore accoſted him in this manner: 'I beſeech you, Signior 'Don Quixote, to excuſe me from go-'ing to court, for I know I ſhall be 'laughed at there; or, if you are re-'ſolved I ſhall go, you muſt promiſe 'to give me fifty ducats to ſet up my 'ſhop again. In truth, that is not too 'much; and I defy you to find a wo-'man that will act Queen Zenobia 'cheaper.'

'cheaper.'—'Great princeſs!' anſwered Don Quixote, 'I do not regard theſe 'words, which I know are dictated to 'you by your enemy Pamphus the en-'chanter; but if you ſtand in need of 'fifty ducats, I will tell them out to you 'immediately: I will only call Sancho 'to bring my portmanteau.'—'No, no, 'Sir,' quoth Barbara, 'it will be enough 'if you give them me at Madrid; and I 'deſire Sancho ſhould know nothing 'of the matter, for he is ſuch a cur-'mudgeon, that he would lead us a 'weary life if he knew it.'—'Verily,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'he is inſufferable 'in that point: he makes me mad with 'his covetouſneſs; and though he is up-'on the point of being made governor 'of one of the beſt iſlands belonging to 'the kingdom of Cyprus, yet he is 'afraid he ſhall want. But, after all, 'he is a good ſervant; and I ſhould be 'loth to loſe him.' This dialogue was interrupted by Sancho, who returned from the ſtable in a great heat: 'Maſter 'Don Quixote,' cried he, 'do you hear 'all that muſick?'—'What muſick?' replied the knight. 'Why you need but 'look out at the window,' quoth Sancho, 'and you will hear a harmony for 'the devil!' Don Quixote, upon this, opening a window that looked into the ſtreet, their ears were preſently ſtruck with the ſound of trumpets, accompanied with hautboys and ſundry other inſtruments; and at the ſame time they heard ſhouts, as of a mob ſurprized at ſome fight. They obſerved that the windows and balconies were thronged with men, women, and children; and they diſcerned at a diſtance, in a great ſtreet that fronted them, a chariot painted with a variety of colours, which was accompanied by a prodigious concourſe of people, both on foot and horſeback. In the firſt chapter of the ſecond volume we ſhall learn what this extraordinary ſpectacle really was; what the knight of La Mancha thought of it, and into what dreadful peril he was brought by the greatneſs of his courage; for the wiſe Aliſolan has ſo much ſtill to relate, that he thought good to take a breathing-time here.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

OF ONE OF DON QUIXOTE'S GREATEST ADVENTURES.

WHILST Don Quixote, Barbara, and Sancho, were gazing with all their eyes out of the window, the hoſt came into the room to know what they would have for ſupper; but the ſhouts of the people, the trumpets, and the chariot, having by this time thrown the knight's brain into a ferment, he doubted not that he was on the eve of ſome moſt important adventure; and, having thanked Heaven for offering him ſuch a noble opportunity to ſignalize himſelf, he ſaid to his ſquire—'My 'ſon Sancho, we could not have come 'at a better time: a mighty infanta is 'this day married, and there is a ſplen-'did tournament held in this city to 'celebrate her nuptials. The liſts 'are open to all knights, and the worſt 'of them have been already thrown 'out. A giant, ſtronger than Orbion, 'or Bradamant, has overthrown all 'that appeared before him, and fear 'has ſunk the hearts of all the reſt. 'He is now proudly parading in a 'triumphal chariot; and fancies that 'henceforth no knight will dare to 'contend with him for the prize of the 'tilting. The princes of this country 'are grieved to the heart, and would 'give all they are worth, that ſome 'knight would appear, and humble 'the pride of this Pagan: therefore, 'my child, let us make haſte and ap-'pear in the Great Square. I fancy I 'already ſee all the ladies and great 'lords in the windows and balconies, 'fixing their eyes upon me: methinks 'I hear them, in admiration of my 'martial air and genteel demeanour, 'ſaying to each other, "That, doubt-"leſs, is the gallant knight who is to "regain the honour ours have loſt, "and to overthrow the giant!" As 'ſoon as ever I appear in the liſts, 'the trumpets will make the air ring; 'which will infuſe ſuch mettle into 'Rozinante, that he will neigh with 'eagerneſs for the combat; and, flaſh-'ing ſparks of fire from his eyes, will 'bound ſo furiouſly, that the earth 'will be in danger of ſinking under

'him. Then will I draw near the gi-
'ant; and, without ceremony, ſay to
'him—"Proud giant, I will fight
"you; but it muſt be upon condition
"that the conqueror ſhall cut off his
"conquered enemy's head!" All gi-
'ants being naturally haughty, he
'will not heſitate to accept the condi-
'tion, but will come down from his
'chariot, and mount a white elephant,
'led by a little dwarf his ſquire, who,
'riding a black elephant, carries his
'maſter's lance and buckler. Then
'ſhall we take our career; and, both
'preſſing furiouſly on, ſhall meet in
'the middle of the courſe. He will
'ſtrike my armour, but not pierce it,
'becauſe it is enchanted; and his lance
'will fly in ſhivers up into the air:
'however, the great force of the ſhock
'will make me bend down to the very
'ſaddle-bows, and I ſhall be ſtunned;
'but, immediately recovering myſelf,
'I ſhall give the giant ſo fierce a thruſt
'on the breaſt with my lance, that it
'will lay him proſtrate on the ground;
'where ſhame, and the pain of his fall,
'will cauſe him to utter a thouſand
'blaſphemies againſt Heaven, as is
'the cuſtom of giants. Now, knights
'being forbid to take any advantage
'in fighting, I will alight from my
'horſe, will graſp my buckler, and
'will advance, with ſword in hand,
'towards the monſter; who, being
'doubly enraged at my ſight, will get
'up, though feeble; and, drawing a
'broad and weighty ſcymetar, which
'hangs by his ſide, will attempt to let
'fall a mortal ſtroke on my helmet,
'which I will ſhun by ſtepping nim-
'bly aſide; and then, ſmiting off one
'of his thighs with a back-ſtroke of
'my excellent ſword, I will again lay
'him proſtrate, and, without allow-
'ing him time to riſe, will give him
'ſuch a lucky cut between his gorget
'and his helmet, that his head will
'drop off. All the princes will re-
'joice, the conquered knights will be
'comforted, and the people will ap-
'plaud me! Go, Sancho, bridle Ro-
'zinante inſtantly, and let us about it
'this moment!'

The hoſt, who had liſtened to all this harangue, and looked upon it as a jeſt, fell a laughing; and ſaid to the knight —'By my faith, Sir, you muſt have an 'excellent memory to remember all that 'banter! For my part, though I have 'read as much forty times in ro-
'mances, I could as well be hanged
'as repeat two lines together. But,
'laying aſide that nonſenſe, will you
'pleaſe to tell what you would have
'me get for your ſupper?'—'You
'time things very well, my friend,'
anſwered Don Quixote; 'you know
'what has happened in your town,
'and how all your knights have been
'affronted; and yet, when I am pre-
'paring to revenge their quarrel, you
'talk to me about ſupper. I tell you,
'I will neither eat nor drink till I have
'ſlain the giant! In the mean while, I
'humbly beſeech the queen to ſtay
'here; I ſhall ſoon return.' This ſaid, he made Barbara a bow, and went out, attended by his ſquire; who, contrary to cuſtom, did not oppoſe his maſter's intentions; doubtleſs, to keep the oath he had taken not to contend with him. They took Rozinante and Dapple out of the ſtable; mounted, and rode into the town. The reader muſt underſtand, that the univerſity of Alcala on that day chanced to ſolemnize the admiſſion of a new divinity-profeſſor. He was borne about the town (as is the uſual cuſtom) in a triumphal chariot, and above two thouſand ſcholars attended him, ſome on foot, others on horſeback, and others on mules. Don Quixote and Sancho ſoon met the ſcholars, walking two and two, with garlands of flowers on their heads, and laurel-branches in their hands. In the midſt of them was a triumphal chariot wonderfully large: the fore-part of it was filled with a number of muſicians, ſinging and playing on inſtruments. In the centre were ſeveral ſcholars in women's cloaths; ſome of them repreſenting virtues, and others vices; and every one bore an inſcription, declaring what he repreſented. Thoſe who perſonated vices were loaded with chains, and ſat at the feet of the others, ſeeming to be ſunk in melancholy, as became the condition of ſlaves. At the farther end of the chariot, above all the reſt, ſat the new profeſſor on a throne, clad in a long ſcarlet-robe, with a crown of laurel on his head. What a ſpectacle was this for a knight-errant! Both maſter and man viewed every particular; but what they ſeemed moſt to marvel at, was, that the mules which drew the chariot, being concealed by the rich houſings which entirely covered them,

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the whole machine appeared to move of itſelf. 'By the Lord, Sancho!' quoth Don Quixote, 'this is really 'ſurprizing. I could wiſh the en- 'chanters might grant you the free uſe 'of your ſight but for one moment; 'you would then perceive, that the 'ſtately chariot which comes towards 'us is enchanted, and moves of itſelf by 'the power of magick.'—'Faith, Sir!' ſaid the ſquire, 'I do not underſtand 'how it is managed; but the enchant- 'ers do not deceive me in that point. 'I plainly ſee all you tell of. I have 'looked all about the chariot, and I 'can deſcry neither oxen nor white 'unicorns, and don't ſee ſo much as a fly 'that draws it; and yet I ſee it moves. 'Mother of God! if this be not ma- 'gick, there is no magick in the world!' —'Do you obſerve all thoſe princeſſes 'in the chariot?' ſaid the knight. 'I 'do, indeed!' anſwered Sancho; 'and, 'by the ſame token, ſome of them are 'ſtanding, and others ſitting, and have 'iron chains on their hands.'—'And 'don't you alſo ſee,' added Don Quix- ote, 'a mighty giant, a monſter in a 'red robe, with a crown on his head?' —'I do, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'and 'though I did not ſee him, I would 'take your word for it.'—'That 'giant,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'is a king, 'as appears by his crown; but I can- 'not tell you what iſland, or what 'ſtrange kingdom, he is ſovereign of; 'for I might be miſtaken, and a man 'muſt not aſſert any thing raſhly. But 'thoſe ladies you obſerve ſtanding be- 'fore him are princeſſes, whom he has 'ſtolen, and who had not virtue enough 'to withſtand his amorous paſſion. 'Thoſe you ſee chained, are conſtant 'women, not to be corrupted. In 'vain does he miſuſe and load them 'with irons; they will undergo a thou- 'ſand deaths, rather than comply with 'his infamous deſires. Let us move 'forward, my ſon; now is the time 'we muſt ſhew what we are. I fly to 'deliver thoſe princeſſes from the ty- 'ranny of that monſter; and you may 'judge of the fate of Bramarbas, by 'the bloody and dangerous combat I 'ſhall now wage.' This ſaid, he ad- vanced towards the triumphal chariot; and, ſtopping ſhort before it, graſped his buckler, ſet his lance in the reſt, and, directing his diſcourſe to the divinity- profeſſor, exclaimed—'Haughty and 'prodigious giant! you who ſo proudly 'range about in that necromantick 'chariot, and deem yourſelf invin- 'cible; I charge you immediately to 'ſet free thoſe unfortunate infantas! 'Reſtore to them all the jewels you 'have robbed them of! Come down from 'your chariot! Mount your white ele- 'phant, and try your ſtrength with 'me! Fancy not that I will leave thoſe 'lovely damſels in your hands; their 'beauty ſufficiently demonſtrates them 'to be the daughters of ſultans, of 'emperors, or of caliphs, and the 'only heireſſes of their parents! Think 'not that I will ſuffer a Pagan to bear 'away the honour of the tilting! 'Though you were ſupported by all 'the powers of hell, I would hinder 'you from departing this day with the 'glory of having vanquiſhed all the 'Chriſtian knights!' Thus ſpeaking, he compelled the chariot to halt. The ſcholars finding their proceſſion im- peded, fancied that it was one of their own party who had armed and diſ- guiſed himſelf after that manner to make ſport: five or ſix, therefore, ſtepped out of their rank; and, draw- ing near to Don Quixote, one of them ſaid—'Pray, Mr. Licentiate, be 'pleaſed to ſtand aſide, and let the 'chariot paſs. You ſee night draws 'on, and we have no time to ſpare.'— 'That is as much as to ſay, ſcoun- 'drels!' anſwered Don Quixote, 'that 'you are this vile giant's baſe officers; 'and, ſince you are, you ſhall firſt 'feel the ſtrength of my arm, before 'I combat with your maſter!' So ſaying, he ſpurred on his horſe againſt one of the ſcholars, deſigning to run him through with his lance; but the ſcholar, being nimble and active, ſtep- ped aſide, and avoided the thruſt. The knight's lance dropping out of his hand, he drew his ſword; and, com- ing up to another ſcholar, ſmote him on the head with ſuch hearty good- will, that he fell down ſtunned, and dangerouſly wounded. All the ſpec- tators ſet up a dreadful cry; the mu- ſick ceaſed, and the whole ſtreet was in an uproar; ſome fled on foot, and others on horſeback; the muſicians leaped from the chariot; and the very infantas themſelves, forgetting that Don Quixote was fighting their battle, had like to have ſided with the reſt. They all beſet the knight, who made

his ſword whiſtle in the wind, and laid about him ſo furiouſly, that no man durſt come near him; and had Rozinante been a little more mettleſome, Don Quixote might, perhaps, have gone off ſcot-free from this adventure. But the ſcholars preſſed hard upon him; and one of the luſtieſt laying hold of the lance, gave him ſuch a ſtroke on the right-arm with the butt-end of it, that the poor knight dropped his ſword. Having now no offenſive arms left, they ſoon cloſed with him; and, caſting him from the ſaddle on the ground, trampled on him moſt unmercifully. So much were they all incenſed, that they would ſurely have murdered him upon the ſpot, had not Pedro de Moya the author, and ſome of the players, whom Don Quixote had ſupped with the night before, happened fortunately to be preſent. But they, underſtanding who he was, broke through the crowd, crying out to the ſcholars to hold, and telling them that he was a madman. The ſcholars, upon this, gave over beating him; leaving him, however, ſenſeleſs, in the hands of the players, who carried him into a houſe; and, whilſt they brought him to himſelf, the ſcholars fell into their ranks again, the muſick ſtruck up, and the chariot went on.

CHAP. II.

WHAT FOLLOWED AFTER THIS ADVENTURE, AND HOW THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS TRIED SANCHO'S CHASTITY.

SANCHO having ſeen the event of the battle from afar, was almoſt diſtracted: he had, however, wit enough left to feign himſelf utterly unacquainted with Don Quixote; and, mixing with the throng, was taken for a countryman that came to ſee the ſolemnity. As ſoon as he perceived that the ſcholars continued their proceſſion, he haſtened towards the place whither he had ſeen his maſter carried; and, finding him ſenſeleſs, began to blubber aloud, ſaying—'Alas! poor Loveleſs Knight, 'how much you were miſtaken! You 'thought to have killed the giant, and 'death ſits heavy upon your own lips! 'Curſed be the ſcholars, and their ill-'ſtarred proceſſion!' The players comforted Sancho; and Don Quixote, by their means, being come to himſelf, the author ſaid to him—'Open your 'eyes, Don Quixote; and behold, in 'me, the wiſe Alquife your friend, 'who am come to your aſſiſtance in 'this imminent danger!' The knight, looking on the author, and knowing him again, cried out—'O my protec-'tor, and my faithful hiſtorian, what 'a ſatisfaction is it to me to ſee you! 'I knew you would not forſake me in 'this dangerous adventure; and I muſt 'own, that, were it not for you, I 'ſhould have loſt my life there, through 'Rozinante's fall, whoſe mettle failed 'him this time. Give me another 'horſe quickly, and let me renew the 'combat! Permit me to fly after thoſe 'traitors, and take ſuch vengeance on 'them as may make future generations 'quake! Yes, I ſwear by the order of 'knighthood I have received, that I 'will put no bounds to my rage! I 'will ſcour the ſtreets, and put to the 'ſword all the men and women in the 'town! I will kill the very dogs and 'cats! In a word, I will deſtroy every 'thing that has life in it!' The wiſe Alquife was too conſcientious to conſent to ſo bloody a reſolution; and therefore diſſuaded the knight from attempting it; ſaying—'Don Quixote, 'let us think of nothing now but 'your cure: let us ſee your wounds.' Upon this, the knight was diſarmed and examined; and, though not a little bruiſed, was found to have no need of a ſurgeon; which the author obſerving —'Chear up, Don Quixote,' ſaid he; 'all this will be nothing; I will ſet 'you right again with one draught of 'a ſovereign balſam I will give you 'by-and-by.' He next deſired two of the players to go and gather up all that the knight had loſt in the ſcuffle, his horſe, his head-piece, his lance, and his ſword. They obeyed their orders ſo exactly, that none of theſe things were loſt. When it was dark, the author and his companions, ſupporting Don Quixote under the arms, in this manner conveyed him to the inn; where Sancho told him that he would find Zenobia. They found her in the ſame room in which Don Quixote had left her: ſhe was all alone, and very impatient to ſee the knight again; believing that he muſt have been detained by ſome important adventure.

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As ſoon as ſhe ſaw him enter, ſupported thus by two men—'Good God, Don 'Quixote!' exclaimed ſhe, 'what has 'brought you into this deplorable con-'dition?'—'Dear princeſs,' anſwered the knight, 'the fortune of war is 'doubtful. I alone attacked a nu-'merous army; and the ſame fate has 'attended me this day, as formerly 'befel Orlando in the Plain of Ron-'ceſvalles: I ſlew ſo many enemies, I 'continued ſo to lay about me, that at 'length, being totally exhauſted, I 'ſunk down, through mere weakneſs 'and wearineſs, on the field of battle; 'where, queſtionleſs, I muſt have pe-'riſhed, had not the wiſe Alquife, my 'great friend, returned on purpoſe 'from Conſtantinople to carry me off 'by his enchantments.'—'It is true,' quoth the author; 'but, if you pleaſe, 'Sir, let us loſe no time; it is requiſite 'that I cure you, and put you in a 'condition to ſet out to-morrow for 'Madrid; where, if Heaven ſo pleaſes, 'you are to receive more dangerous 'wounds than theſe, and to finiſh more 'important adventures.' Having thus ſpoken, he cauſed a fire to be lighted, and a bed to be made. The lovely Queen of the Amazons diſarmed the knight, undreſſed him, and rubbed him all over with brandy. The reader, uninſtructed perhaps in the laws of knight-errantry, muſt not imagine that, in ſo doing, the princeſs trangreſſed the rules of modeſty. When knights chanced to be in the company of infantas, if they came off wounded from any combat, the ladies generally dreſſed their wounds. Moſt of them underſtood ſurgery, and learned it on purpoſe to dreſs knights *: and, what is by far the moſt admirable and marvellous, ſuch was the ſkill of theſe fair-ones, that never was knight known, though covered with cuts and gaſhes, any one of which would otherwiſe have been mortal; never was knight known, I ſay, ſo diſcourteous as to die under their hands. By this time the hoſt had brought in ſome good ſtrong broth, which the author adminiſtered to Don Quixote, ſaying—'Sir Knight, take 'this porringer of balſam, which is 'much better than that of Fierabras; 'nay, I dare vouch, it is much better 'than that which Ariobarzanes, Prince 'of Tartary, carried in a golden bottle, 'hanging at his ſaddle-bows.'—'Then 'it muſt be the nobleſt of all balſams,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for that of Prince 'Ariobarzanes was wonderful. The 'effects it wrought were prodigious; 'and I remember to have read, that 'Don Belianis, being one day at the 'point of death, nay, ſome ſay he was 'actually dead, no ſooner had they let 'fall one drop into his mouth, than 'the knight ſtarted up perfectly cured 'of his wounds†.'—'As for this bal-'ſam,' replied the author, 'it is not 'quite ſo quick in it's operation; it is 'requiſite to ſleep peaceably after tak-'ing it; and therefore I entreat you to 'go to bed immediately.' The knight did as he was directed; he was put to bed, and the author and his company withdrawing, ſhut the chamber-door, and left him to his reſt.

Barbara and Sancho being now alone, went into another room, where ſupper was brought to them. When they were ſeated, Zenobia ſaid to the ſquire—'Chear up, Sancho! Be merry, lad! 'You are ſtill melancholy about your 'laſt adventure: your maſter is not 'wounded, he has only his ribs a little 'bruiſed; but that is nothing; I rub-'bed him ſo well, that, by to-morrow,

* With reſpect to the chirurgical ſkill of the ladies in romance, take the following extracts from Belianis.

"Let my entreaties ſo far prevail with you, that my maidens may cure your wounds," ſays the Princeſs Aurora to Don Belianis. 'Thereupon the prince was uncloathed by thoſe 'ladies; and one of them dreſſed him moſt ſkilfully, having great knowledge in that art.'—Part I. Chap. 2.

'With branches and boughs the damſels made ſome arbours for the knights, and with 'their gowns, towels, and ſcarfs, covered them; and, after they had unarmed them, dreſſed 'their wounds.'—Part I. Chap. 8.

† The Emperor Bellaneo, father to Don Belianis, being brought to death's door by reaſon of his wounds, the ſage enchantreſs Belonia, or Bellona, 'drew forth of a little box 'certain ointments, wherewith the emperor, lying in a trance, received his vital ſenſes.'—After this, 'drawing forth a little glaſs, wherein was a certain compoſition very odoriferous, 'the emperor drank it off; and at that inſtant he felt himſelf ſo well, as if he had never 'been wounded or ill at all.'—Belianis, Part I. Chap. 9.

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'he will be as briſk as a bird again. 'Come, let us make much of ourſelves, 'boy! Let us be merry!'—'As for 'being merry, I like it well enough,' quoth Sancho; 'but we ſhall be forced 'to pay for our mirth, and that I do 'not like: your mule and your ſilk 'cloaths have coſt us a great deal of 'money already.'—'My mule and my 'cloaths ſtick in your ſtomach,' anſwered Hacked-Face; 'you have never 'done upbraiding me with them.'—'Nay, faith,' replied the ſquire, 'had 'we conquered ſome kingdom, I ſhould 'not mind it ſo much. I am none of 'thoſe that love to ſtarve in a cook's-'ſhop; and I would to-morrow ſpeak 'to my maſter to buy you a pair of 'new ſhoes to appear in at court; for I 'ſee yours are worn out: but, to deal 'plainly, I am afraid we ſhall never 'be emperors; we are too unlucky. 'When we think to bake, the oven 'falls; all our adventures end the 'wrong way for governments or em-'pires: and I verily think, if we fell 'down backwards, we ſhould not eſ-'cape breaking our noſes.'—'Patience, 'my dear friend,' cried Zenobia; "af-"ter foul weather comes fair." In the 'mean while, let us taſte that wine, 'and ſee whether it is good.'—'A-'greed!' replied Sancho; 'by my 'troth, I am not at all troubled with 'the ſpirit of contradiction! and I had 'rather take off twenty bumpers than 'refuſe one.' This ſaid, he laid hold of the bottle, and filled Barbara's glaſs, who made but one gulp of it; and he, having done the like, ſaid to Zenobia—'Well, Madam Queen, how do you 'like this wine? Methinks it is not 'amiſs.'—'In truth, I have not drank 'enough to give my opinion of it,' anſwered Barbara. 'I will not tell you 'my opinion till the twentieth glaſs; 'for I have heard ſay, that a good 'judge ought to be full of a cauſe be-'fore he decides it.'—'Faith,' quoth Sancho, 'you would agree well with 'my governeſs at home: ſhe loves this 'ſyrup better than her honour, as you 'do; and, I dare lay a wager, ſhe would 'take off her three pints while ſhe is 'ſpinning one diſtaff of flax.'—'I am 'very well pleaſed,' anſwered Zenobia, 'that I am like your wife.'—'Nay, 'hold; as to likeneſs,' quoth Sancho, 'pray have a care of that: ſhe has no 'ſcare on her cheeks, as you have!'—'You are not at all complaiſant,' re-'plied Barbara; 'you delight in af-'fronting me; you hate me! But no 'more of that; I am, notwithſtanding, 'reſolved to be your friend.' In ſuch ſort of converſation they paſſed away the ſupper-time; and when they had eaten and drank at diſcretion, that is, till they were ready to burſt, Barbara, being of that claſs of fair-ones who are apt to wax wanton upon a full ſtomach, began to caſt her eyes ſomewhat amorouſly upon the ſquire; and ſaid—'By 'my faith, Sancho, we muſt make 'peace to-night, and from henceforth-'wards love one another like a new-'married couple! but, firſt, tell me whe-'ther you know what it is to love?'—'Yes, ſure!' anſwered Sancho; 'I 'love my maſter Don Quixote; I love 'my wife, my children, and Dapple; 'and Mr. Curate.'—'That is not 'what I talk of,' replied Zenobia, 'I 'aſk whether you never played with 'the maids?'—'O Lord, yes!' quoth Sancho; 'there is not one in our vil-'lage but what I have played with. 'Every Sunday, after veſpers, we meet 'near the mill, and there we divert 'ourſelves all together.' Barbara, perceiving that the ſquire did not gueſs at her meaning, ſtroked his chin gently with her hand; ſaying—'Good God! 'what a rough beard you have, friend! 'I pity the women you kiſs!'—'I have 'no women to kiſs but my wife,' anſwered Sancho, thruſting away Barbara's hand rudely; 'and, if any others 'have a mind to be kiſſed, let the mo-'thers that bare them kiſs them, if 'they will.'—'You need not thruſt 'away my hand ſo roughly!' replied Zenobia; 'there are few ſcholars in 'this univerſity but would be glad of 'the favour.'—'O but I am no ſcho-'lar!' quoth Sancho. 'What would 'you have me do with your hand? I 'had rather go to bed juſt now.'—'Well,' ſaid Barbara, 'ſince you have 'ſuch a mind to ſleep, we muſt both 'lie together; for the nights grow 'cold, and I am naturally very chilly.'—'Nay, if you only want warming,' quoth the ſquire, 'let me alone for 'that; I will go aſk the hoſt for two 'or three blankets, which you may 'lay on you double.'—'By the Lord!' cried Barbara, 'thou art the ſillieſt fel-'low I ever beheld! Why, is it poſſi-'ble, Sancho, you ſhould not under-

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'ſtand what I have been driving at 'this hour? Do not you conceive that 'I deſign you ſhould ſerve me inſtead 'of a huſband to-night, and make 'much of me?'—'That I ſhould make 'much of you!' replied Sancho. 'Mo-'ther of God! what do you mean? I 'am not ſo gameſome, I'faith! I ſhould 'have enough to anſwer for, to do what 'is forbidden in the maſs-book; and 'your being Queen Zenobia would not 'ſave me broiling in the other world!' So ſaying, he turned away from the amorous Zenobia, and went in purſuit of a bed elſewhere.

CHAP. III.

WHICH PROVES THAT KNIGHT-ERRANTRY IS THE MOST USEFUL PROFESSION IN THE WORLD; AND GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE MOST COMMENDABLE ATCHIEVEMENT DON QUIXOTE EVER PERFORMED.

DON Quixote having reſted well all night, found himſelf much eaſier in the morning, though he ſtill felt much pain in ſeveral parts of his body: this, however, did not hinder him from riſing, or anywiſe ſtagger his faith in the efficacy of Pedro de Moya's balſam. Sancho now coming into his apartment to enquire after his condition, accompanied by Barbara—'Beautiful princeſs!' cried the knight, 'God be praiſed! your fair hands, and 'the ſage Alquife's wonder-working 'balſam, have cured my wounds; and 'it muſt be granted, that you under-'ſtand ſurgery, to the full, as well as 'the Perſian Infanta, who learned it of 'the great maſter Lugon himſelf.'—'I have no great ſkill,' anſwered Barbara; 'but a maid, who has no for-'tune, muſt underſtand a little of 'every thing. I once ſerved a ſurgeon 'of this town, who had more ſkill than 'all the Lugos in the kingdom: it 'was a ſatisfaction to ſee him ſpread 'his plaiſters; they were always as 'round as a juggler's box. He trim-'med and cut hair delicately; and it 'was he that cured all the chief of the 'univerſity: ſometimes I made the 'lint for him, and attended his ap-'prentices, who put me to many kinds 'of work.'—'Oh, oh, Madam Zeno-'bia!' quoth Sancho, 'then you have 'been a barber's ſervant!'—'I do not 'diſown it,' replied Barbara; 'for 'mean perſons muſt not forget them-'ſelves in proſperity.'—'Maſter Don 'Quixote,' quoth Sancho, 'you hear 'what the princeſs ſays; and ſhe is 'neither drunk nor aſleep. I fancy 'queens do not often uſe to work 'among apprentices: a dutcheſs could 'do no more; and yet ſhe would not 'boaſt of it!'—'O thou perfidious en-'chanter Pamphus!' ſaid the knight, ſighing, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven; 'when will you ceaſe diſtracting 'Queen Zenobia's underſtanding?—'Do you not perceive, Sancho,' added he, 'that the princeſs has not the right 'uſe of her reaſon? That it is the 'traitor Pamphus who makes her talk 'ſuch nonſenſe?'—'Right, right, Sir!' anſwered the ſquire; 'by my faith, I 'had forgot it! It is the malignant 'tutor Pompous that makes her talk 'ſo madly: nay, he is not ſatisfied 'with making her talk fooliſhly, but 'makes her act ſo; for laſt night, af-'ter ſupper, ſhe would have——Oh, 'the curſed enchanter! When you 'had him under you the other day, 'you ſhould have thruſt your ſword 'down his throat, and have ſent him 'into the other world!'—'I ſhould 'not have ſpared him,' replied Don Quixote, 'had not Queen Zenobia's 'compaſſion ſtopped my hand; but 'I will undo that charm at the court 'of Spain. I own it is no leſs dif-'ficult to diſſolve than that which 'the enchanter Friſton made at Baby-'lon to ſteal away Floriſbella. The 'Knight of the Baſiliſks finiſhed that 'adventure; and I flatter myſelf that 'this is reſerved for me; and therefore 'let us away to Madrid this moment, 'I think it an age till the Queen of 'the Amazons is reſtored to her own 'form again.'—'Sir,' ſaid Sancho, 'we muſt breakfaſt firſt, however. 'Madam Zenobia will have patience 'ſo long; and, for your part, I fancy 'the ſage Skiff's balſam has not over-'loaded your ſtomach.'—'I conſent,' ſaid the knight; 'let us eat a bit, and 'be gone immediately.' Upon this, they all breakfaſted together; and, having paid the hoſt, ſet out for Madrid, Barbara keeping her face ſo cloſely veiled that nobody knew her.

About

About a ſmall league from Alcala, paſſing along the ſide of a wood which bordered on the road, their ears were ſtruck by the cries of a woman greatly terrified, accompanied with the firing of ſmall arms. Though the noiſe ſeemed to be ſufficiently near them, yet they could not immediately diſcover the cauſe of it, as the wood happened juſt at that part to project in an angle. 'Sancho,' quoth the Knight of La Mancha to his ſquire, 'here are cer-'tainly ſome unfortunate perſons whom 'ill-fate or injuſtice purſues: let us 'haſten to their relief, my ſon.' This ſaid, he ſpurred Rozinante ſo furiouſly, that the fiery creature, uſed only to a walk, fell on a ſudden, not indeed into an hand-gallop, but into a trot, little inferior to it. As for Dapple and the mule, thus much muſt be ſaid in their praiſe, that as ſoon as they ſaw their companion move ſo briſkly, the novelty of the thing raiſed ſuch emulation in them, that they both trotted after of their own accord. They ſoon diſcovered what they were ſo deſirous to know, and Don Quixote was pleaſingly ſurprized by a diſmal ſpectacle: he ſaw two men on horſeback, who fought bravely with ſeven or eight footpads, two of whom had carbines, and the reſt were only armed with ſwords and bayonets. A young maid, plainly dreſſed, but charmingly beautiful, ſtood by the combatants, and ſeemed to be a forced ſpectator of the fight. She rent the air with her cries, calling upon Heaven and man to her aſſiſtance; and ſhe ſtruggled in vain to get out of the hands of a luſty old woman, who, ſeeming to ſide with the robbers, held her, and endeavoured to ſtop her mouth with a handkerchief. The two horſemen, that were ſet upon, one of whom was the maſter and the other the ſervant, made a vigorous defence: the firſt had laid one of the robbers flat with his piſtol, and the latter had done the ſame by another with his gun, and both of them had the good-fortune to eſcape the firſt diſcharge of their enemies carbines. They might then have avoided that unequal combat by the ſwiftneſs of their horſes; but the danger of the young maiden ſo far prevailed upon them, that, though they knew her not, they rather choſe to expoſe themſelves to every hazard, than to leave her in the hands of thoſe villains. Heaven gave a bleſſing to their generous reſolution: one of the robbers having charged his carbine again, levelled it at the chief of the two horſemen; but he, making uſe of his time, rode up briſkly to him; and, ſtriking down the muzzle of the carbine with the piſtol he had not yet fired, did double ſervice, ſaving his own life, and killing the old woman; for, the carbine going off at that very moment, the wicked wretch received the ſhot in her head, and dropped inſtantly. Her blood ſpurted upon the young maiden's face; who, in that conſternation, thought ſhe had been wounded herſelf, and fell down in a ſwoon upon the old woman's body. The horſeman, having avoided the ſhot, preſſed in upon the robber; and, clapping the muzzle of his piſtol to his forehead, blew his brains out. Yet his death would not have put an end to the danger, for there ſtill remained four or five of the robbers, who, though they had no fire-arms, were nevertheleſs bold and reſolute; and one of them was juſt going to run the horſeman through with his ſword, when he was prevented by our brave redreſſer of wrongs; who, flying, with his lance couched, to the aſſiſtance of the weaker ſide, pierced him quite through the back, leaving his lance in the wound. Though the robber was one of the luſtieſt and the ſtouteſt rogues in the kingdom, he could not withſtand the fury of ſuch a thruſt from ſo redoubted a hand; he fell flat on his face; and, that I may uſe the words of Homer, 'The noiſe 'of his fall was as the ſturdy oak fall-'ing in the foreſt, when overthrown 'by the raging of the wind, or hewn 'down by the ſtroke of the axe.' Our knight, delighted with this atchievement, unſheathed his ſword, and was already preparing to lay about him amongſt the robbers who remained; but thoſe villains, ſcared at his ſtrange and formidable appearance, and thinking him no leſs than a devil looſed from hell to chaſtiſe them for their crimes, fled precipitately into the wood.

The gentleman and Don Quixote did not think fit to purſue them: their firſt care was to help the unknown beauty. Finding her in a ſwoon, and bloody, they thought at firſt ſhe had been dead; but feeling her pulſe beat,

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the knight haſted to fetch ſome water from a little brook that ran out of the wood, and brought it in his helmet. The firſt ſhe caſt her eyes on was Don Quixote, whoſe mien and garb being ſuch as ſeemed not to promiſe much ſecurity, the poor maiden could not tell whether ſhe might think herſelf out of danger: but the gentleman ſoon ſatisfied her, by giving an account of the ſucceſs of the combat; and how the reſt of the robbers fled upon the approach of the brave knight in the bright armour. In ſhort, he recovered the damſel from her fright; and ſhe, having wiped her face, perceived that ſhe was not wounded, diſcovering ſuch a raviſhing beauty as abundantly paid her deliverers for the pains they had taken. When ſhe had perfectly recovered herſelf, ſhe returned them thanks ſuitable to the ſervice they had rendered her; and our Arab aſſures us that ſhe performed it with as much grace as good ſenſe: each of them anſwered for himſelf, but with this difference, that our hero ſtiled her—'Sovereign Infanta!' and uſed ſuch language as made it evident that his brains were as extravagant as his outward appearance. The gentleman, on his ſide, made his acknowledgments to Don Quixote for his ſeaſonable ſuccour; to which the knight of La Mancha returned an anſwer ſo uncouth and unuſual, that the gentleman and the lady knew not what to think of him, both of them being far enough from dreaming of the noble ſyſtem of knight-errantry. Sancho, and the Queen of the Amazons, who had kept far enough from the affray, perceiving the robbers had fled before our knight, made haſte to the field of battle to congratulate the conqueror. 'By all the gods and 'goddeſſes,' cried Sancho, as ſoon as he came near, 'maſter Don Quixote, 'this bout we have had no cudgelling, 'nor bangs of ſlings! Now this may 'be called a good hit, i'faith! Let us 'have five or ſix adventures more like 'this, and I will undertake for twenty 'empires and forty governments, or 'the devil is in them!'—'Son San-'cho,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'trou-'ble not yourſelf about that: empires 'and governments will come in due 'ſeaſon; yet, ſhould fortune be ſo un-'juſt as not to grant us them, the glory 'we ſhall gain by performing the du-'ties of our profeſſion, will abundantly 'recompenſe our toils.' This dialogue between maſter and man ſerved ſtill more compleatly to puzzle the gentleman and lady, as to Don Quixote's character. Cudgelling and bangs from ſlings, intermixed with empires and governments, were myſteries they could not comprehend or develope. In ſhort, whilſt Don Quixote was making new tenders of his ſervice to the beautiful unknown, the gentleman went up to Sancho, and began to examine him. 'Friend,' ſaid he to him ſoftly, 'what 'is your maſter's name?'—'Sir,' anſwered the ſquire, 'laſt year he called 'himſelf The Knight of the Sorrow-'ful Aſpect: but man propoſes, and 'God diſpoſes; now he is called, The 'Loveleſs Knight, or Don Quixote de 'la Mancha.'—'But pray tell me 'what profeſſion he is of?' quoth the gentleman; 'for, by his rich armour, 'I am apt to judge he has ſome conſi-'derable poſt in the army.'—'As yet,' ſaid Sancho, 'he is but a knight-er-'rant; and, though he has had many 'a good baſting, he has not been able 'to make himſelf emperor of any 'place; but he cannot miſs of a king-'dom: and I, who am his ſquire San-'cho Panza, do make as ſure of ſome 'good iſland, as if I had it in my 'hand.'—'And who is the lady I ſee 'upon the mule?' aſked the gentleman. 'It is the Princeſs Zenobia,' replied Sancho; 'who, as my maſter 'ſays, is a queen; though the ſcar on 'her face makes her look more like a 'tripe-woman of Alcala: and, to ſay 'the truth, a man had need be a knight-'errant not to be miſtaken in her.'

CHAP. IV.

OF THE WONDERFUL CONSEQUENCES OF DON QUIXOTE'S VICTORY, WHICH MIGHT PASS FOR ROMANTICK ADVENTURES, BUT THAT OUR ARAB DELIVERS THEM FOR CERTAIN TRUTHS.

DON Cæſar (for that was the gentleman's name) needed no more information from Sancho to comprehend Don Quixote's madneſs: being ſatisfied with what he had diſcovered, he went up to the beautiful unknown, who was ſtill talking to the knight;

but as ſoon as he came to them, they heard themſelves called upon by the highwayman whom Don Quixote had run through with his lance. 'Gen-'tlemen,' ſaid he, with a weak and intermitting voice, 'if pity has any 'place in your hearts, do me the fa-'vour to draw this lance out of my 'body, not to ſave a life I have too 'well deſerved to loſe, but that, be-'fore I die, I may diſcover to you a 'ſecret which troubles my conſcience, 'and lies heavier upon me than all 'my other crimes; and I am perſuaded 'it will be of ſome uſe to you to know 'it.' Theſe words he uttered with much pain, and at ſeveral intervals, by reaſon of his great weakneſs. The gentlemen were moved at the wretch's complaints; and, fancying that the help he deſired might give them an opportunity of performing ſome charitable act, they drew out the lance; but the extreme pain it put him to, and the great loſs of blood, made him faint: they at firſt thought he had given up the ghoſt, and repented that they had drawn out the lance; when, finding ſome ſigns of life in him, they entertained hopes that he might be brought to himſelf again, if care were taken to ſtanch the blood, and bind up the wound. Sancho immediately drew out of his portmanteau a number of rolls and ſcraps of linen, which he carried to ſupply the diſmal occaſions of knight-errantry. Barbara, who was ſo ſkilful at making of lint, contributed her aſſiſtance; and the gentleman's ſervant, who had ſome ſmattering of ſurgery, performed the operation, applying a ſort of tent to the wound. This putting the wounded man to conſiderable pain, cauſed him to open his eyes; but he was ſtill ſenſeleſs, and they were forced to uſe other means to bring him to himſelf. They were yet never the forwarder, for he was ſo feeble that he could not ſpeak: they perſiſted, however, in exerting all their endeavours to revive him, as believing he had ſomething of moment to communicate; but their utmoſt diligence would probably have been vain, had not Don Cæſar's man bethought himſelf that he had a good bottle of brandy, which he always took care to keep full. As ſoon as the robber had ſwallowed three gulps of that rare liquor, he recovered his ſpeech, as it were miraculouſly, and cried out—'O 'Heavens! how juſt are thy judg-'ments! I receive my death in the 'ſame place where I once committed a 'horrid murder. About two and 'twenty years ago, near this wood, I 'and another of my companions ſtop-'ped a rich farmer, who was coming 'from Alcala, with a nurſe, who had 'a child in her arms: the farmer mak-'ing ſome reſiſtance, and the nurſe, in 'the mean while, ſcreaming ſo loud as 'to make us apprehenſive that ſhe might 'be heard by ſome of the Holy Brother-'hood, I ſoon cut the woman's throat. 'We then killed the farmer; and, hav-'ing taken from his pockets about ſix 'ſcore ducats in gold, we dragged the 'two dead bodies into the wood, and 'buried them in a ditch to conceal 'the murder: when we had done, we 'ſtood a good while to conſider what 'we ſhould do with the infant. Though 'ſo very young, he had ſuch a majeſ-'tick look, that we fancied, if we 'ſpared his life, he would be a great 'man; but my companion, fearing we 'might be diſcovered by his crying, 'was for killing him: I conſented; I 'came up to the child, and had lifted 'my hand to run him through, but at 'the ſame time I felt ſuch an impulſe 'of compaſſion, as prevented the fatal 'ſtroke. The little infant, who was 'as yet too young to have any ſenſe of 'the loſs of his nurſe, looked upon me 'with ſuch a ſmiling countenance, as 'muſt have moved pity in the cruelſt 'barbarian: in ſhort, I was overcome, 'and reſolved to ſave his life, whatever 'my companion could ſay to me; who, 'thereupon, left me, ſaying, he would 'not ſtay any longer with a man that 'would venture his undoing out of an 'indiſcreet compaſſion, which, among 'men of our profeſſion, could be 'counted nothing leſs than down-'right folly. I took care to provide 'a nurſe for the child; but I durſt not 'carry him to the next village, becauſe 'the farmer and the nurſe having been 'both inhabitants there, their abſence 'would in all likelihood give an alarm, 'and cauſe an enquiry to be made af-'ter them: in fine, I reſolved to——' Here the robber was forced to ſtop ſhort; his tongue failed him on a ſudden; his eyes began to roll in his head; and he grew ſo weak, that they all thought he would immediately have expired.

pired. The beautiful unknown seemed much concerned, and laboured to help him. A double dose was given him of the medicine which had the first time proved so successful, and it now wrought a second miracle: the wounded man recovered his senses, and was in a condition to continue his relation, which (after being told where he left off, for he had forgot it) he did as follows. 'I resolved to carry the infant to Torresva. It pleased Heaven, which seemed to favour the preservation of the child, that, going into a house to enquire for a nurse, I met with one Mary Ximenez, whose husband had been dead but a fortnight, and who had just lost a child of fourteen months old, to which she gave suck. The better to engage her to take care of the infant, I told her that she would make her fortune by it, for it was a child of great quality; but that the mother, for particular reasons, was obliged to have it brought up privately. The richness of the infant's mantles and linen gave a reputation to what I so confidently affirmed. Mary Ximenez believed what I said, took the child, and promised to be very tender of it: since then I never knew what became of it, nor ever enquired. Therefore, gentlemen, I charge you to enquire at Alcala, whether some woman of quality has not lost the child, which I left with Mary Ximenez, a peasant of Torresva.'

When the robber had ended his relation, both the lady and the gentleman, who had listened to him very attentively, seemed much concerned; though probably from different motives. The lady, full of anxiety, told her deliverers, that it would be a great satisfaction to her if they could save the highwayman's life; because she desired to be better informed as to some particulars, which extremely concerned her, and which she thought that poor wretch might give an account of. Don Cæsar, who apprehended that he had more weighty reasons than the lady to desire the same thing, ordered his man to place the robber on his horse in the best manner he was able, in order to carry him to the next village; but Don Quixote having remarked, that, in the wounded man's present condition, he could not sit the horse, or be carried any other way upon it than by laying him at length, and fastening him with ropes; and that, as such an uneasy posture, added to the jolting of the horse, would probably kill him before he could reach the village, it would be much better to get some of the country people to carry him upon boughs of trees. Don Cæsar approved of this expedient: he sent, therefore, to collect four or five of the lustiest fellows thereabouts; which was easily done, as the noise of the fire-arms had by this time brought many people together, who stood gazing at a distance upon the melancholy spectacle. When the peasants were come up, they cut down some boughs; and, putting them together, made a sort of a bier, on which they laid the wounded man; who requested them to examine whether the old woman, who was his wife, were past recovery. It was done to satisfy him; but when he was told she was dead— 'Heaven be blessed!' cried he; 'then 'the wretch who made me commit this 'last crime, has received her due re-'ward!' He said no more; but this was enough to make it very apparent that the old woman had been the cause of his taking part in the late action. The peasants being ready, Don Quixote asked the damsel unknown, whither she would have the wounded man carried: She said, she had some reasons to desire he might be carried to Torresva. The peasants made many difficulties, alledging that it was two great leagues to that place, the way bad, and the wounded man very heavy. Don Quixote, who would have gone beyond the kingdom of Congo to serve the ugliest servant-wench in an inn, was amazed that the men should make any difficulty of going two leagues for one of the finest women in the world; and he was likely enough to have compelled them; but Don Cæsar, promising them a considerable reward, soon rendered the way short and easy, and the wounded man light. The peasants set forward; but the beautiful unknown being on foot, the next question was how she should be accommodated. Don Cæsar offered to take her up behind him; but Don Quixote required, vehemently, that the damsel might not ride any horse but his; since it was one of the principal duties of knights-errant to

mount forſaken damſels, and becauſe Rozinante alone was worthy to carry princeſſes. Rozinante, it is true, had length of back ſufficient to have carried the four ſons of Aimon*, could one have contrived a prop for his belly. The damſel, nevertheleſs, would more willingly have accepted of Don Cæſar's offer, as thinking his perſon better, and his appearance leſs formidable; but ſhe durſt not follow her inclination, for fear of diſobliging the knight, whoſe character ſeemed to require ſome compliance. 'To put an end to the controverſy,' quoth Sancho, 'the princeſs may mount my aſs, ſince he is a limb of knight-errantry, as well as Rozinante; he has already ſerved princeſſes: and Madam Zenobia, who has tried him, knows his worth.' Sancho's advice was followed. Don Cæſar took the damſel up in his arms, and ſeated her upon Dapple. They then made away from the wood, and from the place where the tragical ſcene had been acted; but they moved ſlowly, being reſolved not to ſtir from the bier.

The ſtrong intereſt which the unknown damſel ſeemed to take in the robber's recovery, aſtoniſhed Don Cæſar; and he began to look on her more earneſtly than he had done hitherto. Her perſon was in all reſpects ſo charming, that, notwithſtanding her mean habit, he could fancy in her ſomething almoſt divine. Her behaviour was ſo pleaſing and modeſt, and the trouble which appeared on her face gave her an air and look ſo affecting, that had not the gentleman's heart been pre-engaged, he ſurely muſt have fallen paſſionately in love with her; and, though he was devoted to another beauty, yet ſuch charms could not but have ſome operation on him. The damſel, on the other ſide, ſeeing Don Cæſar, felt herſelf drawn by a certain ſympathy which ſhe could not account for. The gentleman, taking care to keep his horſe by the ſide of Dapple, that he might the better view and diſcourſe with her, had no longer power to reſtrain his deſire of informing himſelf who ſhe was. 'Madam,' ſaid he, 'the amazement 'I am in to find you on the highway 'alone, on foot, and expoſed to the in-'ſolence of ruffians, who ſtick at no 'villainy, perfectly confounds me; 'and I bleſs God for the ſhare ſo lately 'afforded me in your deliverance: but 'may not I know by what ill-fortune 'you were brought into that deplorable 'condition? I feel an impulſe to flatter 'myſelf with the hopes, that when I 'am acquainted with your troubles 'and misfortunes, I may ſtill be ſo 'happy as to ſerve you farther.' Theſe words ſomewhat embarraſſed the fair unknown; and ſhe was ſilent a while, conſidering what reply ſhe ſhould make. At length, ſhe thus anſwered him— 'My obligation, Sir, to you, is ſo 'great, for having hazarded your life 'for my ſake, that I can conceal no-'thing from you. It would be injur-'ing your generoſity to diſtruſt your 'prudence. Since you deſire it, I will 'unfold to you the ſecrets of my heart, 'and make known my wretched ſitua-'tion; which is, in truth, ſo calamitous, 'that I cannot promiſe myſelf ſo much 'as a ſanctuary in any part of the world.' —'O ſovereign infanta!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting her, 'I will not 'ſuffer ſuch injuſtice. No longer may 'I be entitled the Loveleſs Knight, if 'I do not ſecure you a ſafe retreat in 'whatſoever kingdom of the world 'you ſhall make choice of; and if any 'emperor or ſultan is ſo diſcourteous 'as not to honour you at his court as 'you deſerve, your own eyes ſhall wit-'neſs the overthrow of his dominions; 'and I will expel him, as a prince un-'worthy of a crown!'—'Nay, by my 'troth!' quoth Sancho, who heard the laſt words of his maſter, 'Lady Prin-'ceſs, you need not make the leaſt 'queſtion of it; my maſter Don Quix-'ote will do it with more eaſe than he 'ſays it: and, pray, why ſhould not 'he? he who is ready to do as much for 'naſty louſy princeſſes, that are not fit 'to wipe your ſhoes.'—'Hold your 'tongue, blockhead!' ſaid Don Quixote in a paſſion; 'do not impertinently 'interrupt our diſcourſe. Get you 'farther, and let me not bid you twice!'

* Their names were Regnaut, Alard, Guichard, and Richard. In the catalogue of the Reverend Thomas Crofts's valuable library, amongſt many other rare romances of chivalry, was one (Lot 4942) with the following title: 'Les quatre Fils Aymon, Duc d'Ordonne; c'eſt a ſcavoir, Regnaut, Alard, Guichard, et Richard; avec leur Couſin Maugis. Fig. 4to Rouen, Sans date.'

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The knight ſpoke theſe words ſo ſternly, that the ſquire fell back without making any anſwer. 'Don Quixote,' ſaid Don Cæſar to the knight, 'there 'is no need of overturning empires; 'but if this lady pleaſes to accept of 'my ſervice, I do engage to procure a 'retreat for her in any place ſhe ſhall 'think fit, without dethroning any 'prince whatſoever.—Now, Madam,' added he, looking upon the damſel, 'be pleaſed to recount to us your mis-'fortunes; and then aſſure yourſelf, 'that Don Quixote and I will ſerve 'you to the utmoſt of our abilities.' The damſel then ſpoke as in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

THE STORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL ENGRACIA.

'I Lived not long ſince at Alcala, in 'a family that was very kind to 'me; and whoſe nobility and wealth 'cauſed me to be ſought after by per-'ſons of the firſt conſequence. But 'why ſhould I talk of the happineſs 'I enjoyed; ſince cruel fortune has not 'only robbed me of that, but even of 'the credit that might be given to what 'I ſay? I have here nothing to vouch 'for me; and my tears are the only 'teſtimony of my ſincerity. The un-'fortunate Don Ferdinand my father, 'of the noble family of the Peraltas, 'periſhed in the flower of his age in 'the fatal expedition of that mighty 'fleet which King Philip fitted out 'againſt England. He commanded a 'ſhip that was caſt away in the ſtorm. 'My mother being big with child when 'ſhe received this diſmal news, was im-'mediately delivered. However, being 'near her time, it was hoped that the 'birth might repair the loſs of the 'deceaſed parent: ſo it proved. My 'brother and myſelf were the unhappy 'ſhoots of that dying ſtock, and we 'had all the ſymptoms of a ſtrong and 'hale conſtitution. But, alas! the 'hopes that had been grounded on us, 'proved ſhort-lived. The boy, who, 'as they ſay, was the very picture of 'our father, and yet more like him in 'his misfortunes than his features, 'was loſt in his infancy; ſo that we 'could never hear any certain tidings 'of him, farther than what I now con-'jecture from the ſtory this dying rob-'ber has juſt related to us. We had 'each of us a nurſe. My brother's 'having one day aſked leave to viſit a 'friend of hers who lived at the far-'theſt end of the town, my mother 'Eugenia, little foreſeeing the fatal 'conſequences, made no difficulty to 'grant it her. The nurſe took her 'child in her arms, and went out; but 'the day paſſing without any news of 'her, the family began to be uneaſy. 'They waited a while longer; but my 'mother's patience being at laſt ex-'hauſted, ſhe ſent to enquire at the houſe 'whither the nurſe had told her ſhe 'was going. The woman anſwered, 'that the nurſe had been there, but 'was gone a league from Alcala to ſee 'her huſband; who, ſhe was told, lay 'ſick, and durſt not aſk leave of Donna 'Eugenia for fear of a denial; and 'that ſhe went with a farmer of the 'ſame village, whom ſhe happened to 'meet with as he was going home. 'This account made my mother very 'uneaſy; and ſhe was much more con-'cerned when, having ſent a man on 'horſeback to the nurſe's huſband, ſhe 'underſtood that they had neither ſeen 'the child nor the nurſe, and that all 'the village affirmed the ſame thing. 'She cauſed every poſſible enquiry to 'be made about Alcala for ſix months; 'and all her friends uſed their utmoſt 'endeavours to hear ſome news of the 'nurſe and my young brother Don 'Ferdinand, (for he had his father's 'name given him;) but all in vain: and 'the farmer's parents could never hear 'of him more. This misfortune threw 'all our family into a great conſter-'nation. My mother Eugenia could 'not have been viſited with a more ſe-'vere affliction. My uncle, Don Diego 'de Peralta, was ſo much concerned, 'that, being before very diſconſolate 'for the death of his brother, he could 'not endure to ſtay any longer in Al-'cala; and, notwithſtanding all my 'mother's entreaties to the contrary, 'went away to Madrid, where he had 'an eſtate. He did not, however, fail 'to come ſometimes to Alcala to viſit 'her, and aſſiſt her with his advice; 'for ſhe repoſed ſuch entire confidence 'in him, and was ſo thoroughly con-

'vinced

'vinced of his wiſdom and probity, 'that ſhe did nothing without conſult-'ing him.'

Don Cæſar was much diſcompoſed when he heard her talk of the loſs of that young Don Ferdinand; and, comparing this account with what the highwayman had related, he grew very uneaſy; but, being unwilling to interrupt the damſel, he curbed himſelf, and ſhe went on as follows.

'Eugenia for ſeveral years lament-'ed the loſs of her huſband and child; 'ſhe could take no comfort; but every 'thing ſeemed to renew her grief. "Engracia, my dear Engracia!" ſaid 'ſhe to me often, claſping me in her 'arms, "I may well cheriſh you, ſince "you are the only treaſure that is left "me. But, alas! fortune ſeems to de-"light in robbing me of all I hold "dear; and, perhaps, whilſt I am "fondling of you, ſhe cruelly prepares "to ſnatch you away from me!" Such 'were the tender words ſhe ſpoke, as 'ſhe bathed my cheeks with her tears; 'and, though I was but an infant, I 'grew ſenſible of her love and ſorrow; 'but I did not, at thoſe tender years, 'imagine that my hard fate would 'part me from my unfortunate mo-'ther. My firſt years paſſed away in 'this ſorrowful manner: at length, 'time, which mitigates the greateſt af-'flictions, made Eugenia's more eaſy; 'and my education became her only 'care. My natural diſpoſition, as they 'ſaid, being ſuch as deſerved cultiva-'tion, I learned all thoſe things that 'were proper for my ſex: but, above 'all, my mother endeavoured to inſtil 'into my heart the love of virtue, and 'to bring me up with that modeſty and 'diſcretion which become the daugh-'ter of a noble family. I never went 'abroad without covering my face very 'carefully, or ſitting back in the coach 'ſo as nobody might behold me: yet 'all theſe precautions did not protect 'me againſt the ſnares of love. A 'gentleman of birth and graceful pre-'ſence ſaw me upon a publick feſtival; 'and, though my face was covered 'with a veil, yet my ſhape and mien 'drew his attention. I perceived it, 'and obſerved that he followed us af-'ter the ſervice was ended. I did not 'think fit to tell my mother, who was 'with me, or to acquaint her with the 'diſcovery I had made; and there-'fore, there being no way to ſlip 'from the gentleman, or diſappoint 'his curioſity, he ſoon knew who I 'was. This was enough to deter-'mine him to follow me. From that 'time he never ceaſed watching me; 'nor did he let paſs any opportunity 'of making his intentions known. If 'I appeared at the window, I was ſure 'to ſee him in the ſtreet; and when I 'went abroad, I never failed of meet-'ing him: yet, notwithſtanding all his 'endeavours, I took ſuch care, that 'for a long time he never ſaw my 'face, and I fancied he would grow 'weary at laſt; though, in reality, he 'was far enough otherwiſe. He pur-'ſued me ſo inceſſantly, that at length 'he had the opportunity of ſeeing me 'at a play: he ſeated himſelf very 'near me, and in ſuch a manner that 'I could not, without affectation, hin-'der him from looking on me, or for-'bear ſeeing him. I perceived how 'eagerly he viewed me, though my face 'was ſtill covered; and, methought, 'I could diſcern in him a deſire to 'pleaſe me. I muſt confeſs this thought 'made me take the more notice of him. 'I liked his mien; and, whether I was 'too buſy, or that I did not take care 'enough of myſelf, my veil flew open, 'and he ſaw my face for a moment. 'Whether he counterfeited, or whe-'ther it was real ſympathy, he ſeemed 'to be ſurprized, concerned, and tranſ-'ported. I took a private ſatisfaction 'in it; but gave him no opportunity 'to perceive it: he had gone too far to 'be deterred by any difficulties; and, 'though he had ſeen me but a moment, 'yet my picture remained ſo deeply 'imprinted in his ſoul, that he re-'doubled his vigilance and his court-'ſhip. The ſpies he had employed to 'obſerve me, having informed him that 'I was to be at the wedding of a friend 'of mine, he found ways to get admit-'tance to it. I, being a gueſt formally 'invited, had dreſſed myſelf to the beſt 'advantage to grace the ceremony, and 'had no veil to hide me from the eyes 'of my importunate lover. He had 'leiſure enough to view me at his plea-'ſure; he ſeemed to be all tranſported; 'he was amazed, or, if I may ſo ſay, 'enchanted, with my ſight: my dreſs, 'doubtleſs, added much to his aſto-'niſhment; but, be that as it may, my 'mother at that time was not with me,

'being

'being then indiſpoſed. The gentle-
'man, availing himſelf of this oppor-
'tunity, ventured to ſpeak to me whilſt
'the reſt were dancing: he declared
'his love in the moſt paſſionate man-
'ner. Though I was convinced of the
'truth of what he ſaid, yet I pretended
'to look upon it all as mere gallantry.
'One that took me out to dance, parted
'us: the gentleman tried all ways to
'renew his diſcourſe, but I prevented
'him. Another day, meeting me
'maſked at the Carnival, he came up
'cloſe to me: I endeavoured to put
'him off; but he gave me to under-
'ſtand he knew me. I then began
'to be plain, and ſpoke very ſeverely
'to him; but, whether I did it with
'an air that betrayed me, or whether
'he was too far gone to be daunted,
'all I could ſay ſignified nothing; or,
'rather, my hard uſage ſerved only to
'carry on the diſcourſe, which at length
'proved my ruin. What woman can
'promiſe herſelf to hold out always
'againſt a man ſhe does not diſlike?
'When ſhe hears him, ſhe pities him;
'when ſhe pities, her heart is engaged;
'and this return is not far from love.
'In ſhort, I yielded to his conſtancy,
'and to the ardour of his love: I
'found his expreſſions were too tender
'to proceed from a heart that did not
'really feel them. However, though
'I felt ſome kindneſs for him, yet I
'treated him with as much cruelty, in
'outward appearance, as I felt real
'compaſſion for him in my heart. I
'made him deſpair, and perplexed him
'more than if I had really hated him:
'but, alas! he was not the only ſuf-
'ferer by my counterfeit cruelty; I
'endured as much as he did, and re-
'venged his cauſe upon myſelf. At
'laſt, I thought fit to come to ſome
'reſolution, and either to put an end to
'his ſufferings, or render them deſpe-
'rate. I enquired into his quality and
'reputation, and underſtood that his
'name was Don Chriſtopher de Luna;
'that he was polite, without valuing
'himſelf upon it; a man of courage;
'and beloved by all perſons of worth.
'I began to uſe him better, and al-
'lowed him to write to me, and to ap-
'pear under my windows at night:
'in fine, after ſeveral private confe-
'rences, we promiſed each other mar-
'riage. Our impatience to be ſo hap-
'pily united, made us agree that he
'ſhould be admitted one night into my
'chamber; there to take the moſt ſuit-
'able meaſures for our deſign, and to
'contrive ſome method of bringing
'over my uncle Don Diego to our
'party, thinking it neceſſary to ſecure
'him before we broke the matter to my
'mother. But, alas!—fatal and de-
'plorable night!—how can I call it
'to remembrance, and not die with
'grief!'

Here the beautiful Engracia was forced to make a full pauſe; ſighs choaked her words, and ſtreams of tears ran down her cheeks; which made her audience conclude that ſomething extraordinary happened that night. They repeated their tenders of ſervice; and ſo far prevailed, that, after having dried her tears, ſhe went on in this manner.

'The fatal night we had pitched up-
'on being come, my lover, urged by
'his impatience, haſtened to the ren-
'dezvous before the time. I was at
'my window; I ſaw him, and went
'down to tell him that he was too
'early; that I ſtill heard a noiſe in
'the houſe, and my mother was not
'gone to bed. Don Chriſtopher went
'away, to wait the hour in another
'ſtreet. An hour after, ſuppoſing by
'the ſtilneſs that every body was in
'bed, I went down, and opened the
'ſtreet-door. Don Chriſtopher came in
'that moment: I took him by the
'hand; and, having led him into the
'houſe, left him at the ſtair-foot, go-
'ing up myſelf before to ſee whether
'all was clear; but I bid him follow
'me, and wait at the top of the ſtairs.
'I went into my chamber to light a
'candle; but, the weather being damp,
'my tinder would not take fire, and I
'was almoſt a quarter of an hour be-
'fore I could light it. When I had
'done, I went back to the ſtairs to
'light Don Chriſtopher into my apart-
'ment; but the candle went out be-
'fore I had gone half way: however,
'I went on, calling him ſoftly to lead
'him in. He anſwered not! I was
'amazed, and ſtill called in the dark;
'till, ſtumbling at ſomething, I fell
'down, and laid my hand upon it, and
'it ſeemed to me like a man lying on
'the ground, and his cloaths very wet.
'I fancied it was ſome drunken ſer-
'vant that had fallen aſleep in that
'place: however, it ſtartled me, and

'I went

'I went back into my chamber to light 'my candle. Figure to yourſelves my 'aſtoniſhment and terror, when I per-'ceived that my hand was bathed in 'blood! I was ſo diſtracted, that, for-'getting myſelf, I went out with my 'candle; but, good God! what was 'my condition, when, drawing near 'that body which had cauſed myalarm, 'I diſcovered the unfortunate Don 'Chriſtopher weltering in his blood, 'pale and lifeleſs! O Heavens! what 'a ſight was this for a lover to behold! 'I let fall the candle, which went out 'upon the ground; a deadly ſhivering 'ſeized me, my ſenſes failed, and I 'ſunk down upon the inſenſible and 'bloody body. I lay ſome time in a 'ſwoon, and, if I may ſo ſay, as dead 'as my lover: at length, coming to 'myſelf, I began to reflect on that diſ-'mal adventure, to which night ſeemed 'to add new horrors. All the dread-'ful ideas that ſuch a ſituation could 'ſuggeſt, preſented themſelves under 'the moſt terrifying forms to my ima-'gination. I ſurveyed my wretched-'neſs in it's full extent; but, amidſt 'this confuſion of tormenting thoughts, 'I could not comprehend how, or by 'whom, Don Chriſtopher had been 'murdered: however, I fixed upon one 'ſuppoſition; I fancied that my kin-'dred, and perhaps my mother, having 'got intelligence of our aſſignation, 'and concluding my honour loſt, had 'committed this outrage to puniſh my 'lover's preſumption. This notion 'ſoon filled me with many more: I 'gueſſed, that the ſame penalty which 'had been inflicted on Don Chriſto-'pher, would, perhaps, fall upon me, 'if I did not ſpeedily prevent it. How 'powerful is the love of life over weak 'ſouls, ſince it could make me forget 'my duty to myſelf and to Don Chriſ-'topher! The fear of death made me 'reſolve to beg a ſanctuary; and, think-'ing that delay ſtill made the danger 'the greater, I haſted back to light my 'candle. I packed up all my jewels, 'and ſome money I had got together, 'and went out of the houſe. Notwith-'ſtanding the darkneſs of the night, I 'made my way into one of the ſu-'burbs of the town. I knocked at a 'door, where I ſaw a light, which was 'the houſe of a poor woman, whoſe 'name was Paula, and who told me 'that her huſband was then abroad. 'She not knowing me, I told her I was 'a ſtranger, whom misfortune obliged 'to lie concealed, and that I came 'to her for ſhelter, ſuppoſing nobody 'would look for me there. She re-'ceived me kindly enough; but what-'ever ſhe could ſay to aſſure me of her 'ſecreſy, I would not truſt her. My 'tears moving her, ſhe uſed all her en-'deavours to comfort me. I know 'not whether ſhe heard of the ſearch 'my family made after me; but ſhe 'took no notice of it to me. I durſt 'not aſk any queſtions, for fear of 'cauſing a jealouſy; and, perceiving 'ſhe was of a covetous temper, I be-'gan to fear ſhe might betray me in 'hopes of a reward. This apprehen-'ſion troubled me; but yet that was 'not my greateſt concern. Five weeks 'were paſſed, and I was very uneaſy 'that I could not know what had 'happened at home after I came away; 'what conſtruction my mother had 'put upon my flight; and, in ſhort, 'what had been Don Chriſtopher's 'fate, whom my love ſometimes in-'duced me to think living, though I 'had ſo much cauſe to believe him 'dead. This curioſity tormenting me, 'I could no longer withſtand my im-'patience to be ſatisfied, but reſolved 'to go to Madrid to my uncle Don 'Diego. I was willing to believe that, 'if I confeſſed my fault to him inge-'nuouſly, I ſhould prevail upon his 'good-nature to grant me his protec-'tion. I acquainted Paula with my 'deſign; and made her ſuch promiſes 'as prevailed with her to bear me com-'pany. To conclude what remains 'in a few words; when I had procured 'theſe poor cloaths you now ſee, that 'I might be the leſs obſerved, Paula 'and I ſet out this morning from Al-'cala on foot; for I would not buy or 'hire a litter or mules, for fear of 'diſcovery: but, as ſoon as ever we 'came near this wood where you found 'me, I was ſeized by ſeven or eight 'men. At firſt I thought they had 'been perſons employed by the ma-'giſtrates, or my own family, to ſecure 'me. The wicked woman who bore 'me company, ſo well counterfeited 'terror and ſurprize, that ſhe confirmed 'me in that belief; but it was not 'long before I diſcovered my miſtake. 'The robbers beſet me; and, whilſt 'ſome of them ſearched me, others

'had

'had the impudence to handle me in-
'decently. I pierced the air with my
'cries, and called upon all that might
'protect me to defend my honour.
'Upon this, the execrable Paula, whom
'I had not before miſtruſted, fearing
'leſt my cries might be heard by any
'of the officers of the Holy Brother-
'hood, threw off her maſk, and endea-
'voured to ſtop my mouth with her
'hands and her handkerchief. She
'urged on the robbers to ſearch me
'more narrowly, and told them in
'what places ſhe had obſerved me hide
'my gold and jewels; when Heaven,
'that protects innocence, brought you
'to my relief. This, gentlemen, is
'what you deſired to hear, and what
'I would not have told you, were I
'not ſo deeply indebted to you both;
'for which I can make no other re-
'turn, but by repoſing an entire con-
'fidence in you.'

CHAP. VI.

WHICH UNFOLDS THE HISTORY OF DON CÆSAR'S BIRTH.

AS ſoon as Engracia had concluded her ſtory, Don Cæſar ſpoke firſt, and ſaid—'Madam, though you do 'not know me, I am more deeply con-'cerned in your misfortunes than you 'imagine. I am particularly ac-'quainted with Don Chriſtopher, and 'I do aſſure you that he is not dead; 'he is even perfectly recovered of his 'wounds: but I muſt tell you, at the 'ſame time, that this Don Chriſtopher, 'who on ſo many accounts owed you 'an eternal love, is falſe and unjuſt to 'you. Let not this news diſcompoſe 'you, beautiful Engracia; I take your 'misfortune upon me, and your wrong 'is done to myſelf: you ſhall know 'the reaſon another time. In the mean 'while, aſſure yourſelf, I will loſe my 'life before I will ſuffer Don Chriſto-'pher to marry any woman but you.' Engracia was much ſurprized at this diſcourſe of Don Cæſar, who at once comforted her, and added to her ſor-row, by acquainting her with Don Chriſtopher's recovery, and his infide-lity. On the other ſide, ſhe could not imagine how Don Cæſar ſhould be con-cerned in her misfortune, or why he ſo paſſionately eſpouſed her quarrel. Whilſt ſhe laboured under theſe con-fuſed thoughts, and was preparing to anſwer, an old gentleman paſſing by, ſtopped ſhort to view Don Quixote. If, however, he was amazed to ſee the knight, his aſtoniſhment was much greater, when Engracia, knowing him, threw herſelf from the aſs, and, haſtily running up to him, claſped one of his knees, exclaiming—'O my dear uncle 'Don Diego! I implore your goodneſs! 'I cannot doubt, after what has hap-'pened, that you are incenſed grievouſly 'againſt me: but, notwithſtanding all 'outward appearances, which ſeem to 'condemn me, I dare aſſure you I ra-'ther deſerve your pity than your an-'ger; for my misfortune is greater 'than my offence.' Thus ſaying, ſhe wept ſo bitterly, that her two protectors could not but pity her: but Don Diego, looking on her angrily, anſwered—'Do not think, baſe woman! to impoſe 'upon my credulity. Who can ima-'gine you innocent, when your own 'flight, and Don Chriſtopher's wounds, 'are your accuſers?' Don Cæſar, upon this, thinking that Engracia's virtue ſtood in need of his aſſiſtance to be fully cleared, ſaid to the old man—'You will 'wonder, Don Diego, that a ſtranger, 'who has nothing about him to recom-'mend himſelf to you, ſhould undertake 'to vouch for your niece's virtue; and 'you will think this ſtill ſtranger, when 'I tell you that I never knew Engracia 'before this day: nay, I am ſatisfied 'that, ſeeing me with her, you rather 'look upon me as acceſſary to her of-'fence, than as a protector and witneſs 'of her innocence. But be pleaſed to 'ſuſpend your judgment, and aſſure 'yourſelf, that I am ſo far from deſign-'ing to wrong your honour, that it is my 'duty, as much as yours, to maintain 'it, ſince I have all the reaſon in the 'world to believe myſelf your nephew.' —'My nephew!' replied Don Diego, in amazement, and looking upon Don Cæſar as an impoſtor; 'I wonder at 'your boldneſs in pretending to be of 'my family, when I have never ſeen 'you! Take notice, I have no relations 'but what I know; and that I never 'had any other nephew but my brother 'Don Ferdinand's ſon.'—'And what 'if I ſhould tell you,' replied Don Cæſar, 'that I am the young Don Fer-'dinand, whoſe loſs you and the vir-'tuous Eugenia have ſo much lament-

'ed, and ſhould bring you proofs of 'it?'—'Theſe proofs,' anſwered the old man, 'will not be equivalent to 'the teſtimony of twenty years, which 'aſſure us he is dead. Should we have 'been ſo long without hearing any 'news of him, if he had been alive?'— 'That very ignorance,' ſaid Don Cæſar, 'makes his death the more dubious. 'Were it certain, ſome circumſtances 'of it might have been known. But, 'Sir, I would not have you rely upon 'what I ſay: do but believe that 'wounded robber we are carrying to 'Torreſva. When you have heard 'what he has now told us, and ſhall 'be ſatisfied that I was brought up in 'my infancy by that Mary Ximenez 'he talks of, you will then, perhaps, 'think my conjecture ſufficiently pro-'bable to deſerve further inveſtigation.' Don Cæſar then told him all that the highwayman had related. This account amazed Don Diego; who, looking more earneſtly upon the young gentleman, felt his bowels begin to yearn towards him: but, being reſolved to have more convincing proofs, he ſaid to Don Cæſar—'I muſt confeſs, young 'gentleman unknown, that a voice 'within me ſpeaks in your behalf, and 'that in you I find my brother's air 'and features: yet give me leave ſtill 'to doubt of one particular, which I 'heartily deſire to be convinced of 'when we ſhall ſee Mary Ximenez.' This ſaid, he made his niece mount again upon Sancho's aſs, and went along with the reſt towards Torreſva, to procure more certain information of Don Cæſar's birth.

As ſoon as they came to the village, they put the robber into the beſt bed in the inn, and ſent for a ſurgeon to ſearch the wound; who, finding it very dangerous, deſired every perſon to leave the room, that, if poſſible, the patient might take ſome reſt. In the mean while, Don Cæſar paid and diſmiſſed the peaſants; and Don Diego enquired of the hoſt for Mary Ximenez: the innkeeper told him that ſhe had lived in affliction for ten years, becauſe ſhe had not in all that time heard of her only ſon. 'Are 'you ſure,' ſaid Don Diego, 'that 'Mary Ximenez is the true mother of 'that ſon' whoſe loſs ſhe laments?'— 'I have not lived long enough in the 'village,' anſwered the hoſt, 'to be 'able to give you an account of that; 'but, if it any way concerns you, I 'will ſend for Mary Ximenez hither.' —'I ſhall thank you for ſo doing,' replied Don Diego: 'go to her, and 'tell her that there is a wounded per-'ſon in your houſe, who would ſpeak 'to her about a matter of great mo-'ment, which may give her ſome ſa-'tisfaction.' The hoſt ran to the countrywoman's houſe; and, becauſe what he had ſaid did not make the truth evident, the old gentleman was pleaſed that he had not been too forward in crediting the robber's relation; but, whilſt he was thus dubious, Mary Ximenez came into the room where all the company was aſſembled, except Don Cæſar, whom the old gentleman had cauſed to withdraw, not chuſing that the countrywoman ſhould ſee him before ſhe had been confronted with the robber, as he apprehended, by thus doing, he ſhould be more likely to diſcover what he ſought after. The woman was ſo pale, and ſpent with grief, that it was diſtreſſing to ſee her: ſhe caſt her eyes round the room; but not ſeeing what ſhe looked for, it increaſed her ſorrow. 'Good woman,' ſaid Don Diego to her, 'pray come along with 'me into the next room; you will there 'ſee a man whom, perhaps, you may 'have ſome knowledge of.' The poor woman was moved at theſe words, and followed the old gentleman without ſpeaking a ſyllable. As ſoon as ſhe came into the robber's chamber, they led her to the bed; and, the inſtant ſhe beheld the wounded man, though it was ſo long ſince ſhe had ſeen him, ſhe recognized his countenance: her heart failed her; and ſhe wept ſo bitterly, that Don Diego conſidered it as a good omen. At laſt, directing her diſcourſe to the robber, ſhe ſaid, ſighing—'You 'are certainly come, Sir, to demand of 'me the child you truſted me with 'twenty-two years ago: but, alas! 'fortune has cruelly deprived me of 'him, and I ſhall lament his death all 'my days!'—'Good woman,' ſaid Don Diego, 'do not afflict yourſelf; we do 'not come to demand him of you, but 'to bring you news of him, and to re-'quite you for the care you took of his 'education: you ſhall ſee one who is 'more concerned in it than we are.' This ſaid, he ordered Don Cæſar's man to call in his maſter, who ſtood liſtening at the door, and only waited to be ſummoned.

ſummoned. Mary Ximenez was ſtruck at his ſight, and exclaiming violently—'Oh, my ſon! my dear ſon Anthony!' her joy was ſo exceſſive, that her ſpeech failed her. She turned pale, and fainted away in the arms of Don Diego and Don Cæſar, who ran in to hold her. Don Cæſar was much moved at his nurſe's concern for him, Engracia wept, and the old gentleman relented. They all made haſte to bring her to herſelf; and, as ſoon as it was done, ſhe claſped her arms about Don Cæſar's neck, and, hugging him cloſely, cried —'O, my ſon! how many tears have I 'ſhed for you!'—'My mother!' replied the gentleman, kiſſing her affectionately, 'compoſe yourſelf, I be-'ſeech you, for my ſake: I fear this 'diſorder may be prejudicial to you.' In ſhort, Mary Ximenez, growing more calm after the firſt tranſports, confirmed all that the robber had ſaid; and Don Diego, no longer doubting that Don Cæſar was his nephew Don Ferdinand, was full of joy: he drew near the young man, and ſaid—'My 'dear Don Ferdinand, I neither can 'nor ought any longer to oppoſe na-'ture and reaſon; I own you as my 'nephew, and my brother's ſon.' This ſaid, he embraced, and expreſſed all poſſible kindneſs for him. Engracia was no leſs pleaſingly ſurprized to find in her deliverer a brother worthy her affection; and both of them gave each other teſtimonies of their love.

Don Quixote and his ſquire were very attentive to this extraordinary diſcovery, which they admired in ſilence. The knight, looking upon it as an effect of chivalry, applauded himſelf for having taken up a profeſſion ſo beneficial to mankind, and ſo fruitful in prodigies; whilſt Sancho took ſuch part in the affairs of all parties, that the tears ſtood in his eyes. Don Diego, after he had given way to all the tranſports of joy which nature could inſpire, thought it, however, requiſite to make a farther enquiry to clear the honour of his family. He aſked his nephew what certainty he had, that nothing ſcandalous had paſſed between Engracia and Don Chriſtopher, ſince he had never known her before that day. 'To remove all your doubts,' anſwered Don Cæſar, 'I muſt inform 'you that, for ſome time, I was Don 'Chriſtopher's beſt friend; that he 'concealed nothing from me, and that 'he entruſted me with ſecrets relating 'to my ſiſter, which I have no cauſe 'to be aſhamed of. If you miſtruſt 'what I ſay, I will farther tell you 'what has paſſed within my own know-'ledge concerning the ſad accident 'which was the cauſe of Engracia's 'flight; and will acquaint you with 'ſuch circumſtances as no man is privy 'to but myſelf. In the mean while, 'you may rely upon me.'—'If that 'be not enough, Don Diego,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'and that you ſtand in 'need of a knight-errant's teſtimony 'to ſatisfy you, I am ready to anſwer 'for the beautiful Engracia's honour, 'and to challenge all knights who ſhall 'dare maintain that ſhe had any diſ-'honourable affection for Don Chriſto-'pher.' Don Diego, who had at firſt been ſufficiently amazed at the mien and garb of Don Quixote, though the diſcovering his niece and nephew had called off his attention from that object, was now anew aſtoniſhed at this extraordinary language. Don Ferdinand, perceiving it, apprized him of the knight's name, and mentioned how greatly his ſiſter and himſelf were beholden to him. This account ſerved but to increaſe Don Diego's aſtoniſhment; for, till then, he had looked upon that renowned perſon's hiſtory, the firſt part whereof he had read, rather as an effuſion of the Arab Benengeli's wit, than as adventures which had really happened. As he liked, however, well enough, notwithſtanding all his gravity, to make himſelf ſport, he was glad to meet with the real hero treated of in thoſe annals. It is true, he made ſomewhat leſs account of his teſtimony than of Don Ferdinand's; however, he thought himſelf obliged to make the knight imagine otherwiſe, and ſeemingly to attribute to his prowеſs the entire honour of the adventure. Turning therefore to him, he ſaid—'Great Don Quixote, that you may be 'ſenſible how much I regard the word 'of a knight-errant, ſo renowned as 'yourſelf, I am willing, for your 'ſake, to reſtore Engracia to my fa-'vour and friendſhip.' This ſaid, he embraced his niece, aſſuring her of his good offices with her mother: then, making haſte to be gone, he ſaid to Don Ferdinand—'Two things make 'me impatient to be at Alcala; the

'one is the desire of comforting your 'mother, by carrying her such pleasing news; and the other, Engracia's 'concerns; for I have been informed, 'that the false Don Christopher is 'within these two days to marry Donna Anna de Montoya.'—'It is true, 'that marriage is concerting,' answered Don Ferdinand, 'but it is not 'yet concluded on; and, I hope, Don 'Christopher, when he is convinced of 'my sister's innocence, will do her justice; or, if he does not, he shall 'give me satisfaction.' Engracia could not hear that marriage mentioned without being greatly concerned; but she saw her uncle and her brother so bent upon opposing it, that she could not but hope they would break it off; and she had been less troubled, had she known all the reasons her brother had to cross it. As for Mary Ximenez, Don Diego and Don Ferdinand hired a mule for her, resolving to carry her to Eugenia, to be rewarded as she deserved. When they were ready to set out, they desired the knight and his lady to bear them company; being willing to give their friends at Alcala some diversion. Don Quixote replied, that he was sorry he could not grant their request, being obliged to repair speedily to Madrid, upon business of great consequence; but, to make some amends, he promised to visit them at his return. They were satisfied with his promise, and set out for Alcala. Don Quixote, Sancho, and Zenobia, continued their journey towards Madrid. The highwayman was left in the inn, where he died of his wounds two days after. And thus, says our Arab, he disproved the predictions of the astrologers, who, by his stars, foretold that he was to die of a strangulation.

CHAP. VII.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S ARRIVAL AT MADRID, AND OF HIS DESPERATE COMBAT IN THE PRADO.

OUR knight and his companions were too full of this adventure to pass it over in silence. 'Is not this 'very wonderful?' said Don Quixote. A damsel falls into the hands of rob-'bers, and a gentleman, who knows 'her not, comes in accidentally, and 'saves her life and honour. She tells 'him her story, as if it did not con-'cern him; and at last, by her dis-'course, he is informed she is his own 'sister. O wonderful accident! There 'is no question but that such things 'occur in knight-errantry as are not 'usual in the common course of life; 'and therefore it is, doubtless, that 'the noblest adventures of ancient 'knights-errant are at present looked 'upon as fables.'—'How do you 'mean fables!' cried Sancho; 'I dare 'take my oath that all that has hap-'pened to us is true. You did won-'ders in the fight, and spitted the rob-'ber through the back; and at a time 'when he least thought of it; and 'whoever says the contrary lyes.'—'What a comfort will it be to Euge-'nia,' quoth Don Quixote, 'to see 'her two children! What thanks will 'she return to Heaven!'—'I do not 'question it,' said the squire: 'me-'thinks I see her hug first one, and 'then the other; then this again, and 'then that once more. In short, I 'fancy I see her pull out great hand-'fuls of gold and silver from her 'cupboard, and give them to Mary 'Ximenez, who pockets it up, as well 'pleased as I was when I put up Car-'denio's crown-pieces in Sierra Mo-'rena. I will warrant her, Eugenia 'will be ready to throw her house out 'at window: there will be nothing but 'feasting and merry-making in that 'quarter. The deuce take me, Sir, 'if it is not a considerable loss to us 'that we did not follow Don Diego: 'we should have been treated like 'archbishops; and, I dare answer for 'it, that the Princess Zenobia would 'desire no better.' This sort of dialogue held master and man till they came in sight of Madrid; upon which Don Quixote, taking up a new subject, said to his squire—'At length, San-'cho, you see Madrid, the happy re-'sidence of our kings, the most fa-'mous town in Spain; but I know not 'whether I ought to enter into it, till I 'have signalized myself by some no-'table exploit: for the most renowned 'knights errant, before they would 'enter the cities where emperors kept 'their courts, always performed some 'glorious action, the fame whereof 'went before them to the palace, and

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Stothard del. Angus sculp.

Plate VI. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & C.° Sept.r 25. 1784.

'disposed the emperor, the empress, 'and the infanta, to give them a more 'favourable reception. Rosiclair did 'not enter Constantinople till he had 'slain the giant Mandrake; and the 'Knight of the Precious Image* 'would not go into Persepolis, till he 'had finished the adventure of the Un-'happy Bridge. I wish there were 'such another bridge here, defended 'by four valiant knights, and two 'dreadful giants.'—'God deliver us, 'Sir!' cried the squire, 'we should 'never get over such a bridge as that 'without broken bones: and, in short, 'this day's combat is enough to carry 'you not only into Madrid, but into 'Rome, if you had a mind to it; and 'I assure you, the Pope himself would 'be satisfied.'—'You are in the right, 'Sancho,' replied the knight; 'and I 'believe my last combat is sufficient to 'gain me a favourable reception from 'the king, the queen, and the infan-'ta. I must own the action had been 'more glorious if I had fought knights; 'but we are not to chuse our adven-'tures, my friend; we must take what 'fortune throws in our way: so let us 'say no more of it, but make haste 'into the town.' This said, he clap-ped spurs to Rozinante; Barbara and Sancho did the like by their beasts; and thus they soon came to St. Jerome's Meadow, commonly called El Prado.

'O mirror of knights-errant!' cries the Arabian author in this place; 'in-'comparable Don Quixote! return 'thanks to Heaven, which hath con-'ducted you to this place! Here you 'are more talked of and celebrated 'than ever the Knight of the Basilisks 'was in Babylon. Your unheard-of 'exploits are here in print, and every 'body reads them with so much admi-'ration, that they can scarce believe 'any mortal capable of having per-'formed them. Appear now yourself! 'Appear in person to justify them: 'evince that you are no imaginary he-'ro. Your own presence can alone 'establish the truth of your magnani-'mous atchievements!' The sun was now set, and there was consequently a good deal of company walking in the Prado; for the pleasantness of the place, and the many assignations made in it, draws abundance of people thi-ther every evening. Don Quixote as-sumed a stern countenance, grasping his lance in one hand, and his buck-ler in the other: as soon as he appeared, all that saw him stood amazed at the whimsical uncouthness of his figure, and questioned one another what it could mean; but, not being able to sa-tisfy themselves, they drew near to view him the better. His mien and his device seemed so ridiculous, that they could not forbear laughing. 'Gra-'cious Heavens!' cried one, 'there is 'a genteel knight! I will lay a wager 'it is the Knight of the Precious 'Image, who conducted the Infanta 'Aurora to the Sultan of Babylon!' —'No,' replied another; 'I will lay

* This Knight of the Precious Image, or (as it is rendered in an English translation of the Romance of Don Belianis of Greece, edit. 1683) of the Golden Image, is Don Belia-nis of Greece. Afterwards he appears in green armour, decorated with golden basilisks, (which he had won from the Emperor Bendanazar) under the title of Knight of the Basi-lisks. I hardly need remark, that it was a very usual thing with the heroes of romance to change their appellation, the ornaments and devices of their armour, &c. as often as they found it expedient. Under the title of Knight of the Basilisks, Don Belianis atchieves the adventure of the Enchanted Tent, which was contrived by Friston the enchanter for the purpose of carrying off Florisbella. This adventure of the Enchanted Tent is the same which the Archbanterer of the Indies applies to himself in Book 6. Chapter II. of the pre-sent work. An extract or two from the translation of Don Belianis abovementioned, con-taining the reason of his being styled the Knight of the Precious or Golden Image, may not be displeasing to the curious reader. 'His armour was of colour orange-tawny, with 'a sea-wave so big, that it seemed to overwhelm a ship there figured. On his shield was 'pourtrayed the picture of a most beautiful lady, with a knight kneeling before her, as if 'he craved mercy at her hands, from whom she turned her face.' Page 21. This armour was provided for him by the sage Belonia, against his first receiving the order of knighthood; and the lady pourtrayed on the shield was Florisbella. 'You shall know, my good lord,' says Belianis to the Soldan of Persia, 'I am called the Knight of the Golden Image, be-'cause I bear it on my shield.' Page 65. An account of the adventure of the Unhappy Bridge, with the knights and giants there defeated by Belianis, would be too long for a note.

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'it is the Knight of the Chariot, who 'comes to defend the Scythian prin-'ceſs's beauty!' Our adventurer, overhearing the above converſation, halted; and, accoſting the men very gravely, ſaid—'Gentlemen, if you 'would know my name, you may aſk 'it of my ſquire, who follows me; 'that account belongs to him.'—'By 'the Lord!' cried one of the lookers-on, 'this muſt certainly be that Don 'Quixote de la Mancha, whoſe hiſtory 'was lately printed in this town! I 'know him by his horſe.'—'Right,' ſaid another, 'for that is a perfect Ro-'zinante: beſides, here is Sancho and 'his aſs; and this damſel who hides 'her face, is certainly the famous 'Dulcinea del Toboſo!'—'Gentle-'men,' quoth Sancho, 'you are in the 'right, as far as regards Rozinante, 'my maſter Don Quixote, my Dap-'ple, and myſelf. We are the very 'ſame, God be praiſed! and here we 'are all four before you in ſoul and 'body: but as for Madam Dulcinea, 'ſhe is at this time at Toboſo; and, 'perhaps, filling a pair of panniers 'with dung in her father's ſtable; and 'if ſo, beſhrew the ſquires that carry 'her any love-letters. She has played 'the devil with us ſo long, that at laſt 'we have even left her to herſelf, and 'we had rather the devil had taken her 'away, than that we had made, I will 'not ſay an infanta, but ſo much as a 'plain counteſs of her. As for the lady 'on the mule, it is Queen Zenobia, 'whom an enchanter has converted in-'to a tripe-woman.' Whilſt Sancho uttered this harangue, Barbara took care to keep her face covered; and, though all the company deſired her to unveil, her modeſty prevented her compliance. 'Peerleſs princeſs,' ſaid a gentleman waggiſhly, 'be pleaſed to 'ſuffer us to gaze upon your lilies and 'roſes: let your fair hands, though 'but for one moment, remove that 'envious veil, which obnubilates your 'beauty.'—'Gentlemen,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I pray you reſt ſatisfied, 'without deſiring Queen Zenobia to 'unveil: ſhe is ſtill enchanted; and 'you can make but an ill judgment of 'her beauty at preſent.' Theſe words only ſerved to heighten the curioſity of the ſpectators. They at length ſo earneſtly entreated the knight to prevail with the queen to diſcover herſelf, that he turned to her, and ſaid—'Madam, 'I join with theſe gentlemen in re-'queſting that you will ſuffer your face 'to be ſeen: you may not, perhaps, 'appear ſo charming to them as you do 'to me, who ſee you as you are in re-'ality; but I proteſt your beauty is 'matchleſs, and they may rely upon 'my word.' Barbara, who rightly enough ſuſpected that the ſpectators would give greater credit to their own eyeſight than to the word of the knight-errant, had no inclination to diſcover herſelf. She ſtood out for a long time; but was at laſt compelled to ſubmit, and expoſe her ſcarified countenance to the inſpection of the company. All that beheld her burſt out a laughing, and ſhrugged up their ſhoulders; nay, ſome young fellows had the preſumption even to ſpeak diſreſpectfully of the tripe-woman: among the reſt, a gentleman of Galicia, lifting up his hands, cried out—'Bleſs us all! 'here's a princeſs forſooth! I proteſt 'ſhe is as like an old mule I have in 'my ſtable, as one egg is like ano-'ther!' It is eaſy to imagine the emotion theſe words produced in the breaſt of Don Quixote: his eyes ſparkled with fury; and, brandiſhing his lance in dreadful wiſe, he cried, as loudly as he was able, to the Galician—'Stay, raſh man! and I will chaſtiſe 'thy inſolence! I here challenge thee 'to ſingle combat; and, at the ſame 'time, I challenge all thoſe that have 'inſulted Queen Zenobia, who, I do 'maintain, ſurpaſſes in beauty the In-'fanta Imperia, the Princeſs Mate-'roſa*, and even King Olivier's 'daughter.' This curious defiance ſerved but to renew the mirth of the company; and the Galician, being a jocoſe fellow, anſwered Don Quixote—'Sir Knight, though you are in ar-'mour up to your chin, and mounted 'on a haughty courſer, more lofty 'than that of Alexander the Great, I 'will not refuſe your challenge: I will 'combat you with my ſword alone, a-'foot and unarmed as I now am; and 'I will defend withal the beauty of my 'mule, which I would not barter for

* The Princeſs Materoſa was couſin to the Princeſs Floriſbella, the Soldan of Babylon's daughter. See the Romance of Don Belianis.

'your

'your Zenobia.'—'Since you are on 'foot and unarmed,' replied Don Quixote, 'it is but reaſon that I alight 'and lay by my armour; for knights 'are not to take any advantage in 'fight.' This ſaid, he alighted: Sancho did the like; and, running to diſarm his maſter, ſaid—'You were 'wiſhing for an adventure before you 'came to the court, and I think you 'have now met with one. Go to, de'fend the Princeſs Zenobia's beauty 'bravely; and make that ſcoundrel 'knight own that ſhe is handſomer 'than his mule. If you have the ill 'fate to be overcome, I may very well 'fight him after you in defence of my 'Dapple, which I do maintain to be 'handſomer than his mule, though 'ſhe were more beautiful than maſter 'Valentin's mare, which is reckoned 'at Ateca the fatteſt beaſt belonging 'to the Chapter.' Don Quixote (whilſt Sancho prated thus) was ſtripping himſelf to his very drawers and ſhirt, to remove all cauſe of ſuſpicion that he meant to take advantage of his antagoniſt. Some of the company, more prudent than the reſt, obſerving that the knight was preparing for the combat in good earneſt, endeavoured to diſſuade the Galician, telling him that ſuch jeſts for the moſt part end in earneſt; but the Galician, relying on his ſtrength and ſkill, laughed at what they ſaid; and, drawing one of the longeſt ſwords that ever Spaniard wore, ſtood upon his guard, ſtretching ſuch a diſtance from his left foot to the point of his weapon, that they were at leaſt two fathom aſunder. Don Quixote, in like manner, plucked his formidable ſteel from it's ſcabbard; and in an inſtant their furious blades flaſhed with a thouſand ſparks of fire. The Galician, when he had awhile tried his adverſary's ſkill, with a jerk threw his ſword over his head; and, dropping his own, cloſed with him, took him by the collar, and ſhook him ſo violently, and with ſo much eaſe, that the ancient poets would have compared the condition of Don Quixote to a ſhrub that plays in the wind. The knight was ſenſible he had not the feeble defender of Mambrino's helmet to deal with; and the dread of being vanquiſhed before Queen Zenobia enflamed his valour to a pitch of rage utterly inexpreſſible: he rallied all his ſtrength, and gave the Galician ſuch a terrible blow under the ear with his gauntlet, which he had forgotten to take off, that he laid him flat on the ground, ſenſeleſs, and much hurt. The bye-ſtanders were much concerned at this unlucky cataſtrophe; but the Galician having brought the misfortune upon himſelf by his own imprudence, his friends did not hold themſelves obliged to revenge his quarrel upon a madman, and therefore only thought of taking care of him. As ſoon as Sancho ſaw the Galician down, he roared out in an extaſy of exultation—'Courage, ma'ſter Don Quixote, follow the laws of 'chivalry to the utmoſt! Take up 'your ſword, and thruſt it down that 'knight's throat, if he refuſes to own 'that Madam Zenobia is more beauti'ful than his mule.' The knight approved of the advice, ſeized his ſword, and made towards the Galician, with full purpoſe of putting it in execution, had not ſeveral of the company interfered; telling him, that he ought to be ſatisfied with having overthrown the beſt knight in Galicia. 'Let him, 'then, confeſs,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that all the world cannot match Queen 'Zenobia's beauty.'—'He ſhall own 'it another time,' ſaid one of the company; 'for, by my troth, at this time 'he is not in a condition to confeſs his 'ſins.'—'Well,' cried Sancho, 'then 'let him ſay he owns himſelf con'quered: methinks that is not very 'hard to be ſaid.' Don Quixote would fain have cauſed the Galician to own his defeat; but at length, overcome by the arguments of the by-ſtanders, he was perſuaded to conſider his combat as a perfect victory, and ſtepped aſide to put on his cloaths and armour. Whilſt he was equipping himſelf, two of Don Alvaro Tarfe's pages happened to come into the Prado; and, knowing the knight, drew near to ſalute him. Don Quixote and Sancho received them with gracious affability; and enquired after Don Alvaro. 'Don Carlos and he,' ſaid one of the pages, 'have been here 'ſome days, and expect you with im'patience.'—'I am very deſirous to 'embrace them both,' anſwered Don Quixote. 'That you may ſoon do,' replied the page; 'for, if you pleaſe, 'we will conduct you to Don Alvaro's 'lodgings.' At theſe good tidings, Sancho's heart leaped for joy: he was full

full of the thoughts of pleasure and good eating; and, as soon as his master was armed, they and Queen Zenobia followed the pages, leaving the Galician among his friends, who took care to carry him home, and see him dressed.

CHAP. VIII.

HOW DON ALVARO AND DON CARLOS RECEIVED THE KNIGHT AND HIS PRINCESS; AND HOW SANCHO REJOICED AT REVISITING THE LITTLE LIMPING COOK.

IT was dark night (the history informs us) ere our adventurers arrived at Don Alvaro's lodgings, so that the populace had not the satisfaction of seeing them. They did not find the Granadine at home; his servants, however, received them kindly; and whilst one of the pages went to give him an account of their coming, the steward conducted them into a good apartment. Sancho, when he had seen the beasts into the stable, went directly to the kitchen, where he had enough to do to embrace all his old acquaintance. But as soon as he set eyes on his invaluable friend the limping cook, he ran to him with open arms; and, kissing both his cheeks in a rapture, exclaimed —'My dear little Crookshank! how 'glad am I to see you once more be'fore I die! To tell you the truth, I 'love you almost as well as I do my 'Dapple; and I shall never forget the 'good bits you gave me at Saragossa. 'It was you fed me up with carcases 'of turkies, and such leavings of sauce'boats, as had been fit to tickle the 'chaps of an emperor. Aye, and at 'night too, such wines, and the Lord 'knows what all of that sort, as were 'sweeter than honey: hang me, if I 'could not feel it warm at my heart 'till next morning! Let me die, if 'that be not rare wine for one's health.' —'Friend Sancho,' answered the cook, 'this country wine is still better than 'that at Saragossa.'—'I can't be'lieve that,' replied the squire: 'nor 'shall any man persuade me to it, till I 'have tasted.'—'Well, then,' quoth the cook, 'you must drink immediate'ly. I am sure you will be of my 'opinion.'—'So much the better,' quoth Sancho; 'and you may rest sa'tisfied with my judgment in matters of 'this nature, since I am not enchanted 'for wine, as I am for things that 'relate to knight-errantry.'—'How, 'then, Sancho!' cried one of the pages; 'have the enchanters put some trick 'upon you since you left Saragossa?'— 'That's a good question, truly,' quoth Sancho; 'do we ever escape a day with'out their putting some knavery or 'other upon us? I find you don't 'know them. If they miss doing us 'mischief an hour together, they think 'they have done great things by us. 'In short, all I can tell you is, they 'have so betwitched my sight, that I 'see every thing quite contrary to what 'my master does. They impose upon 'me every moment; and it is not above 'two days ago, that they made me 'take the Prince of Cordova's garter 'for the crupper of a mule.' The servants desired Sancho to recount that adventure, which he did readily enough; though some wine, which the cook had just brought for him, occasioned several long halts and pauses in his story.

At length, Don Alvaro came home, with Don Carlos, and a young count who was to be the latter's brother-in-law. They went up to Don Quixote's apartment, and found him talking with Barbara and the steward of the household. The knight embraced the Granadine and Don Carlos; and, presenting Barbara to them, said—'Behold 'here, gentlemen, the great Queen of 'the Amazons, the Princess Zenobia, 'whom good-fortune cast into my way; 'and whose beauty I now come to de'fend publickly in the court of Spain!' The princess's face and appearance corresponded so very ill with this introduction, that the gentlemen had enough to do to hold their countenances. However, they made shift to contain themselves; and Don Alvaro returned Don Quixote the following answer: 'Sir 'Knight, you have done me the greatest 'honour in taking up your lodging 'in my house with that queen, whose 'merit must be very extraordinary, 'since you undertake to protect her; 'but though the value you put upon 'her were not commendation enough, 'a man needs but look upon her to 'give a near guess at what she is. She 'has such a physiognomy, as soon 'makes her known; and, I can assure 'you, that the more I look on her, the

'worthier

'worthier I judge her of the great en-
'terprize you have undertaken for her
'ſake.' The Granadine and Don Carlos then preſented the count to the knight, and acquainted him that he was the young lord whom the Princeſs Trebaſina was deſigned for, and that they were to be married very ſhortly. There wanted nothing farther to produce a long harangue from Don Quixote to the count; who, on his part, exhauſted all the common places of rhetorick, that he might not fall ſhort of the knight in point of courteſy. Don Carlos and Tarfe took that opportunity to talk to Barbara apart. 'Queen Zenobia,' ſaid Don Alvaro to her, 'do us the favour
'to tell us, truly, of what country and
'of what family you are?'—'Gen-
'tlemen,' replied open-hearted Barbara, 'you may believe me if you
'pleaſe; but, I ſwear to you, I am
'none of Queen Zenobia! I am but
'a poor woman of Alcala, who live
'by my labour, and my honeſt trade
'of a tripe-woman. My name is Bar-
'bara Villalobos; a name left me by
'a grandmother that was very fond of
'me. My life has been all ups and
'downs, like the land in Galicia. I
'am now old; but I know the time
'when I was young; and I have been
'as much made of as another. I am
'now good for nothing but to dreſs
'meat, for I can make a ſoup and fry
'tripe with any body; and I defy any
'body to ſeaſon ſauce better than I can.
'However, a ſcholar of Alcala per-
'ſuaded me to ſell all my goods, drew
'me out of Alcala, carried me into a
'wood, tied me to a tree in my ſmock,
'and then ran away with all my money
'and cloaths. By good luck Don
'Quixote, on whom Heaven has be-
'ſtowed more charity than ſenſe, paſ-
'ſing by, heard my cries, and un-
'bound me, calling me Queen Zeno-
'bia. I told him I was no ſuch; but
'he would not believe me; and he
'bought me a mule, and theſe cloaths
'you ſee. In ſhort, when we came to
'Alcala, I begged of him to leave me
'there; but I could not prevail, and
'was forced to come along with him.
'He has promiſed to give me fifty du-
'cats, when he has defended my beauty
'at court. I am come to be as good
'as my word; and, when he has per-
'formed his, I will return to my own
'country, where I will ſet up my ſhop
'again, an't pleaſe the Lord! and let
'me die if ever I truſt a ſcholar again,
'though he promiſed me the philo-
'ſopher's ſtone.'

At this moment Sancho came into the room; and, being in a merry humour, cried—'A good day to you, gentle-
'men! I wiſh you a good ſtomach, and
'a merry heart; which two things will
'keep you in health, as Maſter Ni-
'cholas, our barber, ſays.'—'O my
'friend Sancho!' ſaid Don Alvaro, giving him his hand, 'I am very glad
'to ſee you again in health and good-
'humour.'—'God reward you,' anſwered the ſquire, 'and bleſs you, and
'make you merry!'—'And don't you
'know me, my dear Sancho!' ſaid Don Carlos; 'or am I not of the num-
'ber of your friends?'—'Excuſe me,
'Sir,' quoth Sancho, making up to him, 'I muſt kiſs your hands too, with
'your leave; though ſometimes men
'kiſs thoſe hands they could wiſh cut
'off.'—'O Heavens!' quoth Don Carlos, 'what is that you ſay? What
'have I done to you, that you ſhould
'wiſh me ſo much harm?'—'By my
'troth, I beg your pardon!' anſwered the ſquire. 'That proverb ſlipped
'from me before I thought of it.
'Juſt ſo I uſed to let them fly laſt year.
'As faſt as they came up, I uſed to ſpit
'them out; and the dog of an Arab
'that writ our hiſtory has not forgot
'one of them. He has done like one
'that ſells ſmall nuts, who throws in
'good and bad to fill up the mea-
'ſure the ſooner. Therefore, let me
'tell you, Don Carlos, I do not wiſh
'to ſee your hands cut off; I had ra-
'ther ſee them full of that delicate
'white-meat, and of thoſe force-meat
'balls you know of. Body o' me!
'I can never think of them but my
'mouth waters.' The Granadine, perceiving that Don Quixote was ill pleaſed to hear his ſquire chatter thus, broke off the diſcourſe; and ſaid to the knight—'Don Quixote, the great con-
'cern we have in whatſoever relates to
'you, and tends to the glory of knight-
'errantry, makes us very deſirous to
'know what adventures you have met
'with ſince you left Saragoſſa.'—
'Don Tarfe,' quoth the ſquire, 'it is
'my buſineſs to tell you all that, as I
'am ſquire to my maſter Don Quixote.'
—'Well, then, Sancho,' replied Don Alvaro, 'give us a true relation.' The

ſquire complied: he began at his own affray with Bracamonte the ſoldier, and ended with the combat of the Galician. The three gentlemen were mightily pleaſed; but above all with the adventure of the players, and the batchelor's ceremony for diſenchanting Sancho. Don Carlos and the Granadine were particularly delighted; for Barbara, who ſat between them, whiſpered to them all the circumſtances which Sancho either forgot or was ignorant of. Supper-time drew on, and the ſewer came to tell them all was ready. Then the three gentlemen, Don Quixote and Zenobia, went into another large room, where they ſat down to table; and Sancho returned into the kitchen, where, whilſt he ſupped, he was obliged to recount anew the exploits of his maſter.

The grave knight of La Mancha, whoſe brain always laboured with his own great deſigns, demanded of the cavaliers, whether Bramarbas was then at Madrid. 'He is not yet arrived,' anſwered Don Carlos: 'he is gone to 'Cyprus, to convey to his ſeraglio a 'number of young damſels whom he 'has ravithed from their parents; but 'he will ſoon return, when we leaſt 'think of him; for the ſage Silfenus 'favours him, and will tranſport him 'hither in the twinkling of an eye. 'On my word, that giant is a great ra-'viſher of maidens; and, I aſſure you, 'I ſhould be much afraid for my ſiſter 'if Don Quixote was not with us; 'and I could not but fear as much for 'the count here preſent—for you know, 'gentlemen, how he deſigns to uſe the 'counts and barons of this court.'—'Let not that trouble you,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'Marry your ſiſter boldly, 'and let the count fear nothing: I 'pledge myſelf to protect him, and 'engage that he ſhall have a numerous 'iſſue.' The count could not forbear laughing at this prediction; but, though he fancied himſelf able to accompliſh it without the aſſiſtance of the knight, he failed not to return him thanks for his protection. Don Quixote, after this, told them of the combat he was to maintain with the Prince of Cordova; and at laſt, after ſupper, the diſcourſe turning upon Queen Zenobia, Don Carlos and the count aſſured Don Quixote, that they highly approved his deſign of maintaining that princeſs's beauty, for ſhe well deſerved it. But the Granadine, being ſomewhat nicer in points of knight-errantry, ſaid—'Gentlemen, 'I am not of your opinion; I do not 'altogether approve of Don Quixote's 'reſolution. I rather marvel that he 'will aſſert the beauty of a lady whom 'he is not in love with. Can the 'Knight of La Mancha think of do-'ing a thing contrary to the rules of 'knight-errantry, which he has al-'ways ſo ſtrictly obſerved?'—'Don 'Alvaro Tarfe,' replied Don Quixote, 'I own I have not thoroughly conſi-'dered that affair; and yet I think I 'ſhall not in it do any thing blame-'worthy, or unprecedented.'—'Nay, 'I much doubt,' anſwered the Granadine, 'whether you can find any ex-'amples of this nature among the an-'cient knights. We know that others 'have accompanied, like yourſelf, the 'princeſſes they have diſenchanted or 'delivered from ſome extraordinary 'danger. They have conducted them 'about the world, reſtored them to their 'parents, or reinſtated them in their 'poſſeſſions; but they never took upon 'themſelves to maintain their beauty.' —'In good faith,' cried Don Carlos, 'I now perceive this is quite a different 'affair; I agree with Don Alvaro that 'it is a very nice point: but what ſtrikes 'me as the moſt irregular, is, that the 'beauty of any lady ſhould be main-'tained by a knight who bears an ap-'pellation and device ſo injurious to 'the fair-ſex.'—'I grant,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'that the appellation of 'the Loveleſs Knight ſeems oppoſite 'to my deſign; but my intention re-'conciles thoſe contradictions: I only 'maintain the princeſs is beautiful, be-'cauſe, being enchanted, ſhe ſeems de-'formed. I will that juſtice be done 'to her beauty, in ſpite of her enchant-'ment. This is all I aim at; and 'conſequently I perform an act of 'juſtice, and not of love.'—'Take 'heed, Don Quixote,' replied Don Alvaro; 'take heed you do not impoſe 'upon yourſelf. Our ſevere grand-'children will not make that diſtinction, 'but will flatly condemn your pro-'ceeding.'—'Then he muſt not be 'guilty of it,' ſaid the count: 'Don 'Quixote ought not to hazard any thing 'that may bear a double conſtruction; 'ſince it behoves no man more than him-'ſelf to ſecure the good graces of poſte-'rity. Let us conſider of ſome medium.

'Do

'Do you think it were amiss for him to 'change his name, and make choice of 'another Dulcinea? For my part, I 'must frankly declare, that I look upon 'his contempt of ladies as a great 'fault; and I cannot conceive how he 'dares to continue without a mistress: 'he, especially, who, as his history 'informs us, used to say, last year, 'that a knight without a lady was like 'a body without a soul; and that 'it were better to be in love with an 'imaginary object, than not to love at 'all.' Don Quixote, not knowing how to answer reasonings so forcible, fell into a profound reverie. Don Alvaro, perceiving his embarrassment, said—'I think, gentlemen, we have 'said enough for the present. Let us 'give Don Quixote time to consider 'this point seriously. He has a sound 'judgment, and will know how to 'chuse that which shall conduce most 'to his glory. Let us consider he has 'gained two victories this day, and 'must needs want rest, as well as 'Queen Zenobia.' This said, he called to his servants; and, whilst Barbara was conducted into a chamber altogether inaccessible to coachmen, he himself conveyed Don Quixote to another, leaving a page to undress and disarm him, Sancho being still in the kitchen. Don Carlos went away with his intended brother-in-law; at whose house he and his sister were entertained.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

OF THE WEIGHTY CONSIDERATIONS WHICH PERPLEXED DON QUIXOTE; OF THE RESOLUTION HE CAME TO FOR THE SAKE OF HIS HONOUR; AND OF THE DISCOURSE HE HELD WITH HIS SQUIRE UPON THIS SUBJECT.

WHEN the page had disarmed the knight, he went out of the room, and secured the door after him, as his master had ordered. Don Quixote, much perplexed with those objections the cavaliers had just started, was glad to find himself alone, as wanting opportunity to deliberate on the part he ought to act; and he immediately betook himself to his bed, that he might ponder the more commodiously. 'Good 'God!' said he, tumbling from side to side, 'is it possible I may not be al-'lowed to maintain a lady's beauty 'without being in love! Let us call to 'mind the actions of the most famous 'knights-errant; and let us see whe-'ther what I think to do is really so 'unprecedented.' Thus saying, he recollected all the adventures of the two Amadis's, of Esplandian, of Palmerin of England, and of Palmerin de Oliva; and not finding what he sought for in these books, he ran over the mirror of chivalry, Don Belianis of Greece, Tirante the White, Aquilant the Black, Don Florismarte of Hircania, and Don Olivante de Laura. But, alas! the poor knight laboured in vain; he perceived he could in no wise maintain the Queen of the Amazons beauty, without introducing a novelty into the established practice of knight-errantry. —'Well, then,' cried he, 'what is it 'you are about, unhappy innovator? 'Will you, who never transgressed the 'least rule of your profession, now give 'yourself the lye? You imagine, per-'haps, that your renown may justify 'your fault; or, at least, that poste-'rity, dazzled with the splendor of 'your atchievements, will pardon 'your irregularity. But do not de-'ceive yourself; the base actions 'which Alexander the Great commit-'ted in heat of wine or passion, are not 'yet forgotten: heroes must not flat-'ter themselves; they must not think 'to shroud their failings under the 'shade of their laurels. If their faults 'escape the censure of one age, ano-'ther follows that may expose them 'to the whole world. I must, then,

'observe

'observe the laws of knight-errantry 'inviolably, if I design to transmit my 'fame pure and untainted to posterity. 'On the other hand, should I abandon 'the queen to her ill fortune! Shall I 'leave her in the wretched condition 'she now suffers? Shall I grant the 'malice of enchanters that satisfaction? 'No! it is better I change my device, 'and that I fall in love with this fame 'peerless princess. It shall be so; and 'certainly Heaven has inspired this 'thought into me for a blessing to my 'life, and for the glory of my memory! 'O thou beautiful Dulcinea del To-'boso, first sovereign lady of my soul, 'who now seest me submit myself again 'captive, do not complain of me! I had 'still been thine, hadst not thou obliged 'me to shake off thy yoke!' The hero of La Mancha, having thus resolved to yield himself a most humble slave to the rare perfections of Queen Zenobia, spent the rest of the night in forming projects worthy both of the person beloved, and of the lover.

When it was day, Sancho, being impatient to see his master again, came into the room, crying—'Up, Don 'Quixote, up! Knights-errant are very 'lazy to day: you went to roost last 'night with the poultry; and by this 'time the pots are skimmed. Come, 'rouze, master! Are you not weary of 'sleeping so long?'—'You upbraid me 'without reason, friend Sancho,' answered Don Quixote; 'I have not slept 'one wink all this night.'—'Perhaps 'you over eat yourself at supper,' quoth the squire. 'I am like you; for 'when I have eaten two or three pounds 'more than ordinary, I do not sleep so 'well as at other times.'—'Glutton!' cried Don Quixote, 'do you think 'every body crams as unreasonably as 'you do? If, alas! slumber closed not 'my eye-lids last night, it is not to be 'wondered at. True knights-errant 'are not born to rest: their nice feel-'ings touching the duties and de-'cencies of chivalry, always find them 'some matter of disquiet. You once 'beheld me, indignant of Dulcinea's 'scornfulness, resolutely burst my fet-'ters; and, revolting against the do-'minion of the ladies, fiercely assume 'the title of "The Loveless Knight!" 'This day you will behold me in a 'different situation: I will again offer 'incense on the altars of that irresistible 'god, who, as the poets say, dips the 'points of his arrows in gall. I mean, 'Sancho, that I will again love; for, 'besides that I am of a very gentle dis-'position, I am of opinion, that a mis-'tress is so essential a part of a knight-'errant, that I much fear blame for 'having remained thus long unen-'amoured.'—'I will not swear for it,' said the squire; 'for we ought not to 'swear at all; and the world often 'condemns that which it ought to 'praise. Mr. Curate is much found 'fault with for making his sermons 'too long; and yet he is never above 'two hours in the pulpit. But pray 'tell me, Sir, who is the lady you are 'resolved to love? Where is she?'—'She is in this palace,' answered Don Quixote; 'she is Queen Zenobia.'—'Out upon it!' replied Sancho, abruptly; 'what do you think to do with 'Madam Barbara Zenobia? What! 'I will warrant you would call upon 'her in your battles! Pox take me, 'an excellent confounded invocation! 'I would as soon call upon Antichrist! 'Take my advice for once, Sir, let us 'shake off that gypsey: let the scholar 'that ran away with her money become 'her knight, if he will; it is his busi-'ness, and none of ours: "since he has "got the child, let him rock it."—'It 'is a strange thing,' answered Don Quixote, 'that you cannot beat it into 'your head that Queen Zenobia is en-'chanted! I have told you a hundred 'times, that, though to you she seems 'frightful, yet she is certainly the most 'beautiful princess in the world. Re-'member this, blockhead; and do not 'give me the trouble of repeating it to 'you again.'—'I am in the wrong, 'Sir! I am in the wrong!' quoth the squire. 'A plague on it! I always 'mind my own way of seeing, without 'thinking of yours. See what it is to 'have an ill habit! But, patience—'sure, after all, I shall mend at last, 'or never!'—'I have made choice, as 'I tell you,' replied the knight, 'of 'the Queen of the Amazons for my 'sovereign lady. My sole fear is, lest 'she be deeply in love with Hyperbo-'rean of the Floating-Islands, my ri-'val.'—'That is likely enough,' answered Sancho; 'for the princess is a 'lady that will exchange commodities 'with any one that pleases; that will 'stroke down a chin very dextrously, 'and drink bumpers. But I will say 'no more; for you will be sure to tell

'me

'me I did not see what I have seen; 'that my eyes are enchanted, and the 'rest of that usual story: however, 'God knows the truth of all things. 'But, to return to that Hyperborean of 'the island you talk of; if the queen's 'ladyship is in love with him, you must 'not take her for your mistress; you 'had better send her to those islands.'

—'It is not certain she is in love with 'Hyperborean,' replied Don Quixote; 'but, though I knew it to be so, this 'would not hinder me from loving 'her. The laws of knight-errantry 'do not forbid loving a lady who is 'before engaged to another knight: 'and, though I tell you my fear that 'Hyperborean is beloved, do not ima-'gine this apprehension is any trouble 'to me; I rather look upon it as a sa-'tisfaction, since it furnishes an ex-'cellent subject for my complaints. 'The knight who has no rival, never 'tastes the sweets of love: if he is con-'vinced of his good fortune, his life 'is too uniform. Hope and despair 'ought to distract him by turns; jea-'lousy, fear, and restlessness, must 'continually disturb his repose: nay, 'it is good he sometimes persuade 'himself that he is hated by his fair-'one, since this may rouze him to per-'form immortal actions. For myself, 'who am extremely delicate and sus-'ceptible, I protest I should be sorry to 'enjoy Queen Zenobia's heart peace-'ably. I have before me a perfect idea of 'what she will make me endure; and I 'warn you, when you hear me sigh and 'groan, that you approach not indis-'creetly to interrupt me, under pre-'tence of comfort; for, you must un-'derstand, there is a secret pleasure in 'the fiercest pains of love, which ren-'ders them delectable. I question 'not but Amadis de Gaule found a 'thousand sweets in the rigid penance 'he performed on the Poor Rock; and 'I can assure you that my soul was 'plunged in joy when I gave all those 'dangerous skips in Sierra Morena! 'Amorous torments possess abundance 'of charms for those knights who 'know truly how to love. One while 'I will take a lute from thy hands; 'and, playing on it more harmoniously 'than Orpheus, I will accompany it so 'sweetly, that it shall ravish the king 'and all his court; and, composing an 'hundred verses extempore, I will ex-'press my anguish and secret sufferings 'so artfully, that no person, except 'my princess, shall understand one 'word. Another while, when I am 'sad, jealous, and in despair, I will 'leave, at night, the palace; and, re-'tiring into the depth of some umbra-'geous forest, will send forth cries of 'unutterable plaintiveness. To the 'trees and echoes I will proclaim it, 'that I am the most unfortunate of 'created beings, since my ingrate, 'more beautiful than Helen, prefers 'another knight before me. Then will 'I make the woods ring with my com-'plaints, calling upon death to relieve 'me: then will I throw myself on the 'damp grass; and, giving loose to 'mortal affliction, will shed so many 'tears, and breathe out so many sighs, 'that I will faint away. In short, I 'shall be ready to give up the ghost; 'when the pitiful Aurora, having 'heard my doleful cries at the bottom 'of the waves, shall haste to open the 'sky lights of day, and call me back 'to life. Then shall I start up nimbly, 'and discover one of the valiantest 'knights in the world, who comes in 'quest of me; and who, hearing of 'my name, shall have travelled from 'the farthest part of Tartary to fight 'me. I shall overcome him with much 'difficulty, and shall then return to 'the palace, covered with blood and 'wounds. Ah, Sancho! what a plea-'sure, what a happiness, is this, to a 'knight truly amorous!'—'By my 'faith, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'if it be 'so great a happiness for a knight to 'despair, and not to be beloved by his 'lady, there was no need of forsaking 'Madam Dulcinea! She hated you as 'she did the devil; and she would have 'given you cause enough to hang 'yourself at last!'—'I would not have 'left her,' answered Don Quixote, 'though she repaid all my services with 'cruelty, but she plainly made it ap-'pear that she despised me; and you 'must understand, my son, that con-'tempt provokes a knight, and con-'sequently extinguishes his passion; 'whereas cruelty, being no affront or 'provocation, he must be constant even 'to insensibility. Perianeus of Persia, 'that perfect model of unfortunate 'lovers, had never loved Florisbella so 'constantly, had she despised him; 'but, though she mortally hated that

'prince

'prince, she was so far from despising 'him, that she sometimes pitied his 'unhappy love, which paid him for all 'his sufferings with usury.'—'But, 'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'methinks, now 'you are in love with Madam Zeno-'bia, the name of the Loveless Knight 'does not at all become you.'—'No, 'sure!' answered Don Quixote, 'I 'must change my name and device; 'and I will consider of it this moment.' —'Hold a little, Sir,' replied the squire: 'as I gave you the name of the Knight 'of the Sorrowful Aspect last year, 'so will I endeavour to find another 'for you now.' This said, he was silent; and, scratching his head, began to deliberate. Don Quixote was not idle; but, though he himself was readier than most others in conceits of this nature, Sancho was too quick for him, and cried—'By St. Crispin, I have hit 'the nail on the head! God take me, 'if a man has but a good memory, he 'may invent what he pleases! I have 'found one of the bravest names for a 'knight that ever was hatched. You 'must call yourself "The Knight of "the Robbers," in remembrance of 'him you ran through the back.'—'I 'do not like that name,' said Don Quixote; 'I will have one that may 'express the sentiments of my heart. 'You have not succeeded this time so 'well as you did the last, though you 'have taken more pains about it. I 'wonder how you could hit it off last 'year so exactly. This makes me 'think, that most curious inventions, 'most extraordinary discoveries, and 'most surprizing thoughts, in authors, 'are rather mere flights and accidental 'productions, than the work of much 'study and labour.'—'Well, then, 'Sir,' answered the squire, 'call your-'self "The Knight of the Enchanted "Lady," since Madam Zenobia is so. 'On my conscience, that is a rare name 'to be found off-hand! Is it not?'— 'That is not amiss,' replied Don Quixote; 'but I have a wonderful fancy 'come into my head, and which I think 'I must follow. I will cause Queen 'Zenobia to be painted on my buckler, 'extending to me one of her delicate 'hands, which I shall kiss amorously: 'around shall be pourtrayed divers 'little Cupids, some sporting and flut-'tering about my fair-one, and others 'binding me in chains. As for my 'name, I will take it from my buck-'ler, according to the usual practice of 'knights-errant, and will be called "The Knight of the Cupids:" a name 'I like the better, because it will make 'some amends for that I bear at pre-'sent.'—'Blessed Virgin!' quoth Sancho, 'where do you meet with all this? 'You must needs be a great scholar to 'contrive such a device. By my troth, 'I defy all the friars in Rome and Con-'stantinople to find out a better!'

CHAP. II.

WHICH CONTAINS AS MUCH FOLLY AS ANY OF THE REST.

WHILST the squire was extolling his master's device, Don Alvaro came into the room. 'Dear 'Tarfe,' cried Don Quixote, going forward to meet him, 'how infinitely 'am I obliged to you! Had it not been 'for you, I had transgressed the laws 'of knight errantry, and laid an eter-'nal blemish upon my reputation; but, 'God be praised! it is now out of 'danger; and, in compliance with our 'sacred rules, I am resolved to love 'the Queen of the Amazons. My 'name and my device will no longer 'offend your delicacy of sentiment; 'for, from henceforward, I will be 'called "The Knight of the Cupids." Thus saying, he proceeded to acquaint Don Alvaro in what manner he designed causing himself to be pourtrayed with Queen Zenobia on his buckler; which the Granadine highly approved of.— 'I am overjoyed,' said he to the knight, 'both that you are in love, and that 'you have made so good a choice. 'But, Don Quixote,' added he, 'will 'not you immediately wait on Queen 'Zenobia, and apprize her of your in-'tentions?'—'I shall take care how I 'do that,' answered the knight; 'a 'regular and discreet knight must not 'discover his passion so hastily. The 'gallant Don Brianel of Macedon did 'not declare his love till he had placed 'his mistress on the throne of Anti-'och; I therefore will conceal mine 'till I have disenchanted my princess, 'and caused her to be crowned Queen 'of the Island of Cyprus: yet, in the 'mean while, I may do all that belongs 'to an amorous knight. I will this

'moment

'moment change my name and device.' —'You are in the right,' answered Don Alvaro; 'and a painter must be sent 'for with all expedition.' Thus speaking, he called one of his pages, and in his ear bade him go out and bring the first painter he could meet with. Whilst he was giving his orders, Don Carlos, the count, and another gentleman, came in. 'Don Alvaro,' said the count to the Granadine, 'Don Carlos and I 'have brought Don Pedro de Luna 'with us, and are come to dine with 'you; but it is on condition that the 'great Don Quixote and his peerless 'princess be pleased to sup at my house 'this night, where there are several 'beauteousladies impatient tosee them.' The knight having accepted of the invitation—'I was very well satisfied,' said Don Carlos, 'that Don Quixote 'would not deny the ladies such a fa-'vour; for, though he be resolved to 'stile himself the Loveless Knight, 'yet he is, nevertheless, the most ac-'complished cavalier in the world.'— 'Don Carlos,' quoth Sancho, interrupting him, 'with your leave, my 'master is no longer "The Loveless "Knight;" he is now called "The "Knight of the Cupids;" for he is in 'love with Madam Zenobia.' Don Quixote confirmed his squire's report; and, whilst Don Carlos and the count were congratulating him on this happy alteration, the page who had been sent to summon a painter returned. 'Well, 'have you found a painter?' said his master. 'I have, Sir,' answered the page; 'and I can assure you he is the best 'master in Spain at drawing from the 'life.'—'Such a one we would have,' quoth Don Alvaro; 'bid him come 'up.' The painter, who was instructed by the page, and had wit enough for a dauber, was accordingly introduced; and, when he had saluted the company— 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'what is your 'will with me?'—'Sir,' quoth Don Alvaro, 'you must now exert the ut-'most of your art: you are to paint 'forthwith the matchless Don Quixote 'de la Mancha, who is here present, 'and his peerless mistress, who will 'soon appear.'—'Gentlemen,' answered the painter, 'you know it does 'not beseem a man to praise himself; 'I will not, therefore, expatiate on my 'own excellences; but content myself 'with telling you, that I draw like 'Michael Angelo, that I colour like 'Titian, and that I have all the graces 'of Raphael. I will exert my utmost 'endeavours to be called for the future "The Hero of La Mancha's Apelles." —'Gentlemen,' said the count, 'Don 'Quixote is fallen into good hands. 'I am acquainted with this famous 'painter, and can assure you his skill 'is not inferior to his modesty: he has 'such surprizing freedoms and ra-'pidity of pencil, that I dare under-'take he will, in three hours time, 'paint Don Quixote and Queen Zeno-'bia with all their adventures, which 'is no small piece of work.'—'That 'is most certain,' quoth the painter; 'and you need only put me upon the 'trial whensoever you please.'—'Don 'Quixote,' said Don Alvaro, 'you 'know these great men have no time 'to lose; we must send to desire Queen 'Zenobia's presence into this room, 'which is fitter for the purpose than 'her own.'—'Well, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'go see whether it be 'day with the queen, and tell her an 'excellent painter expects her here.'— 'Yes, yes, Sir!' answered the squire; 'I know where she lies, and I will go 'fetch her to rights presently.' He accordingly went and knocked at the chamber-door, crying—'Soho! Ma-'dam Zenobia! awake, if you please!' The princess, who had not spent the night like her lover, was then getting up. She knew the squire by his voice; and, opening the door, said—'My dear 'friend Sancho, is it you? What wind 'blew you hither this morning? Can 'I do you any service?'—'No, I thank 'God!' answered the squire; 'I only 'come to bid you dress yourself quick-'ly, and go down: there is a painter 'below that asks for you.'—'A pain-'ter!' cried Barbara; 'what would he 'have with me?'—'There is a great 'deal of news,' answered Sancho; 'my master has invented a new device, 'fit for the three kings of the east: he 'will have you and himself painted 'on his buckler, with other comical 'figures; and all this, because he fell 'in love with you last night.'—'It is 'impossible!' cried Barbara. 'Yes, 'faith!' quoth the squire; 'in spite of 'your scar, there is nothing more cer-'tain! You would never have thought 'it, I will warrant you: you are very 'fortunate to be mistress to such an

'ancient

'ancient knight as my maſter Don 'Quixote. Egad, when the ſcholar 'left you in the wood, and gave you 'ſo many kicks on the guts, you did 'not think it was for your good!'— 'To tell you the truth, Sancho,' replied the tripewoman, 'I cannot be-'lieve all you ſay. Had your maſter 'fallen in love with me laſt night, he 'would have come himſelf and told 'me ſo.'—'Oh! you are out there,' quoth Sancho, 'knights-errant do not 'do like other men; they do not diſ-'cover their ſecrets ſo ſoon. Before 'they come to that, they muſt play on 'the lute, they muſt ſing, they muſt 'weep their belly-full, and muſt deſpair 'in the woods; and, in ſhort, they be-'gin by penance, which is quite con-'trary from others. But I will tell 'you no more; for my maſter Don 'Quixote will not have you know that 'he is in love with you as yet; and, 'ſince ſquires are not to blab what re-'lates to their maſters, I am glad I 'only let ſlip a word by the by. Dreſs 'yourſelf quickly, and follow me 'down.'

When Barbara was dreſſed, ſhe went down; and the ſquire conducted her into the room where the company was aſſembled. 'Gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'here 'I bring you Queen Zenobia ready 'ſaddled and bridled.' Don Quixote, luckily, did not hear theſe words; for he was juſt then finiſhing the explication of his device to the painter. When every body had ſaluted the princeſs, the painter, looking round upon her, was ſo ſtaggered, that our knight could not help ſeeing it; he therefore ſaid to him—'Signior Painter, I perceive you 'are aſtoniſhed at being unable to diſ-'cover thoſe divine beauties in the 'queen which I deſcribed to you: but 'you muſt underſtand this princeſs is 'enchanted, and conſequently bears 'not her natural form. I deſire you, 'therefore, to pourtray her, not as ſhe 'now appears, but as ſhe will be after 'her diſenchantment. If you would 'draw a picture that ſhall admirably 'reſemble her, you need but add to 'Venus's beauty the majeſty and lofty 'air of Pallas, and you cannot err 'eſſentially.'—'Fear me not, Sir,' quoth the dauber; 'I will execute it 'charmingly. We draw ſuch pictures 'every day: it is very ſeldom we draw 'the ladies as they really are.'—'Queen 'Zenobia,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'needs 'not to be flattered; and, if you do not 'believe me, aſk Don Alvaro; who, 'being dubbed a knight, poſſeſſes the 'ſame privilege that I do of behold-'ing the queen as ſhe is in reality.'— 'On the word of a knight-errant,' replied the Granadine, 'ſhe is a beauti-'ful princeſs: her hair, which looks 'half black, half grey, is the moſt 'exquiſite flaxen in the world; that 'wrinkled forehead is as ſmooth as 'glaſs; that ſcar appears like a rain-'bow; and, in ſhort, her whole face is 'a wonder of nature. Happy, a thou-'ſand times happy, that knight who 'ſhall enjoy the bliſs of expiring for 'love at the ſight of her amiable little 'foot!'—'Nay, as for her little foot,' quoth Sancho, 'in troth, I will never 'allow of that! I have ſeen the prin-'ceſs's foot, and I do not think the 'great Turk has ſuch another.'—'I 'grant you,' anſwered Don Alvaro, 'that the queen may have a very large 'foot; but it muſt be obſerved, that 'ſhe, being an Amazon, cannot have 'been ſo tenderly bred as other prin-'ceſſes. She is an infanta enured to 'the moſt laborious exerciſes; and, in 'ſhort, a heroine bred in the *corps de* '*garde*, and in the camp.'—'Beſides,' ſaid Don Carlos, 'that is rather a per-'fection than a fault; for there are lo-'cal beauties; and I have been told 'that great feet are in as much requeſt 'in Cappadocia as little ones are in 'Spain.'—'That may very well be,' quoth the painter; 'for nations differ 'in fancy: but, to return to Queen 'Zenobia, I muſt tell you the truth, 'that, being no knight-errant, ſhe 'looks to me moſt dreadfully. Yet 'muſt I allow, that, even under this 'deformity, I can deſcry, methinks, 'ſomething curious; though, indeed, 'ſo confuſedly as to be ſcarce worth 'mentioning.' Barbara, a little net-tled at this diſcourſe, could not help putting in her word; and, with her or-dinary ſimplicity, ſaid—'Aye, gentle-'men! I know I am now old and ugly; 'but I was not always ſo. I once had 'no grey hair, nor ſcar on my face; and 'in my younger days, as ſimply as I 'look here, I have received as many 'billet-doux as a lady-abbeſs: but eve-'ry one that would, could not come at 'me. I was ſo reſerved, that, of fifty 'ſcholars that courted me, I turned off

'almoſt half.' This artleſs declaration ſet the company a laughing; but Don Quixote, aſſuming a double portion of gravity, ſaid to them—'Reflect, gentlemen, I beſeech you, that the queen's intellects are diſordered, and that her preſent converſation is the effect of enchantment.—Come, Signior Painter, can you begin your work immediately?'—'I can, Sir,' replied the painter; 'I have all things in readineſs: but if you are deſirous that the portrait ſhould be extremely like, I muſt requeſt that Queen Zenobia will have the goodneſs to withdraw herſelf; for the ſight of her would ſpoil all. I muſt rely on my own imagination to furniſh me with features.'—'Well, gentlemen,' quoth Don Alvaro, 'let us then leave the artiſt here to his work, and go down to dinner, for I believe it is ready.' Upon this, they all quitted the room; and the painter, having ordered Don Quixote's buckler to be brought him, immediately fell to work.

CHAP. III.

WHICH OUGHT TO BE READ WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

DURING dinner, the company fell into a converſation upon the magnanimous adventures of our hero; in the courſe of which, the count, as in a ſort of tranſport, exclaimed—'Ah, Sirs! what a ſubject of admiration will this be to after-ages! With what amazement will they read the incredible account of ſuch heroick actions, provided ſome wiſe enchanter, a friend to Don Quixote, delivers them more faithfully than the Arab Cid Hamet Benengeli!'—'That author,' quoth Don Quixote, 'is my mortal enemy; and his work a ſeries of falſhoods.'—'Why, have you read it?' quoth Don Carlos.'—'I have ſeen it,' anſwered the knight; 'but I did not vouchſafe to read it through.'—'To ſpeak truly,' ſaid the count, 'he ridicules moſt of your actions: ſometimes he makes you take mills for giants, and ſometimes flocks of ſheep for armies. In ſhort, according to his account, you are a mere viſionary; and, if a man may credit him, there never were any enchanters nor knights-errant in the world, whatever the Palmerins and the Amadiſes can ſay to the contrary.'—'By this,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'you may perceive that he is a raſh writer, with whom nothing is ſacred or reſpectable; ſince he pays no regard to books of ſuch authenticity.'—'That is the thing for which I can never forgive him,' ſaid the count; 'but, laying this aſide, and allowing his work to be no better than a comick romance, I aſſure you it is very diverting; nay, I look upon it to be a maſter-piece in it's kind.'—'I cannot allow that,' ſaid Don Pedro de Luna: 'I have found ſeveral faults in it; for I have the misfortune of being unable to read without making my reflections; which is the reaſon I cannot laugh, as others do, at ſeveral things that are not coherent or judicious.'—'As for your part,' anſwered the count, 'I know you do not like theſe ſort of books; you delight only in ſerious works.'—'So far from it,' replied Don Pedro, 'that I am very fond of good raillery; and nothing diſpleaſes me more than the ſerious diſcourſes I frequently meet with in that book, and, for the moſt part, nothing to the purpoſe.'—'I admire the diverſity of taſtes,' ſaid the count; 'I know ſome who like no part of the work but thoſe very paſſages.'—'I am not of their opinion,' quoth Don Pedro: 'I would not have a comick romance ſtuffed with frigid diſſertations, and dull lectures on morality. Benengeli, with his leave, ſets up too much for a politician; he does not at all apprehend tiring the reader's patience. For inſtance; when he makes Don Quixote talk for an hour together of the uſe of arms and letters, what is all that to the purpoſe? On the contrary, how intolerably tedious is it: an effuſion of bad rhetorick, ſcarce worthy a ſchool-boy.'—'However,' ſaid the count, 'that very book is now all the diverſion of the town and court.'—'That does not ſave it,' quoth Don Pedro, 'from being full of faults in point of judgment, of contradictory adventures, and of defects in nature or probability: I will convince you of it whenever you pleaſe.'—'You will oblige me,' anſwered the count; 'for I muſt confeſs I have not

'observed any absurdity in it.'—'For 'my part,' said Don Carlos, 'I read 'it since I came to Madrid; but I was 'so wholly taken up with the base re-'flections I found in it against Don 'Quixote, that I did not mind any of 'the rest.'—'I have read it too,' quoth Don Alvaro; 'and I must own I formed 'the same judgment with Don Pedro. 'Methinks Benengeli makes his hero 'too much a moral philosopher: be-'sides, he has so little regard for pro-'bability; that is, nature and reason; 'that there is scarce an adventure in the 'whole work which has not some cir-'cumstance added to it that renders it 'impossible. Besides, I find he is too fond 'of making sport, and that he chuses 'rather to forget his characters, than 'to lose the opportunity of breaking a 'jest. This he does in some of his 'very first chapters, when he makes 'the peasant, who carries Don Quix-'ote home, exclaim—"Open your "gates to the valiant Valdovinos, and "the great Marquis of Mantua, who "come home sorely wounded from "the field, together with the Moor "Abindar-raez, who drags in capti-"vity the valorous——" I do not re-'collect the rest: I must confess, my 'memory is bad; for, though I have 'read these odd names several times, I 'cannot remember them so well as the 'peasant, who yet never heard them 'but once, and that confusedly, a-'midst abundance of mad talk.'—'Your remark here is very just,' said Don Carlos; 'the peasant ought to 'have murdered those names, which 'would have in no wise hurt the jest, 'and the character of a peasant would 'have been more closely adhered to.'—'The author commits the same fault 'again,' quoth Don Pedro de Luna, 'when Don Quixote and his squire 'discovered the fulling-mills: Sancho, 'in raillery, is made to repeat, word 'for word, all his master said to him 'the night before, when he resolved to 'try that dreadful adventure. Sure 'the peasants of Toboso must have 'excellent memories!'—'In troth,' quoth Sancho, 'the dog of an Arab 'lyed when he said so. How would 'the whelp have me repeat a long 'speech from one end to the other? 'How should I do it above all men, 'who could not remember one word 'of the letter my master Don Quixote 'wrote in Sierra Morena to Madam 'Dulcinea del Toboso; and yet he read 'it to me several times, that I might 'have it in my noddle, in case I hap-'pened to lose Cardenio's pocket-'book.'—'There, gentlemen,' said the count, 'you criticise without rea-'son: that passage must be taken in 'the most favourable sense; and though 'Benengeli says that Sancho repeated 'all his master spoke, word for word, it 'is plain he only meant the sense of it.'—'That is good,' answered Don Pe-dro; 'the author tells us an improba-'ble story, and you would lay the 'blame on the readers, as if they were 'bound to supply his defects, and to 'believe he did not mean as he says. 'But what do I talk of meaning? 'Does he not make Sancho use the 'very same words his master had done 'before? Let us not insist on those tri-'fles: let us proceed to the adventures.'—'Hold, gentlemen,' said Don Alva-ro; 'we must first examine the chapter, 'which gives an account how Don 'Quixote was knighted: it would not 'be proper to pass that over in silence. 'Don Quixote kneels down before the 'host, and begs he will knight him, 'that he may be capable of seeking 'adventures in all parts of the world, 'relieving the distressed, and punishing 'wicked persons, according to the 'laws of knight-errantry. Attend, 'I entreat you, to the host's answer. 'He commends Don Quixote for his 'noble resolution; observes, that he 'himself once followed that honour-'able exercise; and, to convince him, 'adds, that he has visited several parts 'of the world in quest of adventures, 'doing infinite mischief, courting wi-'dows without number, debauching 'damsels, ruining heirs, and, in short, 'making himself known at the bar of 'every tribunal in Spain. Pray, my 'lord, are not these jests very ill placed 'there, and wholly nonsensical? And 'would not such an account startle a 'man so well versed in the laws of 'knight-errantry as Don Quixote is? 'and yet Don Quixote takes no notice 'of it.'—'Benengeli is an impostor,' answered Don Quixote: 'the Castellain 'who knighted me said no such thing; 'and had he said it, I would never 'have received the glorious character 'of a knight-errant at his hands.'—'Since we are got into that chapter,'

ſaid Don Carlos, 'pray, gentlemen, do 'not you admire the temper of the 'mule-drivers that were in the inn? 'Don Quixote wounds two of their 'companions dangerouſly; and they, 'in revenge, begin throwing of ſtones 'at him: the hoſt bids them hold their 'hands; telling them that he is a mad-'man, and they preſently give over. 'I fancy thoſe people, when once pro-'voked, do not ſo eaſily hearken to 'reaſon.—Is it not true, friend San-'cho?'—'No truly, Don Carlos,' an-ſwered the ſquire, 'you need not break 'thoſe people's heads to heat their 'blood; I am as well acquainted with 'thoſe ſparks as any man, and I can 'aſſure you they are very free of their 'cudgels.'

'Let us come to the adventures,' ſaid Don Pedro; 'and, to begin with 'that of the Biſcainer, I find one cir-'cumſtance in it which perplexes me. 'The author ſays, that at the inſtant 'Don Quixote made at the Biſcainer 'with his arm lifted up, the ſaid Biſ-'cainer ſnatched a cuſhion out of the 'coach, and made uſe of it inſtead of 'a buckler: I muſt confeſs I cannot 'comprehend that. I will grant it 'might not be ſo large as thoſe gene-'rally uſed for the ſeats of coaches are, 'and that it was not made faſt with 'leathern ſtraps, as is uſual; but ſtill 'the ladies are ſitting on it; the coach 'was full; Don Quixote preſſed on: 'now how could he get out the cu-'ſhion in ſo ſhort a time? I would 'fain clear up this, and endeavour, 'with the author, to make it appear 'poſſible, but I cannot do it.'—'And 'in the adventure of the Benedictines,' ſaid Don Alvaro, 'can you con-'ceive in what manner they were able 'to tear off Sancho's beard, ſo as not 'to leave a hair behind them? But 'the count here will ſay, that Benen-'geli deſigned to make us laugh; and 'I muſt own that it is a very pleaſant 'ſtory.'—'You are wonderful at ob-'ſervation,' anſwered the count; 'if 'you have nothing more material to 'urge, you may be ſure, that the 'merry companions, who laugh at it, 'will not ſide with you.'—'Have a 'little patience,' replied the Grana-dine: 'the author ſays, that Sancho 'was mounted on an aſs, and had no 'ſword; and in another place Don 'Quixote bids his ſquire be ſure not to 'draw his ſword to aſſiſt him, what-'ever danger he is in. Is not this a 'contradiction?'—'I grant it,' quoth the count; 'but theſe are very poor ob-'jections. Shew me one adventure 'which wants probability in the rela-'tion, and which contains any palpa-'ble contradictions or abſurdities.'—'I will,' anſwered Don Pedro; 'it 'is eaſy to give you that ſatisfaction: 'for inſtance; let us examine the ſtory 'of the galley-ſlaves; perhaps, we 'may there find very great want of 'judgment. "The chain of galley-"ſlaves," ſays Benengeli, "was con-"voyed by four men, two on horſe-"back, and two on foot: the horſe-"men were armed with firelocks, and "thoſe on foot with ſwords and half-"pikes." We, who are acquainted 'with the Knight of La Mancha's 'ſtrength and valour, muſt not won-'der that he ſhould put theſe conduc-'tors of the ſlaves to flight; but I ad-'mire that the author, who deſcribes 'him in old armour with a coat over 'it; a ſcurvy lance made of the bough 'of a tree, in his hand; a barber's ba-'ſon on his head; mounted on a very 'poor horſe, and followed only by an 'unarmed peaſant; did not take notice 'that, in ſuch an equipage, Don Quix-'ote was little likely to frighten four 'men ſo well armed.'—'You are too 'nice,' ſaid the count; 'this book 'was not intended to be ſo ſtrictly 'examined, but merely for diverſion.' —'It would be a pity,' anſwered Don Pedro, 'to give you a perfect work to 'read; and, if all the world were like 'you, it would be needleſs to take ſo 'much pains to write what is proper 'and judicious.'—'If you can find 'nothing elſe in the adventure,' ſaid the count, 'to diſpleaſe you, this over-'ſight is not worth ſpeaking of.'—'It 'will not come off ſo eaſily,' replied Don Pedro: 'the author ſays, "The "galley-ſlaves had chains about their "necks, and hand-bolts on their "wriſts;" and he adds that, "Gines "de Paſſamonte had, over and above "all the reſt, ſuch a chain at his heels, "that it was wound about his body; "two collars round his neck, one of "which was made faſt to the chain; "and the other had two irons fixed to "it which reached down to his waiſt, "fitted with a pair of hand-bolts, and "ſecured by two heavy padlocks; ſo

"that

" that he could neither lift his hands " to his mouth, nor bow down his " head to his hands." I cannot conceive how thoſe galley-ſlaves could knock off their chains ſo ſoon, and eſpecially Gines de Paſſamonte, who was loaded with ſo many irons and padlocks. I would fain know how ſuch a difficult matter was ſo expeditiouſly performed.—But you, Sancho, can clear up this buſineſs, ſince the author ſays it was by your aſſiſtance that Gines got looſe. Tell us, then, what art you employed, or rather what miracle you wrought, to compaſs it? What tools did you make uſe of? Had you any files?'—'Files!' quoth Sancho; 'by my troth, if all thoſe chains muſt have been filed, I ſhould have had work enough till Chriſtmas! I will be hanged, if a lock-ſmith, with all his tools, could have done it under a week!'—'Inform us how it was, then,' ſaid Don Pedro. 'I will tell you,' anſwered the ſquire, 'here before my maſter Don Quixote, who may diſprove me, if I do not ſpeak the truth. You muſt underſtand, that two of the galley-ſlaves, who were not ſo faſt as the reſt, contriving to break looſe whilſt my maſter attacked the commiſſary, began to throw ſtones at the other guards ſo thick and ſmartly, that they put them to flight: then they ſtripped the commiſſary; and, taking from him the keys of all thoſe padlocks, which he carried about him, they left him to follow his companions, and then we went into Sierra Morena, where, with the keys, we ſet looſe all the galley-ſlaves.'—'Sancho reports nothing but what is very true,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'all the ſlaves, except thoſe two he tells you of, were delivered from their irons in Sierra Morena; and eſpecially Gines de Paſſamonte, whom we had much ado to rid of his chains, though we were maſters of the keys.'—'The thing now carries probability with it,' replied Don Pedro: 'but Benengeli tells it after another manner; for firſt he acquaints us that the ſlaves were faſt bound, and then he ſays they got looſe, without ſhewing us how. There is ſtill another thing which does not ſeem likely in my opinion: he ſays that the galley-ſlaves gathered about Don Quixote, to liſten to a long ſpeech he made them; methinks, when they were once free, they ſhould have thought of nothing but making their eſcape. Do you imagine that men who ſtood in dread of the Holy Brotherhood, would wait ſo patiently to hear an harangue?'—'No, faith,' cried Sancho; 'but, with the Arab's leave, he lyed: I can aſſure you they had not the manners to hear my maſter out; for, as faſt as they were let looſe, they fled into the wood like ſo many bucks, ſo great was their fear of the Holy Brotherhood.'—'Since we are upon this adventure,' ſaid Don Alvaro, 'and I am ſo much concerned for every thing that relates to my friend Sancho, I would fain know of him whether the galley-ſlaves ſtole his cloak or not; for Benengeli argues on both ſides of the queſtion.—He ſays, friend Sancho, that you had made a wallet of your cloak, in which you carried the proviſions you had taken from the eccleſiaſticks who accompanied the dead body: this cloak, as it appears, you were plundered of by the galley-ſlaves; and yet, preſently afterwards, he tells us, that the proviſions your aſs carried had eſcaped untouched. What a contradiction this is!'—'Pox take him!' quoth Sancho, 'what a downright knave of an author is this, to blow hot and cold in the ſame breath! There is no doubt, gentlemen, but that, if the galley-ſlaves had got the leaſt ſcent of our proviſions, there had been an end of them; and, faith, my cloak is indebted a good candle to the church. However, I have it ſtill, in ſpite of all the Arabs that pretend to write hiſtories; and when I have worn it ten or twelve years longer, I will ſend it to my little daughter Sancha, to make her a wedding-jerkin.'—'Gentlemen, I admit your obſervations are good,' ſaid the count; 'yet, after all, you criticiſe upon trifles.'—'I grant it,' anſwered Don Alvaro; 'but what is it you would have us criticiſe? Is there any thing in the book but trifles?'—'Trifles!' replied the count; 'I will maintain there are in it very ſolid matters: though there were nothing but the curate's and barber's trial of Don Quixote's library, that ſurely muſt be allowed a piece of very pleaſant,

'ſa nt, acute, and judicious criticiſm.' — I allow it to be pleaſant,' anſwered Don Pedro, 'but not acute: what a-'cuteneſs is there in ſaying that one 'book is good, and another naught?' —'What do you ſay?' replied the count. 'The curate criticiſes upon 'each book ſeparately, and applauds 'or condemns it with admirable taſte 'and judgment.' — 'Right,' quoth Don Pedro, ſmiling; 'and, to make 'good what you ſay, I remember, 'that the barber, taking up a book, 'and opening it, ſays—"This is the "Mirror of Chivalry."—"I have "the honour to be acquainted with "it," ſays the curate; "and, if my "advice may be followed, it ſhall only "be condemned to perpetual baniſh-"ment, becauſe it has ſomething of "Boyardo's invention, from whom the "chaſte Arioſto borrowed his. As "for that Arioſto," adds the curate, "if I meet with him in any language "but his own, he muſt expect no "mercy. To ſay the truth, I have a "great eſteem for him in his own lan-"guage."—"I have him in Italian," 'quoth the barber, "but I underſtand "him not."—"So much the better "for you," anſwers the curate; "it "is no great loſs to you." Is this 'now the curate's wonderful judg-'ment? He thinks Arioſto excellent 'in Italian, and yet he congratulates 'the barber for not underſtanding him. 'You ſee the curate contradicts him-'ſelf; and I would not adviſe your 'boaſting of his deciſions any more: 'for my part, I make no great account 'of him; eſpecially ſince he is ſo fa-'vourable to Galatea. He ought to 'have condemned her to the flames, if 'he would be thought an impartial and 'judicious critick.'

'Well, for all that, gentlemen,' quoth the count, 'Benengeli's Don 'Quixote is an incomparable book. 'All men of wit have approved of it; 'and you had beſt not make yourſelf 'ſingular.'—'I don't queſtion it,' anſwered Don Pedro; 'few men are ſin-'cere enough to own themſelves wrong, 'and that they made a falſe judgment 'on a piece of wit. This is the rea-'ſon why many ancient authors ſtill 'continue in vogue; none will diſown 'their firſt ſentiments.'—'I perceive,' quoth the count, 'you read theſe books 'with too much application; and I 'will warrant there is ſcarce one ad-'venture in this book, but what you 'find defective ſomewhere. But at 'leaſt own that the novels are excel-'lent, and above your criticiſm.'— 'I ſhall not own that,' anſwered Don Pedro; 'and you cannot but grant 'yourſelf, that the ſtory of the ſhep-'herdeſs Marcella is of a tireſome 'length. Notwithſtanding this, it 'contains no ſtriking incident; and the 'whole of the affair is nothing but that 'the ſaid Marcella had many lovers; 'that ſhe rejected them all, and that her 'cruelty was the death of the ſhepherd 'Chryſoſtom. Nobody can help feeling 'the inſipidity of that ſtory. But now 'you talk of the amorous Chryſoſtom, 'pray let us ſay ſomething of the fine 'verſes that were read at his funeral.— 'What do you think of them, gentle-'men? Have not they charmed you?' —'O, now you put me in mind of 'them,' cried Don Carlos, 'good 'God! they are—— but I will not ſay 'what, ſince they are under the count's 'protection.'—'Nay, as for the verſes,' replied the count, 'I leave them to 'you. Benengeli is a very indifferent 'poet; I never much reliſhed his verſe. 'But, to return to the novels in Don 'Quixote, that of the Impertinent Cu-'rioſity pleaſes me.'—'It is well writ-'ten,' quoth Don Pedro; 'but it is a 'detached piece, foiſted in, and not 'to the purpoſe.'—'That is true,' an-ſwered the count: 'but you know there 'are ſometimes digreſſions which are 'better than the books themſelves.'— 'No matter for that,' ſaid Don Pedro; 'it is a fault; and Benengeli ought to 'have avoided it, which might eaſily 'have been done without great ſtretch 'of imagination. As for the ſtory of 'the captive, and the beautiful Zo-'rayda, it is too verboſe; but that is 'the author's ſtyle. Let us on to that 'of Dorothea.'—'That is what I wiſh 'for,' quoth the count; I defy you to 'make the leaſt criticiſm upon it.'— 'There you are miſtaken again,' re-plied Don Pedro. 'Do but hear me 'without prepoſſeſſion. Dorothea tells 'her ſtory to the curate and his com-'pany. She gives them a particular 'account of her misfortunes, in ſuch 'terms as perſuade them ſhe is as full 'of affliction as her condition deſerves. 'And yet, for all this, no ſooner does 'the curate acquaint her that he de-'ſigns to diſguiſe the barber like a 'princeſs, in order to ſeduce Don

'Quixote

'Quixote back to his village, but she, 'of her own accord, offers to play that 'part; assuring him that she can do it 'better than the barber. I would fain 'know of you, whether Dorothea, 'under all her misfortunes, was in a 'situation to take part in this comedy. 'When you would have me excuse the 'author for these errors in judgment, 'you put me in mind of the admirers 'of the old masters in painting. If 'you tell them, "Methinks the co-"louring of this piece is not good," 'they answer, That was not the ma-'ster's talent. "Aye," but say you 'again, "this attitude is forced; this "figure is ill fore shortened; the "picture has two different lights;" 'it is true, say they; but that is a 'licence they take; the greatest ma-'sters have done the same. Such 'pieces as this are not to be examined 'after this manner; we must consider 'the connexion, the whole together, 'and a sort of I know not what to 'call it, which is altogether divine.' —'There is no answering what you 'say,' replied Don Alvaro; 'and, to 'tell you my opinion of Dorothea's 'story, to me it seems almost all of it 'remote from probability. I cannot 'believe, that a young maid, genteelly 'bred, could have the courage and re-'solution to put on men's cloaths, and 'serve a peasant in a frightful moun-'tain: nor can I believe, that Doro-'thea could live three months with 'this peasant, without being discover-'ed. Though her beauty had not be-'trayed her, yet she had very long 'hair, and a great deal of it; and how 'could she hide it under her cap? 'Nor is this all; we never find any 'body talk all alone in a desart; much 'less, so loudly as to be heard thirty 'or forty paces off. And yet Doro-'thea does all this. She talks by her-'self in the wood; and the curate and 'his company, though at a great dis-'tance from her, do not lose a single 'word. That may pass in heroick ro-'mances, where such wonders are 'allowed of; but not in comick 'ones, where all the actions of life are 'to be naturally represented. I should 'never have done, should I tell you 'all that displeases me in this story.' —'And what do you think of Car-'denio's?' said the count. 'It has 'more of probability,' answered the Granadine. 'Cardenio does nothing 'but what is possible.'—'You are in 'the right,' quoth Don Pedro; 'his 'madness is well contrived, and ex-'cellently delineated. But, however, 'when I find all on a sudden that he is 'no longer mad, without any intima-'tion how he came by his wits again; 'that, indeed, is a wonder I do not un-'derstand. I see him perfectly fran-'tick as soon as Don Quixote talks to 'him of romances; and presently af-'ter, when he sees the comedy of the 'Princess Micomicona acted, and bears 'a part in it himself, he is not moved 'at all. Methinks the author ought 'to have taken some notice of this sud-'den change; for nothing had happen-'ed to Cardenio to restore him to his 'right senses: he had not yet found 'his Lucinda. On the contrary, Do-'rothea's adventures, the recital where-'of he had heard, and which bore great 'affinity to his own, should have ex-'cited violent commotion in him; 'and then, again, when he sees Don 'Ferdinand, his mortal enemy, and 'the cause of all his sufferings, should 'he not, in all probability, become ab-'solutely furious? What was it that 'had so perfectly cured him? I can-'not imagine why Benengeli forgot to 'give us an account of that. I am 'willing to forgive him all the imper-'tinent circumstances he generally 'thrusts into the relation of every ad-'venture, provided he does not omit 'those which are necessary.'—'Gen-'tlemen,' said the count, 'I am al-'most persuaded that you are in the 'right; and perceive that books with-'out faults are scarcer than I ima-'gined. I protest, from this time for-'ward, I will read witty books with 'more attention, and not give my ap-'probation so hastily.' The discourse being ended, they all arose from table, and adjourned up stairs to the painter. Sancho followed Don Alvaro's pages, and went to dinner with them.

CHAP. IV.

OF QUEEN ZENOBIA'S PICTURE, AND OF THE EXCITEMENT OF SANCHO'S LAUGHTER.

THE dauber had not been at work more than two hours, and yet he had laid about him with his pencil so lustily,

luſtily, that he had not only compleated Don Quixote and his Hacked-face princeſs, but all the little Cupids into the bargain. And, to ſay truth, the whole was as curiouſly executed as if it had been intended for an alehouſe ſign. The figures were all cripples: the knight of La Mancha had unfortunately one leg four times larger than the other; and, with reſpect to Queen Zenobia, beſides that her head hung hideouſly awry, her noſe, mouth, and chin, were in immediate contact. Her hair was magnificently frizzled; but in a ſtyle not ill ſuited to one of the Furies. The Cupids, indeed, were ſomewhat leſs deteſtable; but they bore up, in the form of garlands, long links of hog-puddings and ſauſages, knotted at proper diſtances with ſprigs of laurel; ornaments, which, in the painter's judgment, accorded, infinitely better than wreaths of flowers, with the tripe-woman of Alcala. The Granadine and his company, not expecting to find the princeſs's picture ſo richly decorated, had ſome difficulty to preſerve their ſerioufneſs of countenance. The artiſt himſelf was as well diſpoſed to laugh as any of them. 'Gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'I muſt requeſt you will examine my performance cloſely. I 'flatter myſelf it will not diſpleaſe 'you.'—'I am amazed,' anſwered Don Carlos, 'that you could perform 'ſo rarely in ſo ſhort a time.'—'You 'muſt not wonder at that,' replied the painter: 'when a man has ſo much li-'berty of thought allowed him, the 'execution coſts nothing. The bold-'eſt and moſt animated ſtrokes are for 'the moſt part the work of a moment: 'But, gentlemen, what ſay you to 'Don Quixote? Do you think I have 'expreſſed him with that noble mien, 'and that auſtere look, for which men 'reſpect and ladies love him?'—'You 'have certainly,' anſwered Don Carlos: 'and, indeed, ſeeing him thus 'armed at all points, and kneeling be-'fore the young and beautiful Zeno-'bia, a man might well take him for 'the god of war, making humble 'ſuit to the goddeſs Cytherea.'—'Gentlemen,' quoth Don Quixote, 'let us rather admire the portrait of the 'queen. How warm and freſh is that 'colouring! What a noble air in that 'head! How graceful is that face! I do 'not think that, among the antiquities 'of Rome, there is a piece of painting 'comparable to this portrait: it effaces 'Raphael's Galatea, the Medicean 'Venus, and even that of Titian him-'ſelf.—Yes, Signior Artiſt,' continued he, 'the vigour of your pencil has moſt 'happily realized every perfection the 'imagination can conceive.'—'Sig-'nior Don Quixote,' replied the painter, 'you having yourſelf aſſured me that 'the beauty of Queen Zenobia was un-'paralleled, I have combined all the 'peculiar excellences of the moſt cele-'brated princeſſes of antiquity to ex-'preſs it. I have given her the front 'of Helen, the mouth and noſe of Pe-'nelope, the chin of Andromache, 'Angelica's eyes, Niquea's complexion, 'and the neck of Dido.'—'By uniting 'all theſe,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'you 'have repreſented the queen, ſuch as 'ſhe will appear after that I have diſen-'chanted her.'—'God be praiſed!' replied the painter; 'but I pray you, how-'ever, to take notice of one thing: if 'the princeſs ſhould chance not to be ſo 'beautiful as I have drawn her, you 'ſhall anſwer for it yourſelf, ſince I 'took your word for it; and I declare I 'waſh my hands of that.'—'Do not 'trouble yourſelf,' replied Don Alvaro; 'you will never ſuffer any diſcredit upon 'that account. The Infanta of the 'Amazons, when diſenchanted, will 'be ſtill more beautiful than her pic-'ture; for ſhe will then be as charm-'ing as ſhe is now frightful.' As he finiſhed theſe words, the ſquire to the Knight of the Cupids entering the room—'Come hither, Sancho,' ſaid he, 'and tell us what you think of 'theſe pictures.' The ſquire drew near, and began to gaze on them with all his eyes; but, when he had ſurveyed all parts very attentively, the garlands ſo powerfully tickled his fancy, that he burſt into a roar of laughter. 'Friend 'Sancho,' quoth the count, 'may we 'know what it is you laugh at ſo 'heartily?' The ſquire made no anſwer; but laughed on, holding his ſides as if they would crack. 'Tell us, thou 'brute,' quoth Don Quixote, 'what it 'is thou laugheſt at ſo like a madman?'—'Pray, Sir, be not angry,' anſwered Sancho; 'I can aſſure you, at this time, 'I neither laugh at you, nor at the 'princeſs: it is at thoſe fancies the 'Cupids hold in their hands.'—'The 'garlands, you mean?' ſaid Don Quix-

'ote.

ote. 'What the devil is there in them 'ſo ridiculous as to cauſe this immo-'derate laughter?'—'By my troth, 'Sir,' anſwered the ſquire, 'there is my 'plaguy cheating ſight come in play 'again! You will never gueſs at what I 'ſee. Faith, the enchanters are queer 'wags! Inſtead of thoſe garlands you 'ſee, they look to me like black-pud-'dings and ſauſages!' Theſe words made the company titter. 'Sancho, San-'cho!' cried Don Carlos, 'put on your 'ſpectacles. Can you then miſtake 'the garlands of myrtle and laurel for 'black-puddings and ſauſages?'—'Nay, pray, Sir,' replied the ſquire, 'when a man is enchanted, he does 'not ſee as he would, I can aſſure you. 'If you ſhould tell me they are gar-'lands ever ſo often, I cannot help it; 'for my part, I ſhall ſtill ſee nothing 'but black-puddings; and puddings 'ſo well painted, that a body would 'think they could ſpeak!'—'Gentle-'men,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I am glad 'you are witneſſes yourſelves of this 'ſurprizing prodigy. Now let Benen-'geli talk on, and ſay there are neither 'enchanters nor enchantments. Is it 'natural, that what to every one of us 'appears like garlands, ſhould appear 'quite otherwiſe to my ſquire?' All the gentlemen allowed that Don Quix-ote was in the right, and began to make ſport with Sancho's enchantment. The knight then deſired his portmanteau might be brought, to beſtow ſome du-cats on the dauber; but the generous artiſt, whom Don Alvaro had privately ſatisfied for his trouble, utterly refuſed pecuniary compenſation; aſſuring Don Quixote that the honour of having painted the greateſt knight and moſt beautiful princeſs in the world, was to him recompence ſufficient. When night drew on, two coaches were made ready: the count and his brother-in-law went into one coach, together with Don Quixote and his lady; Don Al-varo, Don Pedro, and Sancho, got into the other; and all departed together for the count's houſe.

CHAP. V.

OF WHAT HAPPENED AT THE COUNT'S HOUSE; OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE BLACK SQUIRE; AND OF THE CONQUEST OF THE ISLAND OF FORCEMEAT-BALLS BY THE VALOUR OF SANCHO.

AS ſoon as the count came home, he led Don Quixote and Zenobia into his ſiſter's apartment; where ſeve-ral ladies expected them with all the impatience natural to women who de-ſign to divert themſelves at their neigh-bour's coſt. 'At length, ladies,' ſaid the count to them, 'I have brought 'you hither the hero of La Mancha, 'that great and gallant knight, of 'whom you have been told ſo many 'wonders.' The ladies made their profound obeiſance to Don Quixote, and received him in the moſt ſerious manner they were able; but, when they eſpied the ſcarified tripewoman, with her gaudy cloaths, her irregular ſhape, and weather-beaten phyſiognomy, they could not poſſibly withſtand an object ſo ridiculous: they all burſt out a laugh-ing; and this threw the gentlemen and pages into ſuch a violent fit, that the Knight of the Cupids was not at all pleaſed with the harmony. It ſcandal-ized him ſo extremely, that, though he profeſſed himſelf the moſt devoted ſer-vant of the fair-ſex, I cannot tell but he might have forgotten that profound reſpect which he naturally bore them, if Don Carlos, who was apprehenſive of it, had not wiſely ſaid to him—'Don 'Quixote, you perceive theſe fair la-'dies have not been informed that 'Queen Zenobia is enchanted; and 'therefore form their judgment from 'external appearances.' The ladies, hearing theſe words, aſſumed ſerious countenances, and made their apologies to the knight; who told them, that the next day he intended to begin to main-tain the Queen of the Amazons beauty againſt all the knights of the court. 'But pray, Sir Knight,' ſaid one of the ladies, 'had you not better delay 'this till the princeſs is diſenchanted? 'Methinks ſhe would then be in a 'better condition to make good the 'aſſertion?'—'No, Madam,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'for, after her diſen-'chantment, ſhe will appear ſo full of 'all ſorts of perfections, that no knight 'will preſume to maintain his miſtreſs 'againſt her. The ſight of her, like 'that of the peerleſs Niquea, will over-'come ſenſe and reaſon; and I ſhall

'not then have the satisfaction of combating for her beauty; which, I can assure you, is a very poignant pleasure. I therefore lay hold on the present opportunity, whilst Queen Zenobia is in a condition that does not deprive me of the hopes of finding some knight who will combat me.'—'Nay, by my troth,' cried Sancho, 'let those knights come before us! My master Don Quixote will, by down-right dint of cuffs with his gauntlet, make them all own that Madam Zenobia outstrips all the court-ladies, as well as the mules.' This sudden flight set them all a laughing; and Don Carlos, to bring the squire's hand in, said to him—'Friend Sancho, with your master's leave, pray relate to these ladies all that has befallen you since you left Saragossa.'—'With all my heart,' quoth Sancho; 'for I am in very good humour to give the ladies any satisfaction.'—'Take heed, then,' said Don Quixote; 'speak with circumspection, and be not guilty of any extravagances.'—'Nay, faith, Sir,' replied the squire, 'I must tell your adventures! Let me alone; I will go talk like an apothecary; all my sentences shall be words.' Thus saying, he began the recital of his own and his master's adventures with such quaintness and volubility of language, as afforded infinite entertainment to the ladies. He had not yet finished, for he never gave over of his own accord, when a page entered the apartment, and announced aloud, that there attended in the anti-chamber a person extraordinarily habited, and blacker than the devil, who desired to speak with that company. 'Let him come in,' said the count; 'let us see what he is, and 'what he would have.' The door thereupon opened, and in came Don Carlos's secretary, disguised much after the same manner as when he personated the ambassador at Saragossa. His face was smeared with soot; he had on a long robe of black velvet; a tall cap adorned with feathers; great pendants at his ears; and about his neck a vast ruff, painted with all the colours in the rainbow, and embellished with several chains of gold and silver, to which hung a prodigious number of medals and steel-plates: he had no sword, but a great dagger hung by his side. When he entered, he did not pull off his cap; but, advancing into the middle of the apartment without paying deference to any body, he exclaimed—'Princes and princesses here 'present, you see here before you Halimet Salducian Micronsfa Morocco 'the Smoaky, tyrannical governor of 'the Island of the Forcemeat Balls, 'discreet and only squire to the haughty 'giant Bramarbas Ironsides, King of 'Cyprus, overseer of his pleasures, &c. 'I come to seek the arrogant Knight 'of La Mancha.'—'Here he is!' cried Don Quixote; 'what would you have 'with him?'—'I come to tell you,' said the black squire, 'that my master 'is at present at Valladolid; where, in 'a tournament, he has slain above two 'hundred knights with a mace of steel, 'given him by his friend the Moorish 'enchanter, and which is the same the 'dreadful Giant Brumaleon formerly 'used, when in one battle he slew eight 'thousand knights-errant. He impatiently longs to knock out your 'brains; and he will do it whensoever 'you please.'—'Go back to your master,' answered Don Quixote; 'bid 'him repair to this town immediately! 'That wretch has too long sullied the 'light of the sun by his execrable life! 'Be gone without lingering; and tell 'him that he may appear before me 'with his fatal club, which I fear as 'little as Don Lucidanor of Thessaly 'did Grindalaso's!'—'Before I go 'back,' replied Morocco, 'I must be 'revenged of your squire Sancho Panza. I have been informed that he insolently vaunts himself to be a braver 'fellow than I: if he is in this company, I challenge him to single combat. I will tear his body into a thousand fragments, and cast them to be 'devoured by the birds of the air!'

Sancho making no answer to these threats, but rather seeming desirous to hide himself behind Don Quixote, the count said to him—'How now, Sancho! do not you answer these menaces?'—'I am not here at present!' quoth Sancho; 'let Mr. Morocco come 'another time, and perhaps I may be. 'He may knock at another door, for 'this is not like to be opened.'—'O 'are you there!' cried the black squire: 'you are a hen-hearted fellow to say 'you are not here.'—'And you are a 'woodcock,'

'woodcock,' anſwered Sancho, 'to 'ſay I am here, whether I will or no. 'By thunder and lightning, if you put 'me into a paſſion, and I once lay my 'talons on that hell-cook face, you 'may have cauſe to remember me the 'longeſt day you have to live! Take 'my word for it; drunkards do not 'like dry raiſins. I do not love fool-'ing; "and when an old dog ſhews his "teeth, the beſt way is to keep off."— "Great talkers are commonly little "doers," anſwered Morocco; 'and I 'am miſtaken if you accept of my 'challenge.'—'If he did not accept of 'it,' replied Don Quixote, 'would he 'be worthy to be my ſquire?—Chear 'up, Sancho; let theſe ladies ſee that 'you are not inferior in valour to any 'ſquire in the univerſe.'—'Very good, 'Sir!' quoth Sancho; 'I knew you 'would not forbear meddling in this 'buſineſs. Why the plague muſt I 'fight to humour every body? Was it 'for that I liſted myſelf again in 'knight-errantry? No, marry! I came 'to be your ſquire, to receive my 'wages, and to look after Rozinante 'and your worſhip: and, after all, 'what do we get by our combats? 'Why, cracked crowns, battered jaws, 'and toſſings in a blanket!'—'Well, 'then,' quoth the ſmoaky ſquire, 'ſince 'your valour is ſo mercenary, and you 'do not like fighting without profit, I 'will make a propoſition, which I think 'ought to be very acceptable to you. 'If you overcome me, I will yield up 'to you the government of the Iſland 'of the Forcemeat Balls.' All the company approved of the prize; and Sancho, encouraged by the hopes of gaining it, ſaid to the black ſquire— 'Maſter Morocco, upon thoſe terms I 'am even content to fight you, pro-'vided it be not with a ſword; for the 'devil is miſchievous, and we may 'chance, when we leaſt think of it, to 'run the point into our eyes.'—'That 'is to ſay,' cried Morocco, 'that you 'are afraid of a ſword. Well, then, 'we will ſay no more of it; neither 'ought we to make uſe of it, becauſe 'we are not yet dubbed knights.'— 'If ſo,' anſwered the Squire of La Mancha, 'we ſurely ought not to of-'fend againſt the laws of chivalry.'— 'Heaven forbid!' quoth the ſmoaky ſquire; 'I have obſerved them as in-'violably as I do my grandmother's in-'ſtructions: and ſo we will endeavour, 'if you pleaſe, to ſatisfy ourſelves with 'ſimple bayonets.'—'No, no!' cried Sancho, 'that will not do neither: bayo-'nets are too like ſwords; and ill acci-'dents may happen!'—'What weapons 'will you fight with, then?' ſaid Moroc-co. 'What better weapons than our caps?' anſwered Sancho. 'We will ſtand 'at a good diſtance, and throw them 'at one another; and then it will be bad 'luck if we have much need of lint or 'plaiſters when the combat is ended.' —'You do not mind what you ſaid,' replied the black ſquire: 'people would 'think we were in jeſt; and we are not 'now talking of making ſport, but of 'fighting in good earneſt.'—'Stay till 'next winter,' quoth the Squire of La Mancha, 'and we will then pelt one 'another with ſnow-balls; or elſe let 'us now fall to fiſticuffs.'—'Be it at 'fiſticuffs,' anſwered Morocco; 'I am 'content our difference be ſo decided. 'The government of my iſland is well 'enough worth a bout at fiſticuffs: 'but, before we come to blows, we 'muſt agree in all points, and ſettle 'the conditions of the combat. If I 'am overcome, as I told you, my iſland 'is yours; but, if I conquer you, I 'will ſhut you up in a tower, where 'you ſhall be allowed but a pound of 'bread a week.'—'If ſo, I am off 'again,' quoth Sancho. 'Why ſo, 'monſter!' cried Don Quixote. 'Did 'you ever hear that the conditions of 'the combat hindered any from fight-'ing? Do not all men fight as if they 'were ſure to overcome, without re-'garding the conditions, though ever 'ſo hard? It is a cuſtom generally re-'ceived in knight-errantry.'—'So 'much the worſe, Sir,' anſwered San-cho; "it is good to look before one "leaps." A man muſt think he may 'loſe when he ſits down to play; but 'eſpecially we, who have ſuch dogged 'ill luck, that, for the moſt part, we 'come off but lamely. D'ye mark, 'Sir, though my hands are as good as 'another's, I can aſſure you I do not 'make too ſure of the victory; and, 'for aught I know, the battle might 'end in the tower and the pound of 'bread: and then, hang me! I had 'rather the devil had taken the iſland, 'and all the governors it has had ſince

'the two thieves died!'—'Go to, fear 'nothing, my ſon,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'If you have the ill fortune to be over-'come, I ſwear to you, before all the 'princeſſes here preſent, that I will 'force the King of Cyprus to reſtore 'you to me ſafe and ſound! That ſhall 'be the firſt condition of my combat.' Sancho, encouraged by this promiſe, at length reſolved on action. Then the two ſquires divided the field of battle betwixt them; and, running together, began to give one another ſome hard bangs: but the victory did not long continue dubious, the Squire of La Mancha had ſoon the advantage; for the ſecretary, being a tender youth, was more ſenſible of the blows than his adverſary, who was ſtrong and hardy. Preferring, therefore, the ſurrender of his iſland to any additional pummelling, after enduring four or five ſound cuffs, he demanded a ceſſation; which being granted—'I perceive,' ſaid he, 'that the immortal gods favour my 'enemy. I was in hopes he would 'have fallen by my valour; and I 'thought to have kept him to a ſort of 'diet that would have brought him to 'a delicate ſhape; but, ſince the gods 'will have him to continue round and 'fat, that he may at laſt die of an 'apoplexy, it would be to no purpoſe 'to oppoſe the Divine Will. I there-'fore give over the battle, and confeſs 'myſelf conquered.'—'Then your 'iſland is mine?' cried Sancho. 'It 'belongs of right to you,' anſwered the black ſquire; 'and you may take 'poſſeſſion of it when you pleaſe: I 'only deſire time to remove my effects.' —'What the devil is the meaning of 'all this?' ſaid the victorious ſquire. 'Is an iſland then to be won at the firſt 'caſt of the dice? Does a man become 'a governor in the twinkling of an 'eye? Am I drunk or aſleep? I am 'ſenſible I have not ſupped yet, and 'that I have received ſome cuffs with 'the fiſt!'—'Be not ſurprized, ſon 'Sancho!' cried Don Quixote; 'iſlands 'and empires are gained no otherwiſe 'in knight-errantry. Do not you re-'member, when the hardſhips and fa-'tigues of this profeſſion cauſed you to 'murmur, that I uſed to bid you have 'patience, and that you would one day 'reap the fruits of your labour. The 'day is come at laſt; you are a gover-'nor! Now you cannot but own, that 'when knights promiſe their ſquires 'iſlands, they do not promiſe more 'than they can perform.'—'Nay, pray, 'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'do not miſtake 'yourſelf: it was not you that gave me 'this government; I have earned it by 'my own induſtry, and you have con-'tributed nothing towards it, unleſs 'you mumbled over ſome ſhort prayer 'for my intention. But who the deuce 'would have thought that I ſhould 'make my fortune at fiſticuffs! I 'have given above a thouſand in my 'time that never turned to any more 'account than if I had thrown them 'into the water. I find by my hand 'a man muſt know on whom he be-'ſtows them: there lies all the cun-'ning. What was I the better the 'other night for giving the mule-dri-'ver two bangs? I was never the richer 'for it; but this bout I have thraſhed 'good corn. Come of it what will, 'Sancho Panza is a governor! Well, 'I will even make much of myſelf, 'tumble about the ducats with a ſho-'vel, and laugh at the ſhorn and ſhav-'en!' Theſe words he accompanied with the moſt extravagant tokens of exultation. Every one felicitated him on his conqueſt, and addreſſed him by no other title but—'My Lord Gover-'nor!'

When it was ſupper-time, and the company had adjourned into the room where the cloth was laid, the count ſaid to the ladies—'I believe, fair 'princeſſes, you will not refuſe our 'new governor Sancho to eat with us; 'you know we are bound to honour 'him; and it would not be good man-'ners to ſend him to eat with our ſer-'vants.'—'No, indeed!' anſwered one of the ladies; 'and, to honour him 'the more compleatly, I am of opi-'nion that he ſup apart with the moſt 'beautiful and the greateſt lady in 'company; I mean, the Queen of the 'Amazons: for all the ladies here 'know their inferiority too well to 'equal themſelves with ſuch a prin-'ceſs.' This contrivance was gene-rally approved of, eſpecially by the la-dies, who, though deſirous of keeping up the diverſion, yet could not endure ſuch a mean creature as Barbara ſhould ſit by them. Don Quixote took the thing as it was ſaid, and looked upon

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the preference they gave his tripe-woman, as a piece of juſtice they could not refuſe her. A little table was brought accordingly, with two plates; which Sancho perceiving — 'Come, 'Madam Queen,' ſaid he to Zenobia, 'let us ſit down without any ceremo-'ny: we ſhall be better pleaſed to ſup 'together than with all thoſe gentle-'men and ladjes; for we ſhall not be 'obliged to eat little bits, and to drink 'by rule and meaſure.' Barbara, though naturally impudent enough, could not but be a little out of countenance to ſee herſelf made the laughing-ſtock of the company: but ſhe was not come ſo far to recant; and therefore, following Sancho's example, ſhe ſat down at the little table. Don Quixote, the gentlemen, and the ladies, placed themſelves about the great one; and, when they were all ſeated, the black ſquire, who was ſtill preſent, ſaid to Don Quixote—'Farewel, Sir 'Knight! I am going back to Valla-'dolid, to carry my maſter your an-'ſwer.'—'Stay, Mr. Morocco,' cried Sancho; 'give me ſome account of my 'iſland before you go: I muſt be in-'formed how the people live there.'—'That is but reaſonable,' anſwered the black ſquire: 'and, to ſatisfy your 'curioſity, I muſt tell you, in the firſt 'place, that learning flouriſhes in your 'iſland; there are great men, who un-'derſtand Greek, Arabick, Hebrew, 'Syriack, and High-Dutch. There 'are rare aſtrologers; who, in the 'night-time, put on their ſpectacles to 'ſtar-gaze, and know exactly when it 'is night and when it is day. There 'are curious perſons, who have ſo far 'dived into nature, that they have 'diſcovered the ſecret of reducing four 'ounces of gold to two, and of con-'verting conſiderable revenues into 'ſmoak and coals. Beſides, you have 'abundance of poets in your iſland, 'who write elegies, ballads, ſongs, 'ſonnets, ſatires, rondeaus, and tra-'gedies in rhime.'—'As for the po-'ets,' ſaid the ſquire of La Mancha, 'I will give them whole handfuls of 'gold and ſilver to write verſes for me, 'I love them ſo dearly.'—'Take heed 'what you deſign to do,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'be moderate in your pre-'ſents: poets muſt be fed, but not fat-'tened; for wealth lays the Muſes to 'ſleep inſtead of rouzing them.'—'Sir,' replied the ſquire, 'when you 'are king of Cyprus, or emperor of 'Trabizond, you may do as you 'pleaſe: for my part, I will pay down 'upon the nail for what I beſpeak, that 'it may not be ſaid in my iſland that I 'do not give labourers their hire. I 'ſhould be very ſorry to get that ill 'name; governors have bad ones e-'nough beſides: in ſhort, had you paid 'the Arab who wrote your hiſtory, he 'would not have told ſo many fooliſh 'tales of you.'—'I do not value his 'impoſtures,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'they are too groſs to make any im-'preſſion upon men of ſenſe.'—'Ay, 'but, Sancho,' ſaid Don Alvaro, 'you do not conſider that if you re-'ward the poets, they will hide your 'faults, and will ſay nothing but the 'beſt of you.'—'Nay, faith,' quoth Sancho, 'I do not deſign to pay them 'for ſpeaking ill of me!—By your 'talk, gentlemen, one would think 'that poets were never to write but to 'abuſe folks. Why, pray, are they 'not bound, as well as others, to 'conceal their neighbours faults, ra-'ther than to ſcandalize them?' The ladies were wonderfully pleaſed with this diſcourſe, and could not but admire Sancho's ſimplicity, and his maſter's judgment; for he reaſoned with ſuch propriety that it ſeemed incomprehenſible how ſuch a perſon could be the greateſt madman in Spain. The new governor, whilſt he ſatisfied his curioſity, failed not to ſtuff his carcaſe; and it was whimſical enough to ſee him, with his chaps crammed full, queſtioning the vanquiſhed ſecretary. 'Mr. Morocco,' quoth he, 'pray tell 'us what ſort of humoured women are 'they in my iſland? Are they always 'ſpinning or lace-weaving?'—'O 'no!' anſwered the black ſquire; 'they 'love their pleaſure too well to take ſo 'much pains; they are not reſtrained 'as the faſhion is in this country; they 'enjoy an unbounded liberty. But, 'to give them their due, they make 'very good uſe of it. Every body 'commends their behaviour: none but 'their huſbands find fault with it.'—'Why do they complain?' quoth Sancho. 'Do not they find their dinner 'ready when they come home? Or do 'their wives look ſour upon them?'—

'Quite

'Quite contrary,' replied Morocco; 'it is becauſe they find the cloth laid, 'and their wives in too good a humour; it is that vexes them. Madam's good-humour puts Maſter out 'of humour.'—'Thoſe are mere block-'heads of huſbands,' cried the ſquire of La Mancha, 'to be angry at what 'they ought to be pleaſed with.'—'You are in the right,' replied the ſmoaky ſquire: 'and the worſt of it is, 'that theſe blockheaded huſbands have 'no more wit than to make their com-'plaints to the courts of juſtice; and 'the judges are ſo barbarous as to lock 'up their wives.'—'Oh, ho!' quoth Sancho; 'then there are judges in my 'government, too?'—'That there are, 'I can aſſure you,' anſwered Morocco; 'and very learned ones: why they 'underſtand their buſineſs ſo well, that 'they try cauſes faſt aſleep; and, as 'faſt aſleep as they are, they know 'how to ruin whole families.'—'O 'the knaves!' cried our governor; 'do 'not they think they ſhall pay for it 'when they are dead?'—'Not at all,' ſaid the black ſquire; 'that does not 'at all diſturb their conſciences.'—'Nay, they are right,' quoth Sancho: 'after all, there is no great harm in 'that; for I have heard the prior of 'Toboſo ſay, that all the harm we do 'in our ſleep is forgiven us. And yet 'the families are nevertheleſs ruined. 'O thoſe curſed vermin of judges! 'Cannot I drive them all out of my 'iſland?'—'Why would you baniſh 'them?' quoth Don Carlos. 'Body 'o'me!' cried Sancho, 'do not you 'ſee the reaſon, as well as I? When I 'am grown rich with long governing 'in my government, thoſe ſparks need 'only fall a ſnoring, and my family 'goes to the dogs. By my faith, it is 'not worth while to lie whole nights 'in woods, to endure heat and cold, 'and to dance in a blanket, to gain 'iſlands, if the governors muſt walk 'out again with only a ſtaff in their 'hand! Who the devil would deſire 'to be a governor at that rate? I am 'ſure my aſs would not.'—'Mr. Go-'vernor,' ſaid the black ſquire, 'you 'put yourſelf into a heat without 'cauſe: the governor is above all the 'judges. Whatever wealth he has, 'and howſoever he got it, he is only 'accountable in the other world; and 'the judges cannot take one farthing 'from him, though they ſnored all the 'days of their life.'—'Why did not 'you tell me ſo, then?' anſwered the ſquire of La Mancha: 'provided the 'judges and I have no controverſy, 'we ſhall agree well enough. Dia-'mond cuts diamond. They need 'only let me govern as I pleaſe, and 'I will let them ſnore their belly-full.' The count's ſiſter, who had not ſpoken before, ſaid—'Mr. Governor, I do 'not hear you aſk whether there are 'any phyſicians in your iſland.'—'Aye, faith,' quoth Sancho, 'I had 'like to have forgot the beſt!—Tell 'me, Mr. Morocco, whether there 'are any good phyſicians in my go-'vernment, for I ſhall want them 'to trim my beard and hair.'—'I ex-'pected you would aſk this queſtion,' anſwered the black ſquire: 'I can aſ-'ſure you it is a pleaſure to be ſick in 'your iſland. The phyſicians there 'are all Machaons, Eſculapius's, and 'Galens. There is one of them has 'moſt divine medicines, and talks like 'an oracle of all diſtempers: I muſt 'needs tell you a wonderful cure of 'his. A preſident falling one day in-'to a pleuriſy as he was giving judg-'ment, ſix phyſicians were ſent for: 'this wonderful man was one of them. 'They ſaw the patient; preſcribed 'their medicines; he took them all; 'his diſtemper encreaſed; and he was 'at death's door. Well, what came 'of it? Five of the phyſicians gave 'him over; and concluded, he would 'not outlive Sunday. Our great man 'was left alone; and, by his wonder-'ful ſkill, the preſident did not die till 'Monday.'—'Pox take it!' quoth Sancho, 'you have made a fool of me 'here: I would have ſworn that great 'phyſician had quite cured the preſi-'dent.'—'Nay, that is another mat-'ter,' ſaid Morocco. 'God take me! 'if the phyſicians could work ſuch 'cures as thoſe, I would never make a 'jeſt again of their bad medicines, nor 'their good Latin.' Sancho put ſeve-ral other queſtions to the ſecretary; which the wiſe Aliſolan does not men-tion in his memoirs, perhaps becauſe he did not know them; or elſe it may be becauſe he did not think them fit to be inſerted in ſuch a grave hiſtory as the preſent.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE RESOLUTION THAT WAS TAKEN CONCERNING QUEEN ZENOBIA, UNKNOWN TO DON QUIXOTE, AND OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE SERENADE.

WHEN the company had supped, the black squire disappeared, and the ladies drew round the Amazon princess, being desirous to hear her talk a little. 'Madam Queen Zenobia,' said the count's sister, 'pray inform us why you are so silent: you have not spoken one word all this supper-time. Is your enchantment the cause of it? Or do the Amazons use to eat like Carthusians?'—'Madam,' quoth Barbara, 'when I am among people of my own rank, I talk as well as another; but little ones must be silent before the great ones; for I have always heard it said, that the best thing a mean person can say, is not so good as the worst that comes from quality.'—'By my faith,' cried Don Carlos, 'the princess is in the right! A scurvy pun, or an old quibble from a great lord, is admired; when at the same time keen wit in an ordinary man is not taken notice of.'—'That is true,' said Don Pedro de Luna; 'it fares with great lords and indifferent people, just as it does with ancient and modern authors: every line the ancients have written is cried up, and their very faults pass for beauties; all the moderns write is damned, and their beauties are looked upon as faults.'—'Gentlemen,' said Don Carlos's sister, 'pray let us lay aside morality, if you please. Will you allow us the liberty to talk awhile with Queen Zenobia in private? We have something of moment to say to her.' The gentlemen immediately retired, with Don Quixote and Sancho, to the other end of the apartment, where they fell into discourse concerning Bramarbas. The ladies then desired Barbara to give them an account of her misfortunes, which she did in such language as was sufficiently entertaining. After they had amused themselves long enough with the poor creature, they began to pity her; and the count's sister, being charitably inclined, said to her—'Well, good woman, by what you have told us, we find you are like the players, who wish the play over that they may go and receive their money. I perceive you only wait for the fifty ducats which Don Quixote has promised you, and you will go back to Alcala; and, it being the same thing to you whether you have them from him, or from another, I will give them to you this moment, upon condition you will be gone to-morrow morning, before Don Quixote or Sancho are awake.'—'I desire no better,' quoth Barbara; 'for, though I have been a queen but five or six days, I can assure you I am as weary of it, as if I had been so all the days of my life. All heads will not fit one cap, I find. I am fitter to fry tripe for the scholars of our university, than to come to court to strut and trick myself out among the gentry.' As Barbara spoke thus, the count's sister took out her purse; and, putting it into the other's hand, without being seen by Don Quixote, or his squire, said to her—'Here, good woman, there are sixty ducats in it; I give them you; but be sure you be gone to-morrow morning.'—'I promise you I will, Madam,' answered Hacked-Face, 'and that is enough; for, God be praised! I was never worse than my word to any body.' The count's sister then beckoned Don Alvaro, and told him the agreement she had made with Zenobia. The Granadine, who was not at all sorry to get rid of her, undertook to manage her departure. The time now growing late, Don Pedro, the count, and Don Carlos, escorted home those ladies who did not belong to the house; whilst Don Alvaro, in another carriage, accompanied Zenobia, Don Quixote, and Sancho. They were not above half way on their road, when they heard a confused sound of guitars and theorboes. They stopped the coach, to discover what it meant; and, looking out at the windows, that they might listen the better, distinctly heard the following words sung by a tolerably good voice, and pleasingly accompanied—

'THE God of Love forsakes the skies,
'In my poor breast to fix his reign,
'And takes his station in your eyes;
'Thus rend'ring all resistance vain.

'Like

'Like Venus proud, like Venus fair,
'You've all her conqu'ring arts and charms;
'He'd take you for her by your air,
'But that you're proof againſt his arms.'

When the gentleman had done ſinging, the inſtruments ceaſed, which made the Granadine and the knight conclude that the ſerenade was ended. 'It is pity,' ſaid Don Alvaro, 'that 'we came ſo late, and miſſed of the 'beginning. This was a good con-'cert, and well performed.'—'Truly,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'the muſick 'was excellently fitted to the words, 'which are gallant and ſprightly, and 'have the true ſpirit of the ancients.' —'Let us liſten a while,' quoth Tarfe; 'I hear the inſtruments tuning: they 'will ſing again.' Accordingly, the ſame voice began again as follows—

'Arm'd as you are with chilling frowns,
'New love thoſe very frowns inſpire;
'The faireſt form that nature owns,
'We cannot, ſure, too much admire.'

'The faireſt form that nature owns!' cried Don Quixote, in a fury. 'What 'then will become of Queen Zeno-'bia?' As he uttered theſe words, he threw open the coach-door; and, leaping out, in ſpite of Don Alvaro's efforts to hold him, drew his ſword, and ran at the ſerenaders. 'Where is 'that raſh man,' cried he, 'who dares 'ſay his miſtreſs is the faireſt form that 'nature owns? Know, knight, there 'is not a princeſs in the world compa-'rable with Queen Zenobia, who is 'the phœnix of beauty, and the moſt 'perfect work of nature, ſince her ſo-'vereign power has made me her cap-'tive, and ſubdued all the faculties of 'my ſoul by her royal perfections! 'Grant then, that your lady is infe-'rior to her, or expect to receive the 'puniſhment due to your preſump-'tion!' This extraordinary ſalutation, and the furious geſtures of him who uttered it, filled the hearts of the muſicians with terror, inſomuch that the whole band, who came not thither with any ſtomachs to fighting, took to their heels, and made off with their guittars and theorboes as expeditiouſly as poſſible. The gentleman who gave the ſerenade was left alone; and, heedleſs of the mad language he had juſt heard, drew his ſword. He was too much concerned at the diſappointment of his concert, to parley with our knight, and was juſt going to thruſt at him, when he perceived that Don Quixote, inſtead of ſtanding upon his guard, made up cloſe, with his arm lifted up, to cleave him down; and therefore he thought better to fight retiring; but, at the ſame time that he warded off the cuts, he made ſuch home-thruſts, that, had not the knight been in armour, he had ſoon put a final period to all his adventures. Don Alvaro, who had followed Don Quixote, did all he could to part them, but in vain. At length, the knight of the ſerenade, perceiving he made ſo many home-thruſts to no purpoſe, and that his ſword met with reſiſtance, cried out—'Coward, thou 'art certainly in armour, or I had long 'ſince reached thy heart!' Don Quixote, hearing theſe words, ſtopped ſhort, and anſwered—'Why, then, have you, 'knight, indiſcreetly left your armour 'behind you? Truly, I thought you 'were in armour as well as myſelf: the 'darkneſs of the night may excuſe me. 'Stay, I will diſarm; and we will 'then put an end to our combat, ac-'cording to the rules of chivalry. 'Don Quixote de la Mancha never 'yet fought with odds! I ſhould be 'aſhamed of victory, were it gained 'by any other means than by my va-'lour.' The ſerenading gentleman, hearing the name of Don Quixote, was a little ſtartled; and aſked the Granadine, whether that was really the ſame Don Quixote de la Mancha whoſe hiſtory was then ſo much in vogue: 'It is himſelf in perſon,' anſwered Don Alvaro; 'the very true original: 'he is come to the court of Spain, 'there to defend Queen Zenobia's 'beauty, for he is fallen in love with 'it: and, therefore, you muſt not 'think it ſtrange if he cannot endure 'to hear your lady ſtiled the moſt 'beautiful object in nature; for, 'though you only aſſerted this in ſing-'ing, you know very well that knights-'errant will not allow of ſuch ſongs.' —'Nay, ſince it is Don Quixote de la 'Mancha,' ſaid the ſerenader, 'I for-'give him for ſpoiling my concert, 'which I ſhould not eaſily do to ano-'ther.'—'That is not enough,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'you muſt own 'that Queen Zenobia is a more ac-'compliſhed beauty than your lady.'—

'I am

'I am content,' replied the ſerenading gentleman; 'but then you muſt grant 'that, next to your miſtreſs, mine 'outdoes all the ladies in the world: 'that will ſatisfy us both.'—'What 'you require of me is very extraordi-'nary,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'but no 'matter, I may grant that without 'any offence to my princeſs: beſides, 'ſince you durſt fight me without ar-'mour, I take you for one of the moſt 'valiant knights in the univerſe; and 'conſequently your miſtreſs muſt be 'ſurprizingly beautiful. And there-'fore, in honour to your extraordinary 'valour, I admit that your lady is the 'moſt beautiful perſon in the world, 'next to Queen Zenobia, who is be-'yond all compariſon or parallel.'—'And I, in return, confeſs,' anſwered the ſerenader, 'that my miſtreſs is not 'ſo beautiful as Queen Zenobia, to 'whom I wiſh all happineſs, though 'I have not the honour to know her.' After this reciprocal acknowledgment, the ſwords were put up, and ſeveral compliments paſſed betwixt them; the ſerenading knight then went home; and Don Quixote and the Granadine, returning to the coach, did the ſame.

CHAP. VII.

OF QUEEN ZENOBIA'S DEPARTURE, AND DON FERDINAND DE PERALTA'S ARRIVAL AT MADRID.

THE bright Aurora was now emerging from her watery bed, and her radiance had already diſpelled the darkneſs of the night, when the beautiful Queen of the Amazons aroſe; impatient to return into her own country to fry tripe. Whilſt ſhe was dreſſing, Don Alvaro came himſelf in his night-gown to acquaint her that it was time to depart. She went down into the court; where, finding her mule ready, ſhe mounted, and ſet out for Alcala, before Don Quixote and his ſquire were awake.—O unfortunate Knight of the Cupids! where are your thoughts at this moment? Whilſt you indolently reſign yourſelf to ſlumber, inconſtant and cruel fortune robs you of the dear object of your deſires! What affliction awaits your arouzing! What deſperation will be your deſtiny! Leſs did the inconſolable Menelaus bewail the heart-breaking departure of his Helen, than you will that of your tranſmographied princeſs! Don Alvaro, having diſpatched the Amazon, retired to bed again; and, after reſting ſome hours, ſent to acquaint Don Carlos, the count, and Don Pedro, that he waited to regale them with a new ſcene of pleaſantry. They did not long delay their appearance. When they arrived—'Gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'you muſt underſtand that Barbara is 'departed; I ſent her off privately this 'morning. We ſhall now ſee our 'knight-errant in a rare agitation; I 'am confident he muſt be vaſtly di-'verting.' He had ſcarce ſpoken theſe words before he eſpied Sancho coming from his maſter's chamber. 'Good-'morrow, Mr. Governor,' ſaid he, 'what news have you for us? How 'fares Don Quixote to-day?'—'He is 'very well,' anſwered the ſquire; 'and, 'by the ſame token, deſigns this day, 'after dinner, to defend Madam Ze-'nobia's beauty before the court. He 'ſays that there ſhall be a high pillar 'raiſed in the Great Square, to which 'the queen's picture ſhall hang; and 'then there ſhall be a challenge poſted 'up, and then this thing, and then the 'other thing——but hold, gentlemen, 'here he comes: he will tell you the reſt 'himſelf; for I am going to the kitchen 'to find out the little limping cook, my 'very good friend, who waits to give 'me my breakfaſt.' The gentlemen ſaluted Don Quixote; and, when he had returned their ſalute, he ſaid—'Gentlemen, I came to aſk Don Al-'varo's advice; but, ſince I find you 'here, I will conſult with you all. I 'know not whither I ought to begin 'the maintainance of Queen Zenobia's 'beauty this very day, or whether I 'had better ſtay till I have overcome 'the King of Cyprus. Pray, give me 'your opinion upon this?' The gentlemen conſulted together; and, contrary to the cuſtom of moſt conſultations, were all of one mind; to wit, that Bramarbas ought to be ſubdued prior to any other conſideration. Whilſt they were giving the reaſons for their opinion, one of the Granadine's pages came and told Don Pedro, that a young gentleman, whoſe name was Don Cæſar, enquired for him. 'Gentlemen,' ſaid Don Pedro, 'I beg leave to bring

'you acquainted with this young man, 'who is my pupil in military matters: 'the king has given him a poſt under 'me at the head of his army againſt 'the Moors; and at two and twenty 'years of age he is a general officer, 'and has gained the reputation of an 'excellent commander.—Don Alvaro, 'will you give me leave to introduce 'him?' Tarfe declared he ſhould be proud of his acquaintance; and Don Cæſar was accordingly ſhewn into the apartment. Having embraced all the gentlemen, he at laſt went up to the knight; and, opening his arms to receive him—'Don Quixote,' quoth he, 'I 'am heartily glad to ſee you!'—'How 'now, Don Cæſar,' cried Don Pedro; 'are you acquainted with the 'knight of La Mancha?'—'Acquaint-'ed with him!' replied Don Cæſar; 'I owe him the greateſt obligations in 'the world. It is not above two days 'ſince he ſaved my life; and to him 'alſo I am indebted for the diſcovery 'of my origin, which, otherwiſe, per-'haps, I might have remained in igno-'rance of for ever.' Don Quixote, obſerving Don Pedro ſurprized at theſe words, ſaid to him—'Yes, Don Pe-'dro, it was I who had the good for-'tune to prevent the fatal ſtroke which a 'murderer aimed at this young gen-'tleman, whom you are no longer to 'call Don Cæſar, but Don Ferdinand 'de Peralta, as being brother to the 'beautiful Engracia, and ſon to the un-'fortunate Don Ferdinand, who pe-'riſhed in the mighty fleet which King 'Philip fitted out againſt England.'—'O Heavens!' cried Don Pedro, 'what 'is this you tell us, Don Quixote?' 'Is it poſſible, that this young peaſant, 'to whom I have been a father, is of 'the illuſtrious family of the Peral-'tas? and that we can no longer ac-'cuſe Heaven of having denied noble 'birth to one whoſe valour and con-'duct ſo well merited it?—But, pray,' added he, turning to Don Cæſar, 'tell 'us how you came to diſcover your 'origin? My friendſhip requires this 'relation of you; and it will be a great 'ſatisfaction to all the gentlemen pre-'ſent.' Hereupon Don Ferdinand related the adventure of the robbers; the diſcoveries made by him whom Don Quixote had wounded; the hiſtory of Engracia; and, finally, all that paſſed at Torreſva. The company liſtened to him with great attention; and, when he had ended, began to aſk ſome other queſtions. Some deſired to learn who it was that wounded Don Chriſtopher; and Don Quixote, as the avenger of forſaken damſels, demanded tidings of Engracia. 'Inform me, I beſeech you, 'Don Ferdinand,' quoth he, 'has Don 'Chriſtopher done juſtice to your ſiſter? 'I would fain know, likewiſe, whe-'ther you have put a ſtop to the indiſ-'ſoluble engagement which that cava-'lier was about to contract with Donna 'Anna de Montoya. I remember, 'when your uncle Don Diego de Pe-'ralta mentioned that marriage to you, 'you appeared greatly agitated; and, 'if I miſtake not, love had as great 'a ſhare in your diſorder as honour.' —'You are not miſtaken, Sir Knight,' replied Don Ferdinand; 'I have been 'long in love with that lady.'—'Good 'God!' cried Don Pedro, 'what do 'I hear? How can I learn ſo many 'ſurprizing accidents in one day?— 'Could you be in love, Don Ferdi-'nand, with the daughter of Don Ber-'trand de Montoya, my intimate 'friend, and conceal your paſſion from 'me?'—'Do not take it ill of me,' anſwered Don Ferdinand; 'the thought 'that I was ſon to Mary Ximenez quite 'overwhelmed me; I judged that I 'could never ſufficiently conceal ſo 'preſumptuous a paſſion, and that you 'would be the firſt to condemn me.'— 'No, no,' replied Don Pedro; 'I ſhould 'not have condemned you. Though 'you were the ſon of a peaſant, con-'ſidering the extraordinary valour you 'diſplayed in Flanders, Don Bertrand 'might well have given you his daugh-'ter without any degradation. There 'is nothing, I muſt ſay, above your 'merits.' This extraordinary commendation from a perſon of Don Pedro's character, highly prejudiced the count, Don Carlos, and the Granadine, in favour of the youthful Ferdinand. They beſought him to recount the hiſtory of his life; and Don Quixote, touched with the ſame curioſity, ſeconded their requeſt. Don Ferdinand yielded to their entreaty; and, ſeeing them all ſeated, and ready to liſten to him, he began his relation in theſe terms.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

THE STORY OF DON FERDINAND DE PERALTA.

'THE ruffian, who murdered my 'nurſe, having, as I told you, 'left me at Torreſva, under the care 'of Mary Ximenez; that good wo-'man, as ſhe continued to ſuckle me, 'conceived for me, inſenſibly, a real af-'fection. Far from deſiring any re-'ward for nurſing me, her chief fear 'was leſt I ſhould be taken out of her 'hands by my parents. She therefore 'gave out that I was her own ſon, and 'bred me up in the ſame belief; ſo that, 'except ſome few particular perſons 'who knew her family, and whom ſhe 'had earneſtly entreated to keep the 'ſecret, all the village was under the 'ſame error. As ſhe was ignorant of 'my real name, ſhe gave me that of a 'ſon ſhe had loſt: this, perhaps, ſhe 'did to deceive herſelf; that, if poſſible, 'ſhe might bring herſelf to credit the 'impoſition ſhe practiſed upon others. 'But whatever ſhe could do to debaſe 'my ſpirit to her own condition, and 'to breed me up a peaſant, nature was 'above all her endeavours; and my 'generous inclinations diſcovered the 'nobility of my birth. I was better 'pleaſed to ſee a ſword than a ſhep-'herd's hook. In ſhort, I hated all 'country employments; and by the 'time I attained the age of fourteen 'years, feeling myſelf utterly impa-'tient of ſuch a deſpicable way of life, 'I reſolved to run away from Mary 'Ximenez, and to wipe off the meanneſs 'of my birth by my courage in the 'army. Accordingly, I left the vil-'lage privately one night, and went 'away to Alcala; where, the better 'to elude the ſearch of Mary Ximenez, 'I changed the name of Antony, which 'I then bore, for that of Cæſar. I 'made choice of this name, becauſe 'I had often heard the villagers, when 'talking of any brave man, ſay that 'he was another Cæſar. At Alcala 'I was informed that a gentleman '(being this ſame Don Pedro de Lu-'na) was raiſing a regiment, and was 'lately come to the town to make levies 'there. I laid hold of the opportunity; 'I offered myſelf to him; and, in the 'beſt manner my years and education 'would permit, ſignified the earneſt 'deſire I had to enter into the ſervice; 'which I did in ſuch a manner that he 'could not help noticing it. He liked 'my looks and reſolution, and took a 'great fancy to me; but being yet too 'young to ſerve, he would not carry 'me with him into Flanders, whither 'his regiment was commanded. He 'left me with his brother at Alcala 'to accompany his nephew Don Chriſ-'topher, who was then about my age; 'and ordered me to be brought up with 'him. My country garb was now 'taken away from me; and I was 'taught every thing that young gen-'tlemen learn, as if I had been his 'equal. Our maſters were aſtoniſhed 'to ſee me advance ſo faſt in my exer-'ciſes. But I ſhewed the greateſt abi-'lity in riding, and fencing; and know-'ing how neceſſary it was for a ſol-'dier to underſtand fortification, I 'applied myſelf earneſtly to that ſtudy. 'I ſoon became a new man, and forgot 'all my country behaviour; ſuch is 'the force of education in youth. 'Every body loved me; for I laboured 'to behave with courteſy and polite-'neſs to every body, that I might make 'ſome amends for the meanneſs of my 'birth. Above all, I paid great re-'ſpect to Don Chriſtopher, as nephew to 'the perſon to whom I owed all my pre-'ſent proſpects. And, I muſt ſay this in 'praiſe of him, that, young as he was, 'inſtead of taking upon him, or im-'proving the obligations I owed him 'to his own advantage, he loved me ſo 'entirely, that all things were in com-'mon between us. He was never ſa-'tisfied unleſs we were together; he 'made me ſhare in all his pleaſures, 'and divided with me all the little mo-'ney he had to diſpoſe of at that age. 'I muſt in juſtice add alſo, that not-'withſtanding the emulation we felt in 'our youthful exerciſes, he never 'ſhewed the leaſt ſymptom of envy or 'diſpleaſure, if the ſuperiority, as 'ſometimes was the caſe, chanced to be 'on my ſide.

'Eager as I was to be gone to Flan-'ders to Don Pedro, I was forced to 'ſpend three years to perfect myſelf 'in my exerciſes. Then I was de-'tained no longer, but fitted out for 'the army. Don Chriſtopher would 'fain have gone with me, and aſked 'leave of his father Don Louis de Lu-

'na; hut the good old man, who de-
'ſigned to diſpoſe of him otherwiſe,
'would not grant it. Don Chriſto-
'pher and I were forced to part: we
'both wept; but he more eſpecially, as
'the obſtruction his thirſt of glory
'met with from his father, mortified
'him ſorely. I went away to Cadiz,
'where I embarked with ſome gentle-
'men of Andaluſia, who were going
'to ſerve under the Archduke Albert,
'called the Cardinal Infante; who was
'at that time governor of the Catho-
'lick Low Countries for the King of
'Spain. At Dunkirk I was informed
'that Don Pedro was then with his
'regiment in garriſon at Antwerp,
'whither I went with all poſſible ex-
'pedition. He was glad to ſee me;
'and courteouſly told me that, as fa-
'vourable an opinion as he conceived
'of me at firſt ſight, he now hoped ſtill
'better from the progreſs I had made
'in my exerciſes. I would have an-
'ſwered him, and made an acknow-
'ledgment for the favours received;
'but he interrupted me; and, changing
'the diſcourſe, ſaid, ſmiling—"I am
"ſenſible, Cæſar, you are not come hi-
"ther to be idle; but be not too haſty;
"we ſhall ſoon ſee what you can do for
"the honour of the regiment, and the
"king's ſervice." He was as good as
'his word; for Archduke Albert hav-
'ing laid ſiege to Hulſt, our regiment
'was ſent thither. As ſoon as we
'came, the beſieged made a ſally, ſup-
'ported by ſome horſe. They beat off
'our workmen, and preſſed hard upon
'our foot, but we repulſed and pur-
'ſued them at their heels to the very
'covert-way. This I can ſay, that I
'was none of the laſt who came up with
'them, nor the firſt that retired; and,
'as a firſt eſſay, I took a ſtandard,
'killing the trooper that carried it.
'All the officers of the regiment com-
'mended me. This beginning pleaſed
'me; and not being able to endure
'idleneſs, when the regiment was not
'upon duty, I would ſlip away, and
'go every night to ſee what was doing
'in the trenches; where, if any thing
'was carrying on, I contributed my
'aſſiſtance. I had uncommon ſucceſs;
'and going out upon parties, ſeldom
'returned without ſome advantage, or
'ſome good intelligence. The ſuc-
'ceſs of my little expeditions ſoon
'made a noiſe in the army; and I was
'looked upon as one of the moſt reſo-
'lute partizans; but about the latter
'end of the enſuing year, our regiment
'being then in garriſon at Bruges, I
'performed an action that gained me
'great reputation, and procured me a
'commiſſion. Don Melchior de San-
'doval, a Spaniſh officer, having been
'wronged by thoſe who governed the
'Spaniſh Netherlands before the com-
'ing of the archduke, took it ſo to
'heart, that he deſerted to the Dutch;
'who, being acquainted with his ex-
'perience in military affairs, gave him
'the government of the town of Dam,
'whence he harraſſed the Spaniards,
'making excurſions up to the gates of
'Antwerp, Bruges, and Ghent. Being
'abroad one day upon a party, I learned
'that Don Melchior was going to
'marry his daughter to a conſiderable
'Dutch officer, and that the wedding
'was to be kept in a houſe the governor
'had under the cannon of the place, a
'little without the glacis. I under-
'took to go thither, and bring away
'Don Melchior and his family. I will
'now tell you how I contrived it, and
'what ſucceſs I had. I diſguiſed my-
'ſelf like a peaſant, to view the ave-
'nues to the houſe; and, when I had
'gained a perfect knowledge of them,
'I gathered twenty horſe of our regi-
'ment. We ſet out as ſoon as night
'came on, ſo that the enemy might
'have no intelligence of our march, and
'we might get thither when they were
'all dead aſleep. I knew the way per-
'fectly well, and the darkneſs did not
'hinder our reaching the houſe at the
'intended hour. There is a great ca-
'nal between Bruges and Dam, which
'being ordinarily conſidered by the
'enemy as a ſufficient ſecurity againſt
'our incurſions, was, on this account,
'I ſuppoſe, leſs attended to in the pre-
'ſent inſtance, than it would have been
'otherwiſe. This canal being frozen
'over, we paſſed it without any diffi-
'culty. The day before, I had obſerved
'a little wood which reached from the
'canal to Don Melchior's houſe, and
'came up to a corner of the garden,
'being a part little frequented, and
'overgrown with briars and brambles
'on both ſides of the wall. We reach-
'ed this place about two in the morn-
'ing; and leaving our horſes in the
'wood, with five or ſix men to look
'after them, we threw down the wall

'with

'with tools we had brought for that 'purpoſe, and made a large breach. 'The diſtance of the place from the 'houſe, and the noiſe and confuſion of 'the wedding, prevented our being 'heard. We entered the garden with 'our ſwords, and each of us a brace of 'piſtols, and went on in the dark, till 'by the light of his match we eſpied a 'centinel poſted at the door that parted 'the garden from the court. I crept 'along the paliſade; and, before the 'centinel could fire at me, I laid him 'flat with a brace of bullets. The 'noiſe of the ſhot would have alarmed 'a *corps de garde* poſted in the court 'for the ſecurity of the houſe, but they 'were compleatly intoxicated; ſo that 'we ſoon put them to the ſword. My 'principal deſign being to carry off the 'governor, his daughter, and his ſon-'in-law, we made all the haſte we 'could into the houſe. At the ſtair-'foot I met one of Don Melchior's ſer-'vants, who was juſt come down upon 'hearing the noiſe. I clapped a piſtol 'to his head, and made him conduct 'me to his maſter's apartment; and, 'whilſt he led me thither, a party of 'our men puſhed on to the nuptial-'chamber. Unfortunately, Don Mel-'chior, having received notice of our 'approach from a ſerjeant of the guard, 'who happened to be leſs drunk than 'his fellows, made his eſcape down 'the back-ſtairs. His eſcape made me 'conclude that we had no time to loſe, 'and that he would immediately ſend 'out parties after us: I therefore made 'haſte to the reſt of our men, whom I 'found in the wedding-chamber, the 'door being forced open. The new-'married couple were juſt going to 'bed, and you may eaſily imagine how 'they were ſurprized, when they ſaw 'our men ruſh in upon them. They 'had ſcarce time allowed to put on their 'morning-gowns; but were forced 'away almoſt naked. I could not 'help pitying them; but in war com-'paſſion is uſeleſs. We returned to 'our horſes in the wood, repaſſed the 'canal with the ſame eaſe we came over, 'and got home without any moleſta-'tion. When we came to Bruges, I 'preſented my priſoners to Don Pedro 'de Luna, who entertained them very 'courteouſly, and carried them to the 'governor; from whom he obtained 'for them the liberty of the town upon 'parole. Some days after this expe-'dition, Don Melchior ſent a trumpet 'to Bruges to enquire after his daugh-'ter and ſon-in-law, and wrote to them 'to treat about their ranſom; but that 'affair remained long unfiniſhed, there 'being no cartel as yet ſettled betwixt 'the Dutch and the Spaniards; and 'ranſoms at that time were as arbi-'trary as they are now at Tripoli or 'Algiers: however, it was drawing to 'a concluſion, and the ſum was almoſt 'agreed on, when the archduke came 'to Bruges.

'He came from viſiting all the ſea-'coaſts, upon advice he had received 'that England was preparing to ſuc-'cour the rebels: he was highly pleaſed 'with my little expedition, gave me 'more commendation than I deſerved, 'and very courteouſly aſſured me that 'he would take care to advance me 'accordingly as I ſhould merit it; and, 'for the preſent, till he could better 'reward my laſt enterprize, he added 'the title of Don to the name of Cæſar, 'which I then bore. I was extremely 'pleaſed with that honour; it enflamed 'my courage; and, reſolving in ſome 'meaſure to deſerve the good opinion 'he had conceived of me, I continued 'my excurſions. Scarce a day paſſed 'without my performing ſomething 'beneficial or honourable for our na-'tion: ſometimes I brought home pri-'ſoners, and ſometimes ſums of mo-'ney, with hoſtages for the payment of 'contributions that I had exacted; in 'ſhort, I omitted no opportunity of 'diſturbing the enemy. They often 'ſent out great parties to catch me; 'but ſtill I either defeated or avoided 'them. It is true, I paid the country 'people ſo liberally when they brought 'me intelligence, that I had always 'notice of their march. The arch-'duke, extremely pleaſed with my un-'dertakings, did not fail to gratify me 'with conſiderable ſums out of the 'contributions I raiſed; and he loaded 'me in publick with praiſes, which I 'valued above money. However, hav-'ing hitherto been but a volunteer-ad-'venturer, I thought it long till I had 'a commiſſion; but the archduke's 'generoſity ſoon ſatisfied my wiſhes: 'he granted me a commiſſion to raiſe a 'troop of light-horſe, which he in-'corporated into Don Pedro de Luna's 'regiment; and, what was ſtill more

'peculiar,

'peculiar, he gave me leave to under-
'take whatſoever enterprizes I ſhould
'think fit for the publick ſervice, ex-
'cepting only when the regiment was
'upon duty. This great truſt repoſed
'in me, contrary to the known rules,
'ſo encouraged me, that I thought of
'nothing but forming greater deſigns.
'Being informed one day, by certain
'peaſants, that the garriſon of Sas van
'Ghent kept not ſtrict guards, and ſeem-
'ed to neglect thoſe precautions that are
'uſual in time of war, and that the gates
'of the town were open all the day, I
'began to conceive that, with good con-
'duct and ſecreſy, it might not be im-
'practicable to ſurprize that place. I ac-
'quainted Don Pedro with my inten-
'tion, who at firſt looked upon it as a
'chimera; but, when I had given him
'a true account of the place and coun-
'try about it, and told him we might
'make our advantage of a hollow way,
'which, on one ſide of the place, goes
'up to the foot of the glacis of the
'covert-way, and would facilitate our
'approach, he no longer queſtioned
'the feaſibleneſs of the attempt. He
'ſpoke to the archduke, who approved
'of it, and left the whole management
'to him. Don Pedro would not take
'with him on this expedition more
'than two thouſand horſe and a thou-
'ſand foot; fearing leſt too great a
'number ſhould retard the march, and
'endanger a diſcovery. Having made
'choice of ſuch troops as we beſt liked,
'we marched all night, and came to
'the hollow way ſome time before day.
'One of our men drew near the town,
'diſguiſed like a peaſant, with orders
'to make a ſignal when the gate was
'opened; and I was ordered to be in
'readineſs with ſixty troopers, and
'each a foot ſoldier behind him, to ſet
'out upon the ſignal. What ſhall I
'ſay, gentlemen! The enemy had not
'the leaſt ſuſpicion of our deſign; and
'accordingly I made myſelf maſter of
'a gate without the leaſt difficulty: the
'garriſon offered to make ſome reſiſt-
'ance; but Don Pedro was ſo cloſe at
'my heels, that, after a very conſide-
'rable fight, they begged quarter.
'Thus a ſtrong and regular place coſt
'us ſcarce any thing: we loſt but ten
'ſoldiers, one officer of a Neapolitan
'regiment, and the lieutenant-colonel
'of our own. The archduke looked
'upon the taking of Sas van Ghent as
'a very conſiderable advantage gained,
'becauſe it ſhut up the enemy in their
'fens: he gave thanks to Don Pedro,
'who generouſly made over to me all
'the honour of the action; ſaying, that
'I had a greater ſhare than himſelf both
'in the contrivance and the execution.
'The cardinal, not ſatisfied with mere
'commendation, beſtowed on me the
'poſt of lieutenant-colonel of our regi-
'ment.

'However princes may aim at privacy
'and concealment, their actions can
'never remain long hidden from the
'innumerable Argus' eyes that ſwarm
'in courts. It was ſoon perceived that
'the archduke admired the beauty of
'Don Melchior's daughter. Senſible
'that young minds are fond of gran-
'deur, he took care to exert all his
'magnificence in ſplendid entertain-
'ments to the ladies; yet ſo as to make
'it ſufficiently evident that the beauti-
'ful Spaniard was the object of his
'thoughts: but, though he ſpared no-
'thing to pleaſe her, it was viſible ſhe
'did not receive his addreſſes as he
'would have hoped. The Dutch of-
'ficer was none of the laſt who diſco-
'vered the prince's affection; and was
'ſo much diſturbed at it, that, as ſoon
'as ever he had paid his ranſom, he
'made all poſſible haſte out of Bruges,
'to ſave his honour from the danger
'that threatened it. The archduke was
'much troubled at the beautiful Spa-
'niard's departure; but his grief laſted
'not long; and theſe ideas were ſoon
'diſpelled by the hopes he conceived
'of marrying the Infanta Iſabella
'Clara Eugenia, daughter to King
'Philip the Second, then living. The
'conditions of that match were very
'advantageous to the archduke; for it
'was reported that the princeſs was
'to receive the Low Countries and
'Franche Comté in dower for her and
'her heirs. Albert had an envoy at
'Madrid, who conducted that nego-
'ciation; but, finding it did not go on
'ſo expeditiouſly as he wiſhed it, and
'well knowing that Philip was ſlow
'in all his deliberations, he thought
'fit to ſend ſome perſon of known abi-
'lity, whom he could confide in, to be
'his agent: he made choice of Don
'Pedro for this buſineſs; and, having
'given him his inſtructions, ordered
'him to be gone as ſoon as poſſible,
'and without any retinue, ſince the
'matter required ſecreſy and expedi-
'tion. All that Don Pedro could ob-

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'tain of him, was, that I ſhould go 'with him. We embarked at Dun-'kirk, and landed at Corunna; thence 'we travelled to Segovia; where we 'parted, Don Pedro wiſhing to paſs 'through Avila, where he had ſome 'buſineſs to tranſact before he went to 'court. I took the way to Alcala, to 'carry the news of his arrival to his 'brother and his nephew.

'The nearneſs of my native country 'brought a thouſand thoughts into 'my head concerning my unhappy ex-'traction. I could not reconcile my 'great ſpirit with the meanneſs of my 'birth; and, when I examined my af-'fection to Mary Ximenez, who had 'bred me up as her ſon, methought it 'did not feel like that which nature 'and blood inſpire: in ſhort, I only 'felt a ſenſe of gratitude towards her; 'and, being ſatisfied with my reſolu-'tion to requite her with a ſum of mo-'ney, I was neither haſty to ſee her, 'nor concerned that I had left her for 'ſo many years, without ſending her 'the ſmalleſt account of myſelf. Some-'times I fancied ſhe was not my mo-'ther; and, the more to root myſelf in 'this opinion, I looked back to my 'very infancy, and called to mind all 'that could ſtrengthen me in it: in 'fine, I endeavoured to conceal from 'my own ſelf an original ſo unworthy 'of my courage, and which I conſi-'dered as an unſurmountable obſtacle 'to love; for I could not bring myſelf 'to think of any but a woman of quali-'ty; and ſuch a one I was too ſcru-'pulous to expoſe to the probability 'of bluſhing at having liſtened to me. 'I ſoon found, however, that to love, 'or to forbear, is not in our own op-'tion. I had now travelled about five 'or ſix leagues, and the heat of the 'ſun began to be troubleſome, when I 'came to the edge of a wood, where the 'full-leaved trees afforded a pleaſant 'ſhade. I alighted to walk in it, leaving 'my horſe and my valet de chambre. A 'long path, which I happened to ſtray 'into, exciting my curioſity to diſcover 'it's termination, I arrived at a large 'iron-grate, through which I beheld a 'magnificent caſtle, ſituate in a moſt 'beautiful garden. By the iron-grate 'I eſpied a door, which was not faſten-'ed. I went into the garden; and, fol-'lowing a walk of orange-trees, came 'to a little wilderneſs ſhut up by an 'iron-gate. The noiſe of the foun-'tains I heard within, as I drew near, 'made me conclude that this was ſome 'pleaſant encloſure, which uſed to be 'locked up when any body was within, 'to avoid diſturbance; yet this door 'was only ſhut to, like the other. I 'thruſt it open; and, though it was an 'indiſcreet action, curioſity prevailed; 'and I went along a walk fenced 'breaſt-high with a paliſade, with 'graſs-banks on the ſides ſet with 'yew and orange-trees; and along both 'ſides of the paliſade, at certain diſ-'tances, there were ſtatues of white 'marble on pedeſtals of the ſame co-'lour: at the end of this walk was 'a large ſummer-houſe, raiſed three 'ſteps from the ground, and opening 'on two ſides with arched glaſs-doors. 'I had gone too far to turn back with-'out ſeeing the reſt. I entered into a 'ſaloon, which I found ſuperlatively 'magnificent. The thing which chiefly 'caught my attention in it was a ſta-'tue of Venus: that goddeſs was re-'preſented lying on a bed of black 'marble; an unpoliſhed rock of the 'ſame marble ſerved for a pillow to 'reſt her head, and ſpouted out abun-'dance of little ſtreams, which, waſh-'ing her body, fell into an oval baſon, 'the brim whereof was of a curious 'marble of divers colours. I thought 'I could never be weary of admiring 'that figure; but, whilſt I gazed on 'it, I heard a voice, which drew away 'my attention. I made to the place 'whence it ſeemed to come. How was 'I aſtoniſhed, when I diſcovered, in 'the middle of a green-houſe, in a 'fountain of running-water banked 'with turf, a young creature perfectly 'celeſtial, far ſurpaſſing in beauty the 'Venus I had ſo admired in the ſa-'loon! She was quite alone; and her 'bathing-robe was ſo fine, that it was 'eaſy to judge through it of the white-'neſs of her ſkin: ſhe was ſo near to 'me, and ſo conveniently ſeated, that 'I could eaſily diſtinguiſh all the fea-'tures of her face. The nymph Are-'thuſa did not expoſe more charms to 'the eyes of the amorous Alpheus! I 'can give no adequate idea of my 'ſenſations at that moment; my daz-'zled eyes, and my vanquiſhed reaſon, 'put my heart paſt all reſiſtance. Love 'took poſſeſſion, without giving me 'time to diſpute his admiſſion. What

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'to do I knew not; for, though it was 'madneſs to think ſhe would hearken 'to me, yet I could not prevail with 'myſelf to be gone from her, without 'acquainting her with the paſſion I 'had conceived. I reſolved to ſpeak 'to her; but, conſidering that ſhe was 'in a ſituation which in modeſty muſt 'oblige her to make me a ſevere an-'ſwer, I meditated returning to the 'ſaloon, where I might wait her com-'ing out of the bath. It was my mis-'fortune to be too long conſidering; 'as I drew back, ſhe caſt her eyes up-'on me, and ſhrieked out: however, 'I returned into the ſaloon, whilſt ſhe 'got haſtily out of the water, that her 'modeſty might not be expoſed to any 'ſecond ſhock; and, looking through 'the glaſſes, I obſerved her ſlip on a 'morning-gown which I had ſeen ly-'ing on the graſs, and make away to-'wards the caſtle. I followed, and 'ſoon overtook her: but what confu-'ſion was I in when I drew near! I 'accoſted her with ſuch trembling, 'that it leſſened her fear. "What in-"ſolence is this," ſaid ſhe, "thus to "ſurprize one of my ſex in this place?" 'She uttered theſe words in ſuch a 'tone as quite put me beſide myſelf. "Madam!" anſwered I, in great diſ-'order, "chance was the cauſe of my "crime; and you are more than ſuffi-"ciently revenged on my preſumption, "ſince you have inſpired me with a "paſſion which cannot but prove un-"fortunate."—"What!" ſaid ſhe, 'looking on me with anger and ſcorn, "is it not enough that you intrude "into a place where modeſty thinks "itſelf ſafe; but, to add to that of-"fence, you pretend to make love? "Be gone immediately, and do not "oblige me to call thoſe who will pu-"niſh your preſumption!"—"Ma-"dam," replied I, now ſomewhat re-'covered, "perhaps thoſe people you "threaten me with may give little ſa-"tisfaction to your reſentment; for I "can fear nothing but your anger."—"Once more I ſay be gone!" anſwered 'ſhe auſterely; "eaſe me of the chagrin "of bluſhing any longer at the poſture "you have ſeen me in, and at what "you now have the boldneſs to ſay to "me!" As ſhe uttered theſe words, 'ſhe turned away, leaving me motion-'leſs as a ſtatue, and torn with a thou-'ſand diſtracting apprehenſions.

'I went out of that fatal place, whi-'ther fortune ſeemed to have led me 'for my ruin. I returned to my ſer-'vant, and we both mounted. Then 'did I give a full looſe to my thoughts. "And muſt one moment," ſaid I, "decide the fate of all my future life? "Shall I, who have not been moved "with the moſt beautiful ladies in "Flanders, in a moment become the "moſt amorous, or rather the maddeſt, "of all men? And for whom? For "one, whom I know not ſo much as "by name, and who will never allow "me to ſee her again! What a weak-"neſs is it to be overcome by a look! "I will call up all my reaſon. Is it "ſo hard to cruſh a paſſion in it's firſt "riſe, and to oppoſe love, when it "only promiſes pain?" Theſe thoughts 'made me reſolve to forget my un-'known fair-one; but an accident I 'never could foreſee broke all my re-'ſolutions. I eſpied three horſemen 'in the plain riding full ſpeed; and he 'that was beſt mounted among them 'carried away a woman by force, who 'ſtruggled in his arms, and cried out 'as loud as ſhe was able for ſuccour. 'Judge my feelings, when, by the co-'lour of her gown, I perceived the 'lady was my beautiful unknown. 'Hearing theſe cries, which rent my 'heart rather than my ears, I ordered 'my ſervant, who was a man of cou-'rage, to follow me, and we both flew 'to her relief. Our horſes being ſwifter 'than thoſe of the other party, we 'ſhould have ſoon come up with them, 'but that the raviſher, gueſſing at my 'deſign, detached his two followers to 'ſtop us, whilſt he endeavoured to carry 'off his prey into a wood which ap-'peared at a diſtance on the other ſide 'of the plain. I would willingly have 'ſhunned them, that I might the ſooner 'come up with their maſter; but they 'croſſed me, and I was forced to at-'tack them. I rode up with my arm 'ſtretched out to him that made to-'wards me; we croſſed our piſtols, and 'my wriſt being ſtronger than his, his 'ſhot paſſed under my arm; but mine, 'being better levelled, entered his 'ſcull, and he dropped inſtantly. My 'ſervant, at the ſame time, diſpatched 'the other man with his firelock; ſo 'that there being nothing now to ſtop 'us, we made after the raviſher, and 'overtook him a quarter of a league

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'short of the wood where he was going 'to hide himself. I pressed so hard 'upon him, that he had scarce time to 'set down the lady, and stand upon his 'guard. I still rushed on; and, mak-'ing such a strong pass that he could 'not put it by, I ran my sword up to 'the hilt into his body; so that he fell 'dead under his horse's belly. I pre-'sently alighted; and, drawing near the 'lady unknown, cast myself at her feet, 'saying—"I am a happy man, Ma-"dam, if the service I have now done "you can atone for the offence I lately "committed." She made me no an-'swer; for she was still disordered with 'the fright of being carried off, and 'the death of her ravisher: but at 'length coming to herself, and look-'ing upon me now with eyes no longer 'filled with the indignation I had lately 'beheld in them, she said she was will-'ing to pardon my indiscretion in con-'sideration of what I had done for her; 'but that nothing less than so consi-'derable a service could have expiated 'my crime. "Then I may flatter "myself," said I, in a transport of 'passion, "that I am no longer the "object of your hatred and aversion. "Then, Madam, that I may quite "blot out the guilt of having dis-"pleased you, give me leave to express "the respect and adoration I pay you!" —"Let me beg of you," answered she, "to talk of something else; you lose "the merit of saving my honour, by "giving me fresh cause of complaint." —"Madam," replied I, "what is it "that is so offensive in my words? My "love is so pure, that it cannot wrong "your virtue."—"Let me entreat you "to give over," said she; "consider "that decency will not allow me to be "here alone with you: besides, I can-"not look upon this bloody body "without horror. Let us remove from "that unhappy man, whose misfortune "I cannot but pity, as little cause as "I have to be sorry for his death." 'I offered to conduct her back to the 'castle; but she would not consent to 'it, and said it was enough if I would 'bear her company to a village, which 'was about two or three hundred 'paces from us, and whence she would 'be safely conveyed to the castle. I 'pressed her to mount upon my horse; 'but, she excusing herself on account 'of the shortness of the distance, I 'gave her my hand, and we took a 'long path that led to the village. "Madam," said I, as I attended her, "since you deny me the satisfaction of "waiting on you to the castle, do not "refuse me the comfort of knowing "who the wonderful person is that, at "first sight, has such mighty influence "over hearts?"—"What you desire," 'answered the lady, "is so little wor-"thy your curiosity, that you must "grant me the request I make you; "which is, to excuse me from giving "you that account."—"How, Ma-"dam," said I, in a surprize, "can "you desire any thing so unreasonable "of me!"—"Nay, more than that," 'replied she again, "you must promise "me that you will not use any means "to enquire into it."—"Good God!" 'cried I, in a sort of anger which I 'could not master; "do you consider, "Madam, what it is you require of "me? No, Madam, that law is too "severe, and you make me desperate, "if you impose it on me!"—"That "will never make you desperate," an-'swered she; "such poor features as "mine do not leave such powerful im-"pressions; and, when you have been "a few days without seeing me, you "will not remember any thing of this "adventure, but on occasion of the "valour you have shewn in it."— "Ah, Madam!" said I, "why do "you distract me with your words? "Will you destroy me? Will you de-"prive me of my reason? Do not tell "me who you are! Conceal yourself "from my wretched eyes, since you "make their good fortune an offence! "But, to forbid me looking after you, "and doing all that love can inspire "me to know you; that, Madam, is "an unparalleled piece of inhumanity! "I am not so blind, but I can perceive "plainly, that, unless I avail myself "of the present opportunity to learn "your name, I must never hope to see "you more. Alas! do you think I "can tamely give up all my hopes? "And have you the barbarity to be "offended with me for the difficulty I "feel in renouncing them?"—"No, "generous stranger!" replied she; "Heaven is my witness, that I am not "offended with you! But trust in me, "and do not refuse what I require of "you. My motive is more favourable "to you than you imagine: but, be it

" caprice, or be it delicacy, in me, I " cannot depart from it; and, if you " advance one ſtep towards finding out " who I am, you ſet yourſelf at a diſ- " tance from me for ever."—" Ma- " dam," ſaid I, " the laws you pre- " ſcribe are hard; you remove me from " you under penalty of loſing you for " ever: and is it not loſing you for " ever to grant what you require of " me?"—" No," replied the lady un- ' known; " if you perform what I de- " ſire, you ſhall ſee me again; but I " will firſt make trial of your diſcre- " tion. If I like your proceeding, I " will make myſelf known to you. " Only tell me your name, and rely " upon the aſſurance I give you, that " you have not ſerved an ungrateful " perſon."—" My name is Don Cæ- " ſar," ſaid I; " and you may hear " of me at Alcala, at Don Louis de " Luna's."—" I deſire to know no " more," replied the unknown; " I " will in time make uſe of the infor- " mation you have given me, provided " you deſerve it. Be gone, Don Cæſar; " leave it to my gratitude to plead for " you with me; and aſſure yourſelf " you will gain more upon my heart, " by your obedience, than you could " do by many years ſervice." I was ' ſo full of grief, that I could not re- ' turn one word of anſwer; but my ' diſorder ſpoke for me: it moved her; ' and, holding out her hand to me, ſhe ' ſaid—" Farewel, Cæſar! be gone! " do not forget one that will always " remember you, if you do not make " yourſelf unworthy of her remem- " brance!" I put my lips to her hand, ' and bathed it with tears, holding it ' ſo long, that ſhe drew it away bluſh- ' ing. I alſo perceived her charming ' eyes were ready to weep; but ſhe left ' me abruptly, to conceal her tears from ' me, and give free way to them when ' I was gone. In ſhort, ſhe went into ' the village, and I loſt ſight of her, re- ' turning to the highway that leads to ' Alcala, in the moſt violent commotion ' that ever lover felt. I durſt not ſa- ' tisfy my curioſity; but reſolved punc- ' tually to obey my unknown miſtreſs, ' that, if I was ſo unhappy as never to ' ſee her again, I might not have cauſe ' to blame myſelf for having contribu- ' ted to my own misfortune.

' The next day I came to Alcala, and ' went to pay my reſpects to Don Chriſ- ' topher and his father, who received ' me with every demonſtration of joy. ' Don Chriſtopher, in particular, gave ' me every poſſible token of true friend- ' ſhip. His friends and he endeavoured ' to make all the time I was to ſtay ' with them as delightful as might be; ' yet all the diverſions of youth, and ' the moſt attracting pleaſures, could ' not prevent my falling into a deep ' melancholy. Don Chriſtopher uſed ' all means to divert it; ſometimes he ' would upbraid the fineſt ladies of the ' town, telling them, they had not ' charms enough to eaſe me of my hea- ' vineſs; and when he found that all ' his care was ineffectual, he preſſed ' me to reveal to him what it was that ' weighed ſo upon my heart. Though ' I entirely confided in him, I was ſo ' exact in the performance of what my ' unknown miſtreſs had required of ' me, that I durſt not acquaint him ' with my adventure, for fear leſt, ei- ' ther out of friendſhip or curioſity, he ' ſhould attempt making ſome enquiry, ' which would not fail to be charged ' upon me, and could not bring any ' advantage to my affairs. Neverthe- ' leſs, thinking I was bound to juſtify ' myſelf to my friend for the reſerve I ' exerciſed towards him, I aſſured him ' that reaſons eſſential to my welfare ' compelled me to conceal from all the ' world, for ſome time at leaſt, the ' cauſe of my inward uneaſineſs: that ' I felt a mortal regret at being un- ' able to entruſt them to his boſom; and ' that I requeſted he would not preſs ' me further upon the ſubject. He ' being fully convinced that I loved ' him, and that I would not have con- ' cealed the cauſe of my grief from ' him, if it had been proper for me to ' diſcloſe it, ſincerely pitied my condi- ' tion, and left me at liberty to devote ' myſelf entirely to my love. I was ſo ' full of it, that nothing could draw ' away my thoughts. My unknown ' miſtreſs was continually before my ' eyes: ſometimes ſhe appeared to me, ' as, when taking our laſt farewel, ſhe ' was moved at my piercing ſorrow; ' ſometimes I fancied I ſaw her in the ' bath, and I called to mind that daz- ' zling whiteneſs, and all thoſe match- ' leſs charms, which had raviſhed my ' ſenſes. But the more I imaged her ' perfections to myſelf, the more I en- ' creaſed my torment. A conſiderable

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'time having elapſed, without the leaſt 'news of her, my heart was wholly 'ſeized with ſorrow. The moſt dread-'ful torments cannot be compared to 'the diſtractions which then conſumed 'me. I repented a thouſand times 'that I had let ſlip the opportunity of 'knowing her, and that I was ſo weak 'as to truſt to a woman's word. To 'add to my ſorrow, Don Pedro wrote 'to me from Madrid, that he had con-'cluded his negociation with ſucceſs, 'and would in a few days come to me 'to Alcala, in order to return to Flan-'ders. I thought I ſhould have run 'mad; for, though I had all the rea-'ſon in the world to believe I ſhould 'never hear of my miſtreſs, yet I could 'not blot her from my memory: and 'I was inconſolable, when I conſidered 'that my departure deſtroyed the ſmall 'hopes I had left of ſeeing her. This 'was my condition; and I had enter-'tained thoughts of going to the caſ-'tle where I firſt beheld her, when one 'morning, coming out of church, a 'woman in a veil ſlipped a little note 'into my hand, and vaniſhed, with-'out allowing me time to ſtop, or to 'aſk her any queſtion. I preſently 'opened the paper, and in it found 'theſe words.

"IT is but juſtice that I be as good "as my word, ſince you have kept "yours. Be you, to-morrow, at the "ſame time, in the ſame place where "this note is delivered to you. You "ſhall be conducted where you will "hear ſuch news as will pleaſe you, "if your mind is not changed."

'I could not make any doubt but 'that this note came from my lady un-'known. I read it twenty times with 'all the tranſports of a young man 'beſide himſelf with love and joy. 'The ſatisfaction of finding that ſhe 'was not inſenſible to my paſſion, caſt 'me into a diſorder, a rapture, a deli-'rium of extaſy. I was not maſter of 'myſelf all the remainder of the day; 'and could ſcarcely controul the im-'patience I felt from expectation of 'my approaching happineſs. The ſun 'ſeemed to move too ſlow, and every 'moment of the night appeared like 'an age. I aroſe before day, and was 'at the place appointed long enough 'before the time. At laſt the perſon I 'waited for arrived. I followed her 'to a little houſe, at the end of one of 'the ſuburbs. I was carried into a 'chamber very ill furniſhed; but it 'appeared to me the richeſt in the 'world, when I beheld my miſtreſs in 'it. She came forwards to meet me. "Don Cæſar," ſaid ſhe, "I was re-"ſolved I would not ſeem any longer "ungrateful to you; and, by what I "do for your ſake, you may perceive "that, perhaps, gratitude has carried "me too far."—"Madam," ſaid I, "I am fully ſenſible of the value of "ſuch a favour: I ſhall ever cheriſh "the memory of it; but, if my ac-"tions could not deſerve, you, at leaſt, "ſhall never have cauſe to repent your "granting it."—"You have deſerved "it," anſwered ſhe, "by relying on "my word, and by your ſecreſy. I "know how your beſt friends have en-"deavoured to wreſt your ſecret from "you, and how you have withſtood "their importunities. This has in-"duced me to overcome all the diffi-"culties my modeſty ſuggeſted to op-"poſe your ardent deſire of knowing "me: I will now give you that ſatis-"faction; I will not have you any "longer be ignorant of the name of "one who is ſo much indebted to you.

"My name is Donna Anna de Mon-"toya; I am ſprung from one of the "moſt ancient and noble families in "Caſtile. My father and I lived at "Siguenza, when you came to the "caſtle where you firſt ſaw me, which "is a duke's country-houſe: you "might gueſs, by it's grandeur, that "it did not belong to any private per-"ſon. A niece of the dutcheſs's fall-"ing ſick, could not go with the duke "and dutcheſs to court at a time when "they were obliged to repair thither "upon urgent buſineſs. She was left "in that caſtle, as ſole miſtreſs in their "abſence: I went to viſit her, with "ſome other ladies of our city, who, "as well as myſelf, were her particu-"lar friends. That houſe being a "moſt delicious place in the heat of "ſummer, and having moſt ſtately "baths, I had bathed there ſeveral "days, as well for health ſake, as for "coolneſs. I had not the leaſt ap-"prehenſion of being ſurprized in "that delightful retreat, and thought "myſelf particularly ſecure on the day "I ſaw you, having ordered the maid

" who waited on me to lock up all the
" doors that led to it; but the falſe
" wretch, being corrupted by a gen-
" tleman of Siguenza who admired
" me, had left them open. His name
" was Don Livio; and he had aſked
" me of my father, who refuſed him
" for reaſons of no conſequence to
" you: neither had I given him any
" greater encouragement; ſo that, ſee-
" ing no other proſpect of gratifying
" his paſſion, he determined, in de-
" ſpair, to carry me off. My maid,
" who was corrupted by him, took
" care to let him know that I was at
" the duke's houſe, and that I fre-
" quently bathed all alone; and, in
" ſhort, that he could never have a
" better opportunity to execute his
" purpoſe, there being none but wo-
" men in the caſtle: in effect, it hap-
" pened on that day, that all the ſer-
" vants were gone to celebrate a wed-
" ding at a village a good diſtance off.
" They agreed upon the time when
" Don Livio ſhould be ready at the
" garden-gate next to the wood, with
" his attendants. He went up to the
" ſummer-houſe; but not finding me
" in the baths, the ſight of you hav-
" ing occaſioned my quitting them
" ſooner than at other times, he pro-
" ceeded to the caſtle with his men.
" He ſeized me in a great room, among
" my companions, who were playing
" at ombre, as I was relating how I
" had been ſurprized in the bath. He
" did not ſtay to talk, or to attempt
" any apology for his baſe action; but
" cauſed his men to carry me off, in
" ſpite of all the cries and reſiſtance of
" myſelf and my companions. They
" dragged me to the wood, where they
" had left their horſes; and Don Li-
" vio, having cauſed me to be ſet up
" before him, claſped his arms ſo
" ſtrongly about me that I could not
" help myſelf: the reſt of this adven-
" ture you know as well as I. I will
" now tell you what happened after-
" wards, and the reaſon why you ſee
" me here. When you were gone, I
" could not but feel a great eſteem for
" you; and, being moved at your ſub-
" miſſion, was grieved to ſee you de-
" part; nay, I almoſt repented uſing
" you ſo cruelly, but I judged it ne-
" ceſſary for my own peace. I was
" reſolved, before I ſuffered your ad-
" dreſſes, to make proof of your diſ-
" cretion, which I thought it not un-
" reaſonable to diſtruſt: I remained,
" therefore, fixed in my plan. I cauſed
" myſelf to be re-conducted to the caſ-
" tle by a great number of peaſants,
" armed with bills and prongs: there
" I found my companions in diſtrac-
" tion, and all the caſtle in an uproar.
" My return, and the account I gave
" them of my deliverance, turned
" their diſorder into joy. From that
" hour I grew penſive, and delighted
" in being alone: the idea of you was
" the pleaſing object of my thoughts.
" I indulged myſelf in calling to
" mind the ardour I had diſcovered in
" your eyes; the diſconſolate condition
" in which I had left you; and I revolv-
" ed perpetually in my memory every
" ſyllable you had ſpoken: in ſhort,
" I canvaſſed every circumſtance of
" our meeting, twenty times a day.
" Next I had a curioſity to know how
" you lived at Alcala, and whether
" your actions did not diſprove your
" profeſſions. It was no difficult
" matter to learn what I deſired, for
" my father had an eſtate near the
" town, and I wanted not friends
" whom I could confide in. I learned
" with joy that you appeared to labour
" under ſome ſecret affliction, the
" cauſe whereof you concealed from
" all the world. This confirmed me
" in the reſolution of being as good as
" my word to you; whereas, had I
" been told that you were more eaſy,
" you ſhould never have heard from
" me. My father Don Bertrand,
" conſidering the action of Don Li-
" vio as a ſtigma upon the honour of
" our family, attempted, by legal pro-
" ceſs, to cauſe that gentleman's perſon
" and memory to be declared infa-
" mous: but that was not to be done
" ſo ſoon; all the town engaged in the
" quarrel on one ſide or other, as kin-
" dred, friendſhip, or intereſt, drew
" them. At laſt, Don Bertrand, per-
" ceiving the affair was likely to be of
" long continuance, grew weary; and
" finding that, at his age, he had more
" need of reſt, than of ſo much buſi-
" neſs, he reſolved to leave Siguenza,
" where his enemies faction was ſtrong-
" er than his own, and to ſpend the
" remainder of his days more peace-
" ably in ſome other town. I was
" not backward in ſtrengthening his
" reſolution; and, ſeeing him doubt-

" ful

" ful what town to pitch upon, I per-
" ſuaded him to fix upon this, where
" he has an eſtate, and many friends.
" Having ſettled our affairs in Sigu-
" enza, we left that place, and have
" now been here a few days. My firſt
" care was to find an opportunity of
" diſcharging myſelf towards you;
" and I think I have ſo done it, that
" you can have no juſt cauſe of com-
" plaint againſt me."

' Here Donna Anna concluded her
' diſcourſe. I returned thanks for her
' goodneſs; and, after a long conver-
' ſation, we parted for that time; but
' afterwards held frequent meetings at
' the ſame place. I was full of my
' good fortune; and though ſhe had
' never declared how far I might hope,
' yet no apprehenſion diſquieted me.
' But in the empire of love revolutions
' are too frequent for a lover to conti-
' nue long in happineſs. Don Pedro,
' cruel Don Pedro! came to rob me of
' my bliſs: he had at length conclud-
' ed the match between the archduke
' and the infanta, after numberleſs
' difficulties and delays of the council
' at Madrid. The news was of too
' great moment to delay giving the
' archduke an account of it; and Don
' Pedro determined that we ſhould travel
' poſt. He could ſcarce be perſuaded
' to grant a few moments to the affec-
' tion of his brother and nephew, who
' in vain uſed all their endeavours to
' detain him, though it were only two
' or three days: in ſhort, he was ſo
' haſty, that all I could do was to gain
' one interview more with Donna An-
' na. Good God! how moving was
' that interview! She uttered a thou-
' ſand tender expreſſions, and plainly
' owned that ſhe loved me as paſſion-
' ately as it was poſſible to love. I
' made ſuch returns as could be ex-
' pected from a man ſo entirely full of
' love and gratitude; but, being deſir-
' ous to know whether I might hope to
' marry her, notwithſtanding the mean-
' neſs of my birth, I ſaid to her—
" Madam, ſince I am going to leave
" you, may I preſume to aſk, whether
" you will indulge me with the hope
" that we may one day be perfectly
" united? May I raiſe my ambitious
" deſires ſo high? Shall I ſet out with
" that expectation?" — " Hear me,
" Cæſar," anſwered ſhe, ſhewing ſome
' diſorder by her bluſhes; " I muſt
" confeſs your birth troubles me: not
" that I value your perſon leſs than if
" you were deſcended from our firſt
" kings; but I know my father's hu-
" mour, and I fear he will not be
" prevailed upon to admit, as his ſon-
" in-law, a man whoſe origin is infe-
" rior to his own."—" I am too ſenſi-
" ble," ſaid I, " that your father,
" juſtly diſliking my birth, will not
" approve of my demand. I know
" that Cæſar, whilſt he is only bare
" Cæſar, muſt not expect to enjoy
" you: but I muſt tell you, Madam,
" I have ſuch a heart, that I dare hope
" for that by my ſword, which might
" be refuſed to the obſcurity of my fa-
" mily. Love has made many he-
" roes. Encouraged by my paſſion,
" and by the deſire of rendering myſelf
" worthy of you, I ſhall, perhaps,
" perform ſuch actions as my courage
" would not attempt, were the object I
" aim at leſs valuable. But, Ma-
" dam, ſhould your father, whilſt I
" am endeavouring to merit you, cru-
" elly give you up to ſome man who
" does not love you, will you ſuffer
" yourſelf to be torn from me?"—" I
" have never conſidered," ſaid Donna
' Anna, " what I ſhould do upon that
" exigency: I believe my father is too
" good to force me; but ſhould he,
" alas! be hard-hearted enough to ex-
" erciſe the power Heaven and nature
" have given him, I feel I ſhall not
" have courage to withſtand him. I
" ſhould pity you, and ſhould pity my-
" ſelf, if I ſaw my heart ſo oppreſſed;
" but, whatever be my affection, do
" not flatter yourſelf, Cæſar, for I
" would ſacrifice it to my duty."
' Such a virtuous reſolution was,
' doubtleſs, very honourable in Donna
' Anna; but I ſhould not have liked
' her the worſe had ſhe been ſomewhat
' leſs ſubmiſſive to the will of her fa-
' ther. She ſoon perceived the effect
' her laſt words had on me: to comfort
' me, therefore, ſhe aſſured me that we
' had no occaſion to fear, for her fa-
' ther loved her ſo tenderly, that there
' was no reaſon to imagine he would
' put her upon ſo hard a trial. " Go,
" my dear Cæſar," added ſhe, lov-
' ingly preſſing my head between her
' hands; " go; and, by your illuſtri-
" ous actions, put fortune to the bluſh
" for having dealt ſo unjuſtly with you
" at your birth: go; and return ſo full

" of

" of glory, that my father may think " himself honoured by accepting you " as a son-in-law. Go, I say again, " where your own duty calls you; and " assure yourself I will do all that mine " will permit me, that I may never " have any husband but Cæsar." As ' she uttered these words, I saw the ' tears trickle from her bright eyes, ' which touched me so to the quick, ' that, falling down before her, I em- ' braced her knees, without being able ' to utter one word. At length, af- ' ter a thousand mutual protestations of ' love and fidelity, I returned to Don ' Pedro, and with him went into Flan- ' ders.'

CHAP. IX.

HOW SANCHO INTERRUPTED DON FERDINAND, AND OF THE AFFLICTION OF DON QUIXOTE UPON BEING INFORMED THAT THE QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS WAS DEPARTED.

DON Alvaro, the count, and the rest of the company, were attentively listening to Don Ferdinand, when Sancho, returning from the kitchen in a heat, interrupted the relation, crying out, as loud as he was able—' Great ' news, master Don Quixote! mighty ' news! You designed to combat this ' day at the court for Madam Zenobia; ' but, by my troth, you may save your- ' self the trouble: " the setting-dog " may stay at home when the partridges " are flown."—' What do you mean ' by that?' said Don Quixote. ' I ' mean, Sir,' answered the squire, ' that the nest is empty; and " when " the cage is made, the bird flies a- " way."—' Have done with your pro- ' verbs,' replied the knight, ' and be ' plain in few words.'—' Well, Sir,' quoth Sancho, ' to be plain in few ' words, I must tell you, that as for ' Madam Zenobia—whip's the word!' —' Speak that you may be understood, ' you brute!' said DonQuixote. ' What ' is the meaning of all that?'—' Why, ' then,' answered the squire, ' the mean- ' ing is, that our lady queen has packed ' up her alls, and is no longer in Ma- ' drid.'—' What do I hear!' cried the knight: ' but you mistake, friend. It ' is impossible she should have left us ' so!'—' Pray, Sir, excuse me,' quoth Sancho; ' there is nothing more cer- ' tain: she went away last night, and ' nobody in this house knows what is ' become of her.'—' O Heavens!' cried Don Quixote, rising from his seat in such a manner as shewed he was full of grief and despair; ' some enchanter has ' certainly conveyed her away! O un- ' fortunate knight! Die! die with the ' shame of having so ill protected your ' princess! Who will trust you for the ' future with infantas?—Son Sancho, ' go saddle Rozinante and Dapple im- ' mediately; let us fly to seek the peer- ' less Zenobia in all parts. I swear by ' the sacred order of chivalry which I ' profess, that I will not stop in any ' place that is inhabited, and that I ' will eat without a table-cloth or nap- ' kin, till I have found that only lady ' of my affections!'—' Belly o'me!' cried Sancho, abruptly; ' where the de- ' vil shall we go look for her, when we ' do not know which way she is gone? ' You will make me renounce all my ' generation! What, I warrant, we do ' not know when we are well? Why ' should we leave these gentlemen, who ' entertain us so nobly, to run after a ' sham queen, who gives us the slip, ' with the mule and her silk cloaths, ' without so much as thanking us?'— ' Do what I bid you,' answered Don Quixote; ' and let me hear no more.' Thus saying, he would have gone to his chamber for his lance and buckler; but the count and Don Carlos, seeing him so resolved, endeavoured to dis- suade him, by representing to him the dangerous consequences of his depar- ture. ' In short, Don Quixote,' said the Granadine, ' do you consider what ' you are going to do? Do not you re- ' member, that, if you quit Madrid, ' the King of Cyprus, who is near at ' hand, will not fail to accuse you of ' cowardice? He will say you durst not ' wait his coming, and will proudly ' boast that he made you fly. I am ' sensible how much you are concerned ' at the loss of your princess; but you ' know, better than I, that a knight is ' to prefer his honour to his affec- ' tions.'—' You are in the right, Don ' Alvaro,' answered Don Quixote; ' he ' is to mind three things; the first is ' religion, the second is honour, and ' the third his mistress: and, therefore, ' since honour obstructs my departure, ' I will

'I will ſtay here till I have ſlain Bramarbas; but, whilſt I ſtay, I am in the mind to ſend Sancho to ſeek the queen every where, as ancient knights uſed to do upon the like occaſions.'—'Good!' quoth the ſquire; by my troth, a hopeful commiſſion! Why, d'ye think I have ſtudied philoſophy, then, to prognoſticate where to find the princeſs? And, in caſe I ſhould happen to light on her in the paws of ſome enchanter, do you take me for ſuch a fool, forſooth, as to go and get my beard ſtripped off my face without a razor?'—'No, friend,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'I do not deſign you ſhould expoſe yourſelf to unheard-of dangers to reſcue her from the hands of a necromancer: that is not lawful for you, who are not dubbed a knight; and, provided you can but diſcover the caſtle where ſhe is confined, I deſire no more of you.'—'You ſee, Sancho,' ſaid Don Carlos, that your maſter requires nothing of you that is hard or unreaſonable.'—'It is not hard to be ſaid,' anſwered the ſquire; 'but it is quite a different matter to perform it. "It is one "thing to ſeek, and another to find;" and a man may travel ten leagues without ſtumbling over ſuch a portmanteau as Cardenio's.'—'Well, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'you muſt, nevertheleſs, ſet out immediately; and, that you may proceed regularly in your ſearch after Zenobia, I will now inſtruct you in the courſe it will be proper for you to follow. Proceed firſt to France, then into Flanders, and ſo to Holland; where you ſhall embark at the mouth of the Maeſe for England; then ſearch Ireland, and Scotland, formerly called Albania; thence make a ſtep into the Iſland of Thule, ſo much talked of among the ancients, who thought it the fartheſt part of the earth, becauſe they were ignorant of the new world: next, continuing your voyage northward, you ſhall go into the Hyperborean regions, where you will find the floating-iſlands of the Hyperborean prince, my rival; there you muſt enquire narrowly after the queen; for it is likely the enchanter who has taken her away, may have conveyed her thither, to ſatisfy the Hyperborean prince's paſſion. If, upon ſtrict ſearch, you miſs her there, you ſhall embark on the frozen ſea of Greenland, where ſome ſage enchanter, my friend, will not fail to furniſh you with a veſſel to carry you to Lapland. You ſhall croſs Norway, Gothland, and the country of the Vandals, now called Sweden; whence you ſhall paſs into Denmark, once called the Kingdom of the Cimbrians; and, after viſiting all parts of Germany, you ſhall traverſe Illyria, Italy, and Sicily; and, when a veſſel has carried you from Syracuſa into Macedon, you will there ſee the famous fields of Philippi; then you ſhall travel through Bulgaria, Sclavonia, Servia, and the other parts of the famous Grecian empire. After that, you ſhall go into Sarmatia; thence into Circaſſia, that flouriſhing kingdom of the valiant Sacripant; and thence into the vaſt empire of Lucia, whoſe mighty power had like to have overthrown the flouriſhing empire of Greece, in the time of the warlike Amadis: then, directing your courſe to Conſtantinople by the Euxine Sea, and paſſing the Streights of Helleſpont, famous for the loves of Hero and Leander, you ſhall land in Aſia. In that part of the world, Sancho, the great empire of the Sultan of Niquea will aſtoniſh you with it's rich and ſtately cities, and thoſe ſumptuous palaces, ſo admirably deſcribed in books of knight-errantry. Next, drawing towards Cappadocia, and the banks of the clear River Thermodon, which waters the delicious plains of the noble kingdom of the Amazons, you ſhall repair to Themiſcyra; where you ſhall comfort thoſe warlike women for the abſence of their queen the Princeſs Zenobia; telling them that I am her knight, and will reſtore her to them in ſpite of all enchanters who ſhall pretend to oppoſe it. From Cappadocia fail not to proceed onwards into Armenia, Iberia, Georgia, and the famous empire of Tartary, now in the poſſeſſion of the ſucceſſors of the famous Agrican and Mandricardo, lovers of the beautiful Angelica, and rivals to that Count of Algiers, whom you ſaw not long ſince near Ateca. Thence proceed to the empire of Cathay, to that of China, to the Indies, and the Mogul's country; but, when you come to Iſpahan, contrive, my dear friend, by preſents

'and

'and artful management, to procure 'admiſſion into the ſophy's ſeraglio, 'and examine whether the Princeſs 'Zenobia be there. In ſhort, Sancho, 'when you have ſatisfied your curioſi-'ty at the court of the Sultan of Baby-'lon, you ſhall come back towards the 'kingdoms of Cyprus and Damaſcus, 'where formerly reigned the good old 'man Norandin, the great friend of 'knights-errant; but, before you leave 'Aſia, viſit all the Arabias, and par-'ticularly that where the phœnix is 'found: then, when you have atten-'tively viewed the tomb of the Saracen 'prophet, you ſhall paſs over the iſth-'mus that joins Aſia and Africa. You 'may ſtay one day to reſt you in the 'great city of Alexandria; then, go-'ing up the Nile along thoſe fruitful 'plains that river waters, you ſhall 'paſs into the empire of Ethiopia and 'the Abiſſines: then, turning away to 'the ſouthward, you ſhall advance into 'the kingdom of the Cafres, ſo fatal 'to ſtrangers, becauſe thoſe barbarous 'people feed on human blood. After 'this, returning again to the north-'ward, you will come into the king-'doms of Tombut and Senega, and 'the vaſt empire of the blacks; whence, 'croſſing the dominions of the King 'of Morocco, and thoſe which once 'belonged to King Agramant, that 'fatal enemy to the mighty Charle-'maigne, Emperor of the Romans, you 'ſhall embark at Algiers to return into 'Spain.'—'Mother of God!' cried Sancho, 'what a journey is that! I 'had rather go to the Shrine of St. 'James in Galicia. Faith, my aſs and 'I ſhall try what our feet are made of!' —'In truth, Sancho,' ſaid Don Car-los, laughing, 'Dapple and you are 'like to ſee abundance of countries: 'you need but follow the road your 'maſter has traced out for you, there 'is no danger of miſſing it. Go quick-'ly, and make haſte back!'—'Make 'haſte back!' quoth Sancho. 'Fair 'and ſoftly, Don Carlos! I muſt firſt 'go to Conſtantinople, and thence into 'France; from France into the Sophy 'of Seraglio; and from thence to the 'Devil in Hell! Do not you conſider, 'that, though my aſs trotted all the 'way, he could not perform that jour-'ney in a week?'—'Be gone quickly, 'my ſon!' ſaid Don Quixote; 'make 'all the haſte you can, and return as 'ſoon as may be: you ſhall find me 'here. I, during that time, will im-'mure myſelf in my chamber; for the 'laws of ancient chivalry require that 'I wholly give myſelf up to ſorrow, 'that I pine away with grief, and that 'I perform all the actions of a deſpair-'ing knight.'—'That is but reaſon-'able,' ſaid Don Alvaro; 'but I am 'of opinion that you ſhould dine with 'us firſt, the better to feed your afflic-'tion.'—'Heavens defend me from it!' anſwered Don Quixote; 'I will be 'eight days without eating or drink-'ing, or ſpeaking one word.' This ſaid, he gravely ſaluted the company, and retired to his own room, double-locking the door, for fear ſome indiſ-creet perſon ſhould come to diſturb the pleaſure he was going to take in afflict-ing himſelf.

In the mean while, the gentlemen, having detained Sancho with them, began to railly him about his journey. 'Then you are going to leave us, Mr. 'Governor?' ſaid Don Alvaro. 'Will 'you not dine before you go?'—'Dine 'with you!' anſwered the ſquire: 'you 'need not queſtion it, Don Alvaro; 'and, if you pleaſe, I deſign to fill my 'wallet, as I did at Saragoſſa; for I 'have a great way to go, and, you 'know, it is the belly that carries the 'legs.'—'You are in the right,' ſaid Don Carlos; 'it is a long way, and 'you will do well to lay in proviſions. 'I could wiſh you were come back al-'ready, to give us the marvellous ac-'count of your expedition; to recount 'to us the rarities of ſtrange countries; 'and, like other travellers, to talk of 'a thouſand fine things you never ſaw.' —'I have one favour to aſk of you, 'Mr. Governor,' ſaid the count. 'Pray bring me the largeſt pearls you 'can find in the Indies to make a neck-'lace for my wife the Princeſs Treba-'ſina.'—'Pearls do you ſay!' anſwered Sancho. 'Why, is the country I am 'going to a pearl-country?'—'No 'queſtion of it,' replied the count. 'Pox on it! why did not you tell me 'ſo ſooner?' quoth the ſquire. 'I had 'been gone an hour ago, and by this 'time I had been in England!'—'May 'I preſume,' ſaid Don Pedro, 'to de-'ſire another ſmall kindneſs of Mr. 'Governor?'—'You may,' anſwered Sancho; 'you need only name what 'you would have, and it is done.

'Would

'Would you have ſome pearls too?'— 'I deſire neither pearls nor diamonds,' replied Don Pedro. 'I would only 'have you, as you paſs through the 'country of the Caffres, make enquiry 'how many ſquires they have eaten 'this year: I have a curioſity to know 'it.'—'Nay, as for that miſbegotten 'kingdom,' quoth Sancho, 'I crave 'leave to kiſs your lordſhip's hands: 'I will not come within an hundred 'yards of it. I know enough already 'of a ſpit with three points; and a 'man that has once felt the colick, 'had need be afraid of the gripes.' Don Carlos and the Granadine continued to give the ſquire farther commiſſions; but, whilſt they were communicating their inſtructions, a venerable old man entered the apartment: he was clad in a long robe of black ſattin, girt about him with a broad yellow ribband; he had a cap of goat's hair, and a white beard which reached down to his knees: in his right-hand was a ſtaff, with which he ſupported his ſteps; and in his left he carried a great book. The gentlemen ſoon perceived that the old man was Don Carlos's young ſecretary; and this new diſguiſe was the more pleaſing to them, as they did not expect it. Sancho, the inſtant he caſt his eyes on the enormous furniture of the ſtranger's chin, exclaimed—'By the lady, what a beard! 'our horſe's tail is nothing to it!'— 'Friend,' replied the aged ſtranger, 'ſpeak with greater reverence of a beard 'which has been twelve hundred years 'in growing.'—'Saints and Fathers!' replied the ſquire, 'is it poſſible you 'ſhould be twelve hundred years of 'age! Then you are an enchanter?'— 'Right,' quoth the old man. 'By 'my troth, I fancied as much!' anſwered Sancho; 'for, I have heard ſay, 'enchanters live ſo long that they bury 'their grandfathers.'—'You have 'been rightly informed,' replied the ſecretary; 'and I muſt tell you I am 'called "The Sage Lirgandus." I 'believe you are no ſtranger to my 'name?'—'No, faith!' quoth the ſquire; 'I know you well enough: 'you are a friend to my maſter Don 'Quixote. We have often called upon 'you in our combats: but ſo it is; "My brother may cry on, for my fa-"ther does not rock him." To deal 'plainly, you have left us ſo often in 'the mire, that it is a wonder we ever 'pulled our legs out.'—'My poor 'Sancho!' anſwered the enchanter, 'you have no cauſe to complain: we 'enchanters cannot be here, and there, 'and every where. We have ſo many 'damſels to enchant, ſo many knights 'to caſt into priſons, ſo many ſquires 'to toſs in blankets, and, in ſhort, ſo 'much buſineſs on all ſides, that we 'cannot always come juſt in time to 'help out a knight we take under our 'protection. Is it not ſufficient that 'we arrive, after he is well beaten, to 'rub him down, or bring him ſome 'balſam? I can aſſure you it is not 'for want of good-will; and your 'maſter would be in the wrong, ſhould 'he complain that I am unconcerned 'at his misfortunes. I come to Madrid on purpoſe to comfort him upon 'the departure of Queen Zenobia.'— 'Then you are welcome!' cried Sancho; 'but, in the name of God, Mr. 'Lirgandus, take care to hinder him, 'by your magick, from being eight 'days without eating or drinking; 'and ſatisfy him that there is no need 'I ſhould paſs over the Helliſh Ponds, 'and all the other ponds in the world, 'to run after the princeſs! Pray order 'it ſo that I may not leave this place: 'ſave my aſs this jaunt, and he will 'give you a thouſand benedictions.'— 'Well, friend,' ſaid the enchanter, 'lead me to your maſter's chamber, 'and I engage for it you ſhall not go.' The ſquire, overjoyed at this promiſe, conducted him as he deſired. The gentlemen, willing to know what the Sage Lirgandus would ſay, followed him; and, when they came to the chamber-door, they heard the knight exclaim aloud—'O quinteſſence of beau-'ty! eighth wonder in the world! 'where art thou at this time? Alas! 'perhaps, environed with monſters, 'thou art now filling with thy doleful 'plaints the caſtle of ſome barbarous 'necromancer! Impatient I await my 'ſquire's return, that I may fly to your 'relief: in the mean while, liſten to 'my diſmal moan and ſorrowful la-'mentations, thou adorable ſovereign 'of my ſoul!'

'Open the door, Sir! open the door!' cried Sancho, knocking furiouſly. 'You 'need not deſpair, Madam Zenobia is 'not loſt.' Don Quixote recognizing the voice of his ſquire, opened the door,

saying—'What now, my son, have you 'found out already where the queen 'is?'—'No, Sir,' answered Sancho; 'but here is the wise Lirgandus, your 'friend; who is come to bring you 'tidings of her.'—'It is even so, Ca-'vallero de los Amores; great Knight 'of the Cupids;' quoth the secretary, embracing Don Quixote; 'I come to 'tell you what hath befallen her: cease 'your affliction; and think no more of 'Queen Zenobia. The wise Artemi-'dorus has taken her from you, to re-'store her to her lawful husband.'—'What do I hear!' cried Don Quixote; 'is the princess married? Has she es-'poused Hyperborean, the Prince of 'the Floating Islands?'—'You have 'said it,' answered Lirgandus; 'you 'have read in that prince's history 'with how much valour he delivered 'that princess from the crystal tower 'in which the Enchanter Pamphus had 'confined her. But, since the history 'goes no farther, I must tell you the 'rest. The beautiful Zenobia, being 'set free by the Prince of the Floating 'Islands, grew so fond of him, that she 'resolved to let him know it: and the 'princesses of her country making no 'scruple, as you well know, of going 'to meet princes in their camps, this 'chaste queen went away to see Hy-'perborean in his. He received her 'with all the kindness of a passionate 'lover; made a great feast; and they 'were married before dinner was over. 'Then he carried her to his Floating 'Islands; where, for a proof of his 'manhood, she was delivered of three 'children. But about a month after 'she had given this rare demonstration 'of her fruitfulness, the sage, or rather 'the extravagant Pamphus, (who was 'always in love with that princess, 'though she hated him) being deter-'mined upon revenge, transported her, 'one day as she was hunting, into a 'wood in Spain: there, having un-'mercifully stripped her to the smock, 'he bound her to a tree; and, to add 'to her misfortune, gave her the per-'fect resemblance of a base tripe-woman 'at Alcala, called Barbara Hacked-'Face.'—'Aye, by my beard, that is 'true!' cried Sancho, interrupting him; 'for Bracamonte the soldier was mis-'taken in her; and I dare lay a wager 'that the players we met the other day 'do not know they spent the night in 'drinking with a princess.'—'Pam-'phus the enchanter,' continued the secretary, 'having thus left Zenobia 'in the wood where you found her, 'made no question that the wolves 'would devour her; but when he un-'derstood that you had rescued her, 'and that she was under your protec-'tion, he was ready to run mad. He 'attempted to steal her from you; but 'missing of his aim, he was so vexed, 'that he retired to one of his castles, 'and has never stirred abroad since. 'On the other side, Prince Hyperbo-'rean led a sad life for the loss of his 'consort; but the wise Artemidorus 'found out by his art that she was here, 'and that you was in love with her. 'For this reason he stole her away 'from you last night. Dry up your 'tears, then, knight; banish from your 'heart and memory the resemblance 'of that princess, and think of no-'thing now but your combat with Bra-'marbas. That giant, I must apprize 'you, will be in town to morrow, and 'you will stand in need of all your 'strength to vanquish him.'—'Enough, 'wise Lirgandus!' answered Don Quix-ote; 'I should be unworthy of your 'friendship did I not entirely follow 'your advice. Since Queen Zenobia 'is married, I will be her knight no 'longer; I take back my heart again.' —'By that worshipful beard,' cried Sancho, 'my master is the better for 'our curate's lectures! This it is to be 'an honest and a conscientious knight, 'thus to let his neighbour's wife alone. 'Would to God the worst in the world 'were like him! O how glad am I 'there's an end of my journey!'—'But, friend Sancho,' said the count, 'if you do not go, farewel my pearls.' —'As for that,' answered the squire, 'send for them by the post. Is there 'nobody in the world can fetch them 'but I? In short, I had rather you 'should go without pearls, than I 'should founder my Dapple.'—'Come, 'gentlemen,' said the Granadine, 'since 'Don Quixote is no longer obliged to 'to lock himself up, and do penance 'for Queen Zenobia, let us go and sit 'down to table?—Will the wise Lir-'gandus do us the honour to dine with 'us?'—'I return you thanks, gentle-'men,' answered the enchanter; 'I 'cannot stay here any longer; I am in 'haste to be gone into Cochin-China:

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'all the enchanters in the world are 'to be there this afternoon, to decide 'a controverſy that is riſen between 'two of our brethren, about an in-'fanta whom they have ſtolen from 'her parents, and whom each of them 'would keep to himſelf.—Farewel, 'gentlemen, till we meet again.— 'Remember, brave Knight of LaMan-'cha, that you ſhall ſee the dreadful 'Bramarbas to-morrow; and take no-'tice, that if he falls by your hand, 'you will finiſh one of the nobleſt ad-'ventures ever performed by knight-'errant!' This ſaid, he embraced Don Quixote, ſaluted the company, and retired into another room to Unlirgandiſe himſelf; namely, to get rid of his magician's robe and beard, and reaſſume his habit of ſecretary. The gentlemen, meanwhile, finding Don Quixote comforted for the loſs of Zenobia, carried him into the dining-room, where the table was covered. They all ſat down; and, when dinner was over, they deſired young Don Ferdinand to proſecute his ſtory—which he did in this manner.

CHAP. X.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF DON FERDINAND'S STORY.

'DON Pedro and myſelf, as I told 'you, returned to Flanders with 'all expedition, to carry the arch-duke 'our pleaſing news. We came to 'Antwerp, where that prince received 'us with extraordinary kindneſs and 'ſatisfaction. Don Pedro delivered 'to him the original of the contract 'which was ſo advantageous to him, 'and with it a picture of the infanta. 'She was extremely like her mother, 'who was daughter to Henry the Se-'cond, king of France, and the moſt 'beautiful princeſs in Europe. The 'arch-duke was much charmed with 'the picture, and made mighty pre-'parations for the reception of the in-'fanta, who was to ſet out as ſoon as 'poſſible from Madrid. He preferred 'Don Pedro to the firſt poſts in the 'army, and gave me freſh hopes. 'Though the campaign was then draw-'ing to an end, yet underſtanding that 'the towns of Sluys and Grave were 'not well garriſoned, or provided, he 'reſolved to beſiege thoſe two places, to 'put a more glorious period to the 'campaign, and give that happy omen 'to his marriage. To this end he 'gathered two armies of twenty thou-'ſand men each, compoſed of ſuch 'troops as were then in the field, and 'of ſuch as he could draw out of gar-'riſon without expoſing the frontier 'places to danger. He gave Don Pe-'dro the command of the army de-'ſigned for Grave; the other was com-'manded by a general officer, who took 'Sluys in a month. Grave held out 'but eight days from the opening of 'the trenches, which was occaſioned 'by an accident ſeldom ſeen at ſuch 'important ſieges. Our trenches were 'well advanced, when the governor of 'the place, believing we ſhould ſoon 'be in a condition to attack the covert-'way, thought fit to make a grand 'ſalley with a choſen body of infantry, 'ſupported by all his horſe. We were 'upon our guard, expecting ſome ſuch 'attempt: Don Pedro poſted ſeveral 'bodies of men in convenient places 'to protect our pioneers; and I was 'ordered to ſupport them with our 'regiment. The beſieged made a vi-'gorous attack upon our trenches; our 'infantry oppoſed them gallantly, and 'then the horſe fell in on both ſides. 'The fight was bloody, and laſted 'long; but at laſt we repulſed them, 'and entered the town with them pell-'mell. My firſt care was to ſecure 'the gate, and to ſend away in haſte 'for our next troops to come and ſup-'port me. They did ſo; and the beſt 'part of our army was in the town 'before the enemy thought of repul-'ſing us, their confuſion was ſo great. 'We made all the garriſon priſoners, 'except ſome who fled out at the op-'poſite gate; and even moſt of thoſe 'fell into the hands of a detachment 'poſted on that ſide. Thus we be-'came maſters of Grave. When the 'arch-duke received this news, he 'could ſcarce believe it: he gave me 'great commendations; declared he 'was beholden to me for that im-'portant conqueſt; and gave me the 'command of a regiment, with a pen-'ſion to ſupport my rank. That great 'prince's generoſity was a mighty ſa-'tisfaction to me; for every thing fil-'ed my heart with joy, which ſeemed 'to ſet me any thing nearer to Donna 'Anna. As for Don Pedro, the arch-

'duke ſhewed him the greateſt tokens 'of eſteem and honour, and commend-'ed him for his conduct of the works 'againſt the place, and the meaſures 'he had taken to prevent it's being 'relieved. At this happy time the 'infanta arrived at Dunkirk: the 'archduke went thither to meet her, 'and found that ſhe was more beau-'tiful than her picture. I ſhall not 'pretend to recount the publick re-'joicings which were celebrated 'throughout all the Low Countries: I 'will only tell you, that he carried her 'to Bruges, to Ghent, and to Ant-'werp; where the people vied with each 'other in demonſtrating their zeal and 'attachment. The Archduke Albert 'renounced willingly the cardinal's 'robe, to eſpouſe a princeſs who, be-'ſides her charms, brought him in 'dower ſuch conſiderable dominions. 'The wedding was kept at Bruſſels, 'with magnificence ſuitable to ſuch 'illuſtrious lovers. Among other pub-'lick ſhews, there was a gallant tilt-'ing in the chief market-place or ſquare 'of the town: all the nobility ap-'peared at it in great ſplendor. I had 'the honour to be of Don Pedro's 'troop, and gained my full ſhare of 'applauſe.

'But however delighted the arch-'duke ſeemed with his good fortune, 'the ſweets of love did not make him 'forget the care of the war. From the 'time that he became governor of the 'Low Countries, he had applied him-'ſelf, without remiſſion, to the re-'duction of the rebels; but the aſſiſt-'ance they had received from France 'had hitherto been an obſtacle to his 'ſucceſs. To remove this impediment, 'conferences were held at Vervins be-'tween the miniſters of Spain and 'France, for the purpoſe of ſettling 'a peace between the two crowns, 'which would enable Spain to bend 'all it's power againſt the United Pro-'vinces. The peace being conclud-'ed, the archduke took the field, and 'defeated a conſiderable body of 'Dutch near Nieuport; but, being de-'ſirous of puſhing his ſucceſs ſtill far-'ther, he ventured, contrary to the ad-'vice of his generals, to attack the 'enemy in their entrenchments, and 'was defeated by Prince Maurice. 'This misfortune nothing abated his 'courage: the next year he formed the 'famous ſiege of Oſtend; which will 'ever remain a memorable inſtance of 'the conſtancy of the beſiegers, and 'the obſtinacy of the rebels; for it laſt-'ed three years, three months, and 'three days. I ſhall not trouble you 'with the particulars of an affair ſo well 'known; but will only tell you, that 'Prince Maurice uſed all poſſible means 'to raiſe the ſiege; and we, rather than 'forſake it, ſuffered him to take Grave 'Sluys.

'Though I was employed in the 'war, my thoughts ſtill dwelt upon 'Donna Anna; and my love was ſo 'great, that I could never have lived 'thus long without ſeeing her, had I 'not thought it abſolutely neceſſary to 'gain a name by my ſword, that I 'might render myſelf worthy of be-'coming her huſband. However, my 'heart was far from being at reſt; I 'was apprehenſive that her father, ſee-'ing himſelf advanced in years, might 'be deſirous of ſettling his daughter 'before his death. This apprehenſion 'greatly troubled me; but fortune, fa-'vourable to my paſſion, brought me 'back to Donna Anna, when I leaſt 'expected it. Philip the Third, by 'his father's death, had now ſucceeded 'to all this mighty monarchy; and the 'Moors, looking upon Tangier, Ceu-'ta, Oran, Mazagan, and our other 'places on the coaſt of Africa, with 'an eye of diſſatisfaction, were deter-'mined to make themſelves maſters of 'them. This they durſt not attempt 'during the reign of Philip the Second, 'whom they dreaded; but, believing 'they might make an eaſy conqueſt at 'the beginning of a new reign, they 'ſet on foot extraordinary preparations 'for this purpoſe. The Duke of Ler-'ma, who was at the head of affairs at 'that time, being informed of their 'deſign, began to raiſe forces. All 'the nobility of Spain, capable of being 'entruſted with the conduct of the 'African war, being then in Flanders 'or Italy, the king wrote to the arch-'duke to ſend over ſome officers; but 'particularly two general officers, on 'whoſe conduct he might rely. The 'archduke, amidſt all the great men in 'his court, pitched upon Don Pedro; 'and made choice of me to command 'under him. I was, you muſt think, 'ſufficiently overjoyed to feel myſelf 'now become a general officer; nothing

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'could add to it, but the pleaſure of 'returning to Spain, where I hoped to 'ſee Donna Anna. We had ſcarce 'time to return our thanks to the arch-'duke, before we were obliged to take 'our leave. This I may truly ſay, 'that all perſons of any note were ſorry 'to part with us; and the archduke 'himſelf, when we took our leave, 'very kindly declared, that he looked 'upon it as a great loſs to himſelf to 'be deprived of our ſervice; but that 'the obligations he had to the crown 'of Spain obliged him to make that 'ſacrifice.

'We left Bruſſels; and, as the peace 'lately concluded with France gave us 'the liberty of paſſing through that 'kingdom, we thought fit to go by 'land. We entered Spain by the way 'of Navarre; and, as ſoon as we came 'to Madrid, we waited on the Duke 'of Lerma, and the other great mini-'ſters, who received us very honour-'ably, owing to the favourable ac-'count the archduke had given of us. 'They conducted us to receive the 'king's orders, who expreſſed himſelf 'in terms of ſatisfaction, and promiſed 'that our commiſſions ſhould be made 'out immediately. All the buſineſs 'depending on Don Pedro, who was 'to command our little army, I had 'no more to do at Madrid till our de-'parture for Africa; which, for the 'preſent, ſeemed at ſome diſtance, as 'our inferior officers were very back-'ward in their levies, and a fleet was 'to be fitted out at Cadiz to carry us 'over. This proved very advanta-'geous to me; for it gave me the op-'portunity of ſpending ſome months 'at Alcala. Thither I went, too im-'patient about Donna Anna to think 'of any thing elſe; therefore, leaving 'my man and horſes at an inn, I haſt-'ed to the place where I had ſo often 'ſeen her. There I heard ſhe had 'been ſome days gone to Siguenza with 'her father about their private con-'cerns, and that her return was un-'certain. Afflicted at this intelligence, 'I was returning to the inn to reſt my-'ſelf, for it was then late: when, as I 'was paſſing by a houſe, a woman 'came out of it; and, taking me by 'the hand, without ſpeaking one 'word, led me into it. I followed, 'without conſidering at firſt what I 'did; but recollected myſelf upon be-'ing ordered by the woman to ſhut the 'door, and follow her. I then judged 'that it was ſome amorous intrigue I 'was fallen into; and that the woman, 'being diſordered by the thoughts of 'what ſhe was doing unknown to her 'parents, or deluded by her imagina-'tion, miſtook me in the dark for ano-'ther perſon. I was on the point of 'returning back, though the occaſion 'was ſuch as might make a man bold; 'yet I would not be obliged to chance 'for my good fortune, and was too 'nice to accept favours which love did 'not deſign for me. Curioſity, how-'ever, prevented my departure. I had 'a mind to ſee whether the lady was 'beautiful, and what would be the 'iſſue of this adventure: perhaps my 'deſtiny thus ordered it, that by theſe 'means I ſhould arrive at the know-'ledge of my own origin. I followed 'the lady to the top of the ſtairs, 'having only juſt ſhut the ſtreet-door 'without locking it, that I might the 'more eaſily retreat, if occaſion requir-'ed. She, having ordered me to wait 'for her in that place, retired. Preſent-'ly I heard ſome perſon mounting 'ſoftly up the ſtairs; I ſhrunk into the 'corner that he might not diſcover me: 'but the method I took to avoid him, 'threw me into his arms; for the man, 'who probably knew the ways of the 'houſe no better than I did, crept along 'the wall, and met me in the corner. 'Though I had not much time to con-'ſider, I ſoon concluded that he was 'the party deſigned for the intrigue. 'We began to feel one another with-'out ſpeaking a word; but, having eve-'ry reaſon to fear he would not fail 'ſtabbing me when he diſcovered that 'I was a man, I took care to pre-'vent him; and, drawing my poignard, 'ſtruck it twice into his breaſt. I 'heard him drop down at my feet, 'fetching a deep groan. I ſlipped 'down the ſtairs, and out of the houſe, 'ſhutting the door after me that I might 'not be followed; and made haſte to 'my inn, where I took care to con-'ceal this adventure. I ſpent the reſt 'of the night in making ſerious re-'flections on the extravagant madneſs 'of youth, which hurries us into all 'manner of misfortunes, when pru-'dence does not direct us; and I could 'not forgive myſelf the action I had 'been drawn into the commiſſion of

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'from the impulse of a foolish curiosity. What was my surprize, 'when, going the next day to Don 'Christopher's, I found all the family 'in confusion! I enquired into the 'cause of it; and was told that Don 'Christopher had the night before re-'ceived two stabs with a poignard at 'the house of Donna Eugenia de Pe-'ralta; and that nobody knew how, or 'to what purpose, he went into that 'place. I desired to see him; but he 'knew nobody, and lay struggling for 'life. His friends pressed eagerly to 'offer their assistance; Don Louis was 'distracted, the servants all in tears. 'What a spectacle was this for me! 'I had no reason to doubt that I had 'been the murderer of my friend. I 'cursed my own folly; and I should 'have laid violent hands on myself, 'had not the surgeons declared that his 'wounds were not mortal; and, though 'his weakness gave cause of apprehen-'sion, yet they said they would an-'swer for his life, if he fell not into a 'fever in two days. This assurance 'suspended my despair, and prevented 'my offering myself a sacrifice to my 'friend. During the two days we 'were all in the utmost anxiety. I 'never left the wounded man; but 'continued by his bed-side day and 'night, felt his pulse every moment, 'and dreaded the thoughts of a fever: 'and, to prove to you the excess of 'my concern, I assure you that, for 'those two days, I never once thought 'of my love. Happily Don Christo-'pher had no fever; and such care was 'taken of him, that he began by de-'grees to gather strength.

'When he was out of danger, every 'body occupied themselves in guessing 'at the cause and circumstances of his 'adventure, though far enough from 'suspecting the share I had in it. In 'the mean time, Eugenia made all 'possible search after her daughter: 'the magistrates, on their part, en-'quired into Engracia's flight, and the 'wounds of Don Christopher. The 'judge in criminal causes thought it 'not enough to examine Don Christo-'pher, but he summoned Eugenia, and 'confronted them. Don Christopher 'concealed no part of what he knew: 'he frankly owned his love for En-'gracia, and their assignation. "By "this, Madam," said the judge, "it "appears that you, looking upon Don "Christopher as the seducer of your "daughter, employed some of your "kindred or servants to revenge your "quarrel: and thus the suspicion of "the intended murder falls upon you." 'Eugenia, in justification of herself, 'answered, that she was never ac-'quainted with Don Christopher's love 'to her daughter. "Madam," said 'Don Christopher, "I do not accuse "you of this attempt to assassinate me; "your innocence I make no question "of: and would to Heaven your daugh-"ter might be found equally blame-"less! But I have too much reason to "conclude that some rival carried her "off, after leaving me in a condition "so unable to oppose him."—"Is "there any likelihood," said Eugenia, "that my daughter should make an as-"signation to murder you?"—"It is "that which confounds me," answered 'Don Christopher, "and prevents my "being positive in my censure." The 'judge, having gained very little in-'sight in the affair from this exami-'nation, delayed judgment, and re-'solved to scrutinize the matter still 'farther.

'During this time, Donna Anna 'returned from Siguenza. She was 'overjoyed to find me; and the more so 'because she did not expect it. On 'my part, besides the satisfaction of 'finding her more beautiful than ever, 'I had the comfort to see her continue 'faithful and constant. We had se-'veral interviews in the house I before 'mentioned to you. My rank as ge-'neral officer made us hope her father 'would approve of my pretensions; so 'that we both thought ourselves hap-'py: but fortune soon thwarted our 'felicity. Don Christopher, recover-'ing his strength within a month, 'went abroad. As I was one day 'congratulating him, he appeared dis-'contented; and said—"My father has "proposed to marry me to the daughter "of a friend of his; and he is so bent "upon the match that he will not al-"low any objections. This is very "disagreeable to me, because I have "still a kindness for Engracia, what-"ever cause I have to suspect her fide-"lity."—"Do you know," said I, "the lady who is designed for you?" —"No," replied he; "my father has "not yet told me her name: he designs

"to

" to let me see her first. He has only " informed me that she is very rich, of " noble parentage, and that her person " cannot be displeasing to me." I ' listened to what he said, as no farther ' relating to me than as it concerned ' him; but the next day, going to visit ' Donna Anna at the usual place, I ' found her in tears. This touched me ' to the heart; so that, casting myself ' at her knees, to enquire the cause of ' her affliction, I learned, with astonish- ' ment, that her father purposed mar- ' rying her to Don Christopher, and ' had positively resolved on it. These ' tidings were like the stroke of death ' to me; and I sunk down at the feet ' of my mistress. Donna Anna, fear- ' ing my seizure might be attended ' with fatal effects, held forth her hand ' to raise me up again; and, though ' not less agitated than myself with the ' misfortune that menaced us, she es- ' sayed, in the most tender manner, to ' comfort me. For a long time I ' could not speak one word: I recover- ' ed my senses; but only so far as to be ' more sensible of my grief. " Just " Heavens!" exclaimed I, " am I " then abandoned to the rigour of my " destiny? Must all those hopes, that " were the joy of my life, vanish in a " moment!" Then, looking upon ' Donna Anna with the greatest disor- ' der imaginable—" And you, Ma- " dam," cried I, " can you, then, " consent to such a marriage? Will " you not take the least step in favour " of an unhappy man? Must the first " efforts of a father's will thus easily " tear you from my heart?"—" I have " done all," answered she, " that de- " cency will allow of; I have protested " to my father my aversion to this " match; I have conjured him not to " force me to obedience: and I would " still oppose him, could I think it " were to any purpose; but I know I " shall not prevail; since his word is " engaged, my prayers and tears will " but exasperate. Yet I will speak to " him once more, and will spare no- " thing that may move him: in short, " if I cannot be yours, I promise that " you shall have no cause to complain " of me." This said, she left me, and ' retired to make a last effort upon her ' father.

' As for me, I returned again to my ' inn, where I spent the rest of the day ' in lamenting my hard fortune: but ' hope never failing, even in extremi- ' ty, I called to mind the dispositions I ' had observed in Don Christopher; and ' thought that, by exhorting him to ' continue faithful to Engracia, not- ' withstanding his father's importu- ' nity, I might possibly break off his ' match with Donna Anna. Full of ' this project, I hastened to his house, ' flattering myself with the hopes of ' being successful; when he, perceiv- ' ing me, came forth to meet me with ' all the transports of a man who can- ' not contain himself. " O, my dear " Cæsar," cried he, " my condition is " much altered since yesterday; I have " seen the charming creature my father " designs for me. You see I am in a " rapture! She is an angel! I was " impatient till I saw you; come now " and partake of my joy." You may ' well guess these words were death to ' me. " How, Don Christopher!" ' replied I; " can you abandon the " unhappy Engracia to her misfor- " tunes? Can you, then, subject " her to the mortal regret of having " drawn down on her head the resent- " ment of her family for a faithless " lover?"—" Engracia," answered ' he, " is herself faithless; it plainly " appears by her flight: but whether " she was carried away by force, or " by her own consent; whether she is " innocent or guilty; I will not think " of her any more. Do not oppose " my new love, my friend: I find a " thousand advantages in the match " with Donna Anna. Her birth, her " fortune, her beauty, do all plead for " my love: I adore her more passion- " ately than ever I did Engracia." ' These words quite overcame me: I ' turned colour; my eyes failed me; a ' cold sweat spread over my body; and ' I was ready to faint. My friend, ' thinking I was not well, did all he ' could to assist me; but, as soon as I ' came to myself, I left him, pretend- ' ing that I would go and repose me at ' my inn; but, being very anxious to ' see Donna Anna, I repaired to our ' usual rendezvous. Word was sent ' that I expected her. She soon came; ' and, as I read in her face the sad ' news she brought with her—" Ma- " dam," said I, " I perceive I am a " lost man, and that Don Bertrand " has not more compassion than Don " Christopher.

" Chriſtopher. Do not fear to pro-
" nounce the ſentence of my death; I
" am prepared for it."—" Did you
" know," anſwered ſhe, " how ear-
" neſtly I have endeavoured to diſſuade
" my father! But, alas! he is inexora-
" ble; and we muſt not any longer
" hope to live for one another." At
' theſe words, which diſtracted my un-
' derſtanding, I accuſed Heaven and
' deſtiny; and could almoſt have ex-
' pired with ſorrow at her feet. She
' could not forbear weeping to ſee me
' in ſuch a deplorable condition; and,
' though ſhe wanted comfort herſelf,
' yet ſhe incited me to bear this miſ-
' fortune with reſolution. I conti-
' nued inconſolable. " Madam,"
' replied I, " the ſubject of our ſor-
" row is not the ſame: you only loſe a
" man who had nothing worthy your
" charms to offer you; but I, together
" with my life, am deprived of the
" moſt raviſhing hopes, the moſt glo-
" rious fortune, that ever mortal could
" wiſh for."—"My dear Don Cæſar,"
' replied ſhe, " your loſs is great, ſince
" in me you loſe a faithful and a lov-
" ing heart. I ſhould be ſorry to ſee
" you bear the loſs of me with indif-
" ference; but your ſorrow may con-
" tain itſelf within bounds, and your
" valour muſt triumph over it."—
" Ah, Madam!" cried I, " your re-
" ſolution is great; but though your
" courage were ever ſo extraordina-
" ry, you could ſcarcely bear up, were
" you as ſenſible of the loſs of Cæſar
" as Cæſar is of loſing you." Don-
' na Anna did every thing in her pow-
' er to appeaſe me; but, at that time,
' all ſhe could ſay rather heightened
' my affliction than gave me comfort.
' In ſhort, the concluſion of this diſ-
' mal interview was, that I ſhould once
' more try Don Chriſtopher, acquaint
' him with my paſſion, and repreſent
' how fatal it muſt be to our friend-
' ſhip, if he ſtill perſiſted to rob me of
' my love. Donna Anna, with diffi-
' culty, was prevailed on to permit this
' attempt; but, ſeeing it was our only
' reſource, ſhe at laſt gave her conſent.
' I went, therefore, in purſuit of Don
' Chriſtopher, whom I found much
' concerned for me. " Don Cæſar,"
' ſaid he, " I am glad to ſee you; I
" was afraid your diſtemper might
" have been attended with ſome ill
" conſequences."—" It is not yet
" over," anſwered I; " but is greater
" than you imagine."—" What can
" be the cauſe?" replied he. " It is
" ſuch," ſaid I, " that I have reaſon to
" be apprehenſive leſt it break off that
" friendſhip which you have always
" honoured me with."—" That can-
" not be," cried Don Chriſtopher;
" our friendſhip is too ſtrongly linked,
" and nothing can ſhake it."—" What
" if I ſhould avow that it was I who
" ſtabbed you at Engracia's?" an-
' ſwered I. " Who, you!" cried he
' abruptly. " Could you be my aſſaſ-
" ſin? But, if you did, it was without
" knowing me; and I have no reaſon
" to be angry with you."—" It is
" true," ſaid I, " the night was guilty
" of that crime, and I was not con-
" ſenting; but what you cannot for-
" give me is, that I aſpire to the love
" of the perſon whom you have
" thought worthy of your affection."
' Theſe words made Don Chriſtopher
' change countenance; but, being lia-
' ble to a double meaning, becauſe
' Donna Anna was not named, he re-
' covered himſelf, and anſwered—" If
" it is Engracia you are in love with,
" the declaration you have made will
" cauſe no breach in our friendſhip:
" nay, more, I ſhould be glad to ſee
" my ſecond ſelf fill up that place
" which I cannot forſake without ſome
" regret."—" It is not Engracia I
" love," anſwered I, in a melancholy
' tone; " you appeared, the laſt time I
" ſaw you, too averſe from her, for me
" to imagine you could be concerned
" at her infidelity to you: Donna An-
" na is the object——" " Donna An-
" na!" cried he, in a paſſion. " What
" do you tell me, Don Cæſar? I for-
" give your ſtabbing me, but I cannot
" forgive you for aſpiring to the only
" perſon who can make me happy."—
" Had I ſtaid till now," anſwered I,
" before I offered up my vows to Don
" Bertrand's daughter, I ſhould think
" myſelf deſerving of the ſevereſt pu-
" niſhment; but I have adored her for
" ſeveral years. Remember that ſad-
" neſs you ſaw me labour under the
" firſt time I returned from Flanders;
" it was Donna Anna who then filled
" my heart."—"Ah, cruel man!" cried
' Don Chriſtopher, " why did you not
" then tell me ſo? Muſt you needs ſtay
" till I was myſelf bewitched by her
" before you would own it? You did

" not

" not confide in me when you ought. " Had I known your paſſion, I would " have fortified my heart againſt lov- " ing your miſtreſs; and friendſhip " would have aſſiſted me: but you " concealed your love, and that miſ- " truſt has ruined us. We muſt needs " be both unhappy; for it is now too " late for me to withſtand my new " paſſion. Do not expect that I ſhould " quit claim to Donna Anna: I have " formed to myſelf too ſweet an idea " of enjoying her, to be able to make " a ſacrifice of it to you. You may " ſooner aſk this life you have already " attempted, and I will ſooner grant it " you."—"I know," replied I, "that " I owe all I have to you, and that I " ought not to contend with you for " the poſſeſſion of a heart; but reflect, " that I loved Donna Anna before ever " you heard her name; before I could " conjecture that you would ever know " her. Take my advice, my dear " Don Chriſtopher; do not perſiſt in " robbing me of my miſtreſs: you will " never be happy in her. In ſpite of " all your merit, your love has already " coſt her abundance of tears."— " Then you are beloved," anſwered ' he, " ſince you are ſo well acquainted " with her averſion to me."—" I had " the good fortune," ſaid I, " to do " her a conſiderable piece of ſervice; " and ſhe has been as grateful to me " as I could wiſh."—" O Heavens!" ' cried he, in a fury. " May I be- " lieve my ears? It is not enough that " I am informed my beſt friend is my " rival, but I muſt be told that he is " well received, and myſelf hated!"— " I tell it you," anſwered I, " for " your own good, to prevent the mi- " ſeries that might follow, ſhould you " deprive me of Donna Anna."— " Such a diſcovery," replied he, " is " fitter to diſtract, than to compoſe " me!"—" Can you, then," ſaid I, " think of marrying a lady whoſe " heart you can never be maſter of? " No, certainly, you deſerve better; " and you have too great a ſoul to " make a woman wretched." Much ' more I added, to diſſuade him from ' the match, but all to no purpoſe. I ' perceived, however, that his ſoul was ' full of diſtraction, and that friend- ' ſhip pleaded ſtrongly in my favour; ' but the violence of his paſſion pre- ' vailed over his generoſity.

' The ſame day I gave an account of ' this diſcourſe to Donna Anna. "Ma- " dam," ſaid I to her, " we muſt now " take our leave for ever. I come di- " rectly from Don Chriſtopher: neither " my deſpair, nor Engracia's cauſe, " will move him; and he is reſolved, " rather than forſake you, to tranſgreſs " the moſt ſacred laws of love and " friendſhip." Donna Anna, hearing ' theſe words, wept plentifully, and ' ſunk into a deadly dejection: my con- ' dition was not much better. At ' length, making an effort above her- ' ſelf, ſhe ſaid to me with firmneſs— " My dear Cæſar, this is the time to " ſhew reſolution: we muſt part, ſince " cruel fate will have it ſo. Inſtead " of ſuffering theſe ſorrows to melt " our hearts, we muſt reſolve to harden " them."—"Ah, Madam!" anſwered ' I, " when I think of loſing you, my " heart has not courage to withſtand " the ſhock! O Heavens, what a diſ- " mal ſeparation is this!" Our words ' were continually interrupted with ' ſighs. I kiſſed Donna Anna's hands, ' and moiſtened them with my tears; ' but, perceiving that, greatly as ſhe ' was concerned at my ſorrow, ſhe ſtill ' perſiſted in the neceſſity of our ſepa- ' ration—" Well, Madam," ſaid I, " it is in vain to ſtruggle; I yield to " fate, which has decreed my ruin. " Farewel! I go to ſeek death at a diſ- " tance from you. My preſence ſhall " no more diſturb your quiet; and I " pray Heaven, that the happineſs I " wiſh you may not be interrupted by " the leaſt thought of me!" At theſe ' words, I forced myſelf away, went ' to my inn, and the next morning ſet ' out for Madrid. As I went out of ' the town, I met Don Chriſtopher ' coming from a friend's houſe: he ' was ſurprized, and would have ſhun- ' ned me; but the ſight of him having ' put a thought into my head, I went ' up to him, and ſaid—" Don Chriſ- " topher, may the unhappy Don Cæſar " beg one favour of you?"—" You " have a better claim to it," anſwered ' he, " than any other man."—" May " a ſoldier of fortune," replied I, " hope you will do him the honour to " try your ſword with him? I know " you cannot but be ſurprized at what " I propoſe; I have not forgot how " much I am obliged to you; and I " own I have nothing but what I owe

" to your uncle Don Pedro's goodneſs:
" but no conſideration can prevail with
" a deſpairing lover; I only deſire to
" die; and certainly fortune will have
" me fall by your hand, ſince you have
" already given me my mortal wound,
" in robbing me of Donna Anna."
' Don Chriſtopher could not but be
' moved at my words; but, having re-
' covered himſelf, he replied—" Don
" Cæſar, I ſhall not refuſe the ſatiſ-
" faction you deſire: I take it as an
" honour that you ſhould look upon
" me as a rival worthy of your valour.
" Yet I confeſs it grieves me to be
" forced to draw my ſword againſt my
" deareſt friend: but I muſt ſubmit to
" fate."—" I am not deceived," an-
' ſwered I, " in my opinion of your
" magnanimity; I was ſatisfied Don
" Chriſtopher would ſcorn, on ſuch
" an occaſion, to have regard to the
" inequality of my birth: but ſince we
" are to fight without malice, and only
" love is the cauſe of it, I could wiſh
" it might be done without expoſing a
" life ſo dear to me as yours is; and,
" therefore, if I am ſo fortunate as to
" get the better of you, I deſire you
" will deſiſt from your deſign on Don-
" na Anna."—" I would loſe ten
" thouſand lives," ſaid he, " rather
" than make you any ſuch promiſe.
" If I am worſted, ſpare not my life:
" whilſt I live, Donna Anna ſhall ne-
" ver be yours." Theſe words per-
' plexed me to a high degree; for I
' had only propoſed fighting in hopes
' of diſarming him, that then he might
' be reſtrained from croſſing my love.
' But finding him now reſolved ne-
' ver to reſign Donna Anna, I cried
' out, in a ſort of fury—" Why can
" you entertain ſuch a thought of me,
" as that I would take away your life?
" I would ſooner ſtab myſelf to the
" heart a thouſand times. Though
" you are the cauſe of my misfortune,
" you are ſtill more dear to me than
" my own happineſs. Farewel, un-
" feeling Don Chriſtopher! the wounds
" you give me are more cruel than the
" ſtabs you received at my hands. Go;
" and, if you can without remorſe, en-
" joy the bleſſing you rob me of. Fol-
" low the inconſtancy of your inclina-
" tions, in contempt of your firſt miſ-
" treſs, and with the loſs of your beſt
" friend." Thus ſpeaking, I left
' him, without waiting for his reply.
' I had not yet recovered myſelf, when
' I met my ſiſter Engracia in the midſt
' of ſeven or eight robbers: I ran to
' her aſſiſtance without knowing her;
' but I had periſhed in the conflict, had
' I not been ſuccoured by the brave
' Knight of La Mancha. I have al-
' ready told you that adventure: I muſt
' now give you an account of what
' happened after Don Quixote and I
' parted at Torreſva.

' When we came to Alcala, my un-
' cle Don Diego de Peralta left my
' ſiſter and me in an inn; judging it
' not ſafe to preſent us immediately to
' Eugenia, leſt the exceſs of ſudden joy
' might operate too powerfully upon a
' frame which long affliction had debili-
' tated extremely: he went to her alone,
' and acquainted her in what manner
' he had found Engracia; and, when
' he had prepared her for the happy
' news that was to compleat her joy,
' he ſent for my ſiſter and me. We fell
' down at my mother's feet; and, whilſt
' I kiſſed one of her hands, Engracia
' waſhed the other with her tears, beg-
' ging pardon for her offences. Eu-
' genia, ſhedding tears of joy, made us
' both riſe, and embraced us. Having
' ſatisfied the firſt tranſports of maternal
' tenderneſs, ſhe next affectionately em-
' braced Mary Ximenez: then ſhe de-
' ſired to know all the wonderful paſ-
' ſages of my life; which I related to
' her after the ſame manner I have
' to you. This done, the next thing
' was to contrive ſuch meaſures as
' might oblige Don Chriſtopher to
' marry Engracia. I was of opinion
' that force muſt be uſed, in caſe he re-
' fuſed to comply. My prudent uncle
' could not at firſt approve of my pro-
' poſal; but at length he conſented, in
' regard the honour of the family of
' the Peraltas was too deeply concerned
' to ſuffer Don Chriſtopher to marry
' any woman but my ſiſter, after the
' publick ſcandal occaſioned by his
' wounds. I went, therefore, to Don
' Chriſtopher with a reſolution to chal-
' lenge him, if he refuſed to marry my
' ſiſter. I was told he was indiſpoſed,
' and would admit nobody: but, as
' ſoon as he heard that I was there, and
' deſired to ſee him, he ordered me to
' be brought in. I found him lying
' on his bed, overwhelmed with a de-
' jection that ſurprized me. " Come,
" Cæſar," ſaid he, " you have van-

" quiſhed

" quiſhed me! The ſtruggle is over;
" friendſhip has got the better of love;
" I reſtore your miſtreſs. I cannot
" deny that this reſolution has coſt me
" dear; but your deſpair touched me,
" and my own thoughts have done the
" reſt!"—" My dear Don Chriſtpher!"
' anſwered I, embracing him in a rap-
' ture of joy, " Heaven has given you
" this reſolution, that you might not
" ſully the ſplendor of your virtues,
" by tearing my miſtreſs from me, and
" being unjuſt to Engracia!"—" As
" for Engracia," ſaid he, " ſhe has no
" ſhare in the offering I make you:
" her flight, ſo unknown to me in all
" it's circumſtances, abſolves me from
" any fidelity to her."—" Engracia's
" truth has never failed," anſwered I;
" and her flight ought not to ſet you
" againſt her. It is in your own power
" to be aſſured of her innocence."—
" Alas!" cried he, " who can aſſure
" me?"—" Myſelf!" ſaid I. Then
' I related the adventure of the rob-
' bers, and repeated to him all that I
' had heard from my ſiſter; and, laſtly,
' I acquainted him with the diſcovery
' I had made of my birth. He liſtened
' to me very attentively; and, when I
' had done—" O my friend!" cried
' he, " how ſurprizing are the things
" you tell me; Wonderful are the
" ways of Providence; which, by ſuch
" unuſual means, has brought you to
" the knowledge of your parents! You
" may believe my joy is as great as
" yours! As for Engracia, telling me
" ſhe is innocent, you revive my love;
" I reſtore her my heart, and entail the
" happineſs of my life on her." Not
' to loſe this favourable diſpoſition in
' Don Chriſtopher, I preſently led him
' to Eugenia's houſe, who received him
' as her ſon-in-law. He thought my
' ſiſter ſo beautiful, that he was aſhamed
' of having been falſe to her; and he
' proteſted that he ſhould have always
' continued faithful, had he not unfor-
' tunately miſtruſted her innocence.
' To conclude in few words, my uncle
' Don Diego went in ſearch of Don
' Bertrand de Montoya and Don Louis
' de Luna; and, having given them a
' full account of all that had paſſed,
' obtained conſent of the latter that his
' ſon ſhould marry Engracia; and of
' the former, that I ſhould marry his
' daughter. I am now come to Ma-
' drid to communicate theſe happy tid-
' ings to Don Pedro, and to acquaint
' him that my relations and his own
' wait only for his preſence to conclude
' theſe two marriages.'

Don Ferdinand having ended his ſtory, all the company expreſſed their ſatisfaction in his good fortune. Then they parted: Don Carlos and the count went out together to pay ſome viſits; Don Pedro and Don Ferdinand to prepare for their journey to Alcala; and Don Alvaro ſtaid at home with the Knight of La Mancha and his ſquire.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

OF THE GREAT ARCHBANTERER OF THE INDIES; HIS ARRIVAL AT MADRID; AND OF THE LOFTY SPEECHES MADE TO HIM BY DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO.

THE ſage Aliſolan, continuing the faithful relation of the matchleſs Don Quixote's heroick adventures, tells us that, the next morning, Don Carlos's ſecretary came to Don Alvaro, to communicate a project of diverſion, which his maſter and the count had laid the night before, with a friend of theirs called the Marquis de Oriſalvo; who, from the account he had heard of Don Quixote, felt a ſtrong inclination to amuſe himſelf at the expence of our knight-errant. Tarſe being informed of their deſign, which he thought very pleaſant, diſmiſſed the ſecretary; having taken upon himſelf the taſk of preparing Don Quixote for the buſineſs. He accordingly went to his chamber; and ſaid to him—'Sir Knight, I am 'come to announce a moſt agreeable 'piece of news; the great Archban-'terer of the Indies arrived laſt night 'in this city!'—'The Archbanterer of 'the Indies!' replied Don Quixote, in amaze; 'I never heard of that prince 'before!'—'I wonder at it!' anſwered Don Alvaro. 'How can you, who 'know all things, be unacquainted 'with that monarch, who is doubtleſs 'one of the greateſt princes upon the 'face of the earth?'—'And, pray, in 'what part of the world lies his em-'pire?' quoth the knight. 'It lies,' anſwered the Granadine, 'betwixt the 'dominions of the Great Mogul and 'thoſe of the Emperor of China.'—'If ſo,' ſaid the knight, 'he muſt have 'conquered the kingdoms of Baran-'tola, of Pegu, of Aracan, of Cochin-'China, and all the other places which 'lie from the mouth of the Ganges to the 'Philippine Iſlands; and have aſſumed, 'by way of eminence, the haughty title 'of Archbanterer of the Indies.'—'That may very well be,' replied Tarſe; 'or rather, it cannot be other-'wiſe: for he alſo ſtiles himſelf Em-'peror and Lord of the Kingdoms of A-'racan, Cochin-China, and all the reſt 'of the dominions you have named. I 'long to ſee him; and, if you will be 'ruled by me, we will wait on him this 'very day.'—'With all my heart,' anſwered Don Quixote. 'And with 'mine too, Don Alvaro!' cried San-

cho;

cho; 'I would fain ſee the great arch-
'bantling you talk of.'—'It is a com-
'mendable curioſity,' anſwered Don Alvaro; 'and you may ſoon ſatisfy it
'at your leiſure. Don Carlos and the
'count, who deſign the ſame thing,
'ſent me word that they would take
'us thither this afternoon.' Don Quixote was never weary of talking with Tarfe about the archbanterer; of whom he formed to himſelf a marvellous conception from the novelty of his title, which he had never heard of before. Don Carlos and the count arriving about four o'clock in the afternoon, Don Alvaro ordered the mules to be put into his coach; and Don Quixote having armed himſelf at all points, they ſet forth as follows: Don Carlos and the knight in one coach; and Tarfe, the count, and Sancho, in the other.

In the mean while, the Marquis de Oriſalvo, under the burleſque title of Archbanterer, was preparing for the reception of Don Quixote, in a magnificent hall, illuminated, though it was not yet dark, with a profuſion of wax-tapers and torches. Being perfectly acquainted with the cuſtom of ancient chivalry, he had cauſed a ſmall throne to be erected at the end of the room, under a ſtately canopy; and, to make up a numerous court, he had invited all his friends, and abundance of ladies: beſides this, he had equipped himſelf with a diadem of cloth of gold, and a ſmall wooden ſceptre wound about with red ribbands. As ſoon as he heard Don Quixote was at hand, he ſeated himſelf on the throne, aſſuming the utmoſt gravity poſſible. When the knight entered the hall, and ſaw the archbanterer with his crown and ſceptre, enthroned under a rich canopy, he preſently called to mind what he had ſo frequently found deſcribed in his volumes of chivalry, and felt all the ſatisfaction of the ancient knights-errant when they preſented themſelves before the foot-ſtool of ſome magnificent emperor. Don Alvaro, the count, and Don Carlos, firſt advancing, ſaluted the archbanterer with every token of the moſt profound reſpect. Then the Granadine, taking Don Quixote by the hand, led him up to the canopy; and, preſenting him to the marquis, ſaid—
'Renowned archbanterer, behold here
'the famous Don Quixote, the flower
'of La Mancha, the lanthorn of chi-
'valry, the terror of giants, your
'mightineſs's ſworn friend, and the
'protector of your kingdoms!' This ſaid, he fell back, leaving Don Quixote in the middle of the room. Then the knight, reſting the butt-end of his lance on the ground, looked around him without uttering a word; till, judging by the general ſilence that it was expected he ſhould ſpeak, he raiſed his voice, and directed his diſcourſe as follows to the marquis, who found ſufficient difficulty in preſerving his gravity from being ſhaken by the whimſical geſtures of his viſitor—'Auguſt and
'magnanimous monarch, Supreme
'Head of the ebb and flood of the In-
'dian Ocean, Emperor and Sovereign
'of the kingdoms of Aracan, of Pegu,
'of Tonquin, of Cochin-China, and of
'Barantola! highly do I, doubtleſs,
'eſteem myſelf indebted to my fortune
'for the happineſs I this day enjoy in
'your imperial preſence! I have tra-
'velled the greateſt part of this vaſt
'hemiſphere; I have ſlain an infinite
'number of giants, righted wrongs,
'diſenchanted palaces, ſet princeſſes at
'liberty, revenged offended princes,
'ſubdued provinces, and reſtored uſurp-
'ed kingdoms to their lawful owners!
'If all this can incline you to deſire
'that I ſhould devote my redoubted
'ſword to your mightineſs's ſervice, I
'here make offer of it; aſſuring you
'that, as long as it ſhall ſupport your
'intereſt, you will be reſpected by the
'Mogul and the Emperor of China
'your neighbours, and dreaded by all
'your enemies. The fame of my un-
'heard of exploits will pierce through
'their ears into their very hearts: but,
'to the end that you may be yourſelf
'a witneſs of my wonderful valour, I
'humbly beſeech your great mightineſs
'to grant me a boon.'—'Courteous
'and puiſſant knight,' replied the archbanterer, 'whatever be your requeſt to
'me, I moſt voluntarily do accord the
'ſame, were it even my very arch-
'banterſhip.'—'Great monarch,' replied Don Quixote, 'I neither aſk your
'dominions, nor your wealth: the em-
'pires of Greece, Babylon, and Tre-
'biſond, have enough to ſatisfy my
'ambition. The boon I aſk is, that
'you will permit me, in your preſence,
'to combat the Giant Bramarbas, who
'will ſpeedily make his appearance in
'this city of Madrid?'—'I grant it,'
anſwered

answered the archbanterer; 'and will 'be myself judge of the combat, which 'will doubtless be as delightful to be-'hold as was that which the valiant 'Clarineus of Spain maintained against 'the dreadful Brolandio. I do not 'question but the event will prove to 'you sufficiently glorious; your mar-'tial air warrants it, and puts us out 'of all concern for the success.'

Whilst the archbanterer thus spoke, Don Carlos drew near to Sancho, and whispered him in the ear, saying—'Come, my friend, your turn is next. 'It is time for you to shew yourself. 'Go, salute the archbanterer; and ha-'rangue him in your turn. I am sa-'tisfied he will dub you knight, when 'he perceives you are a man of such 'abilities.'—'As for that, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'if there goes nothing but 'making a fine speech towards dubbing 'me a knight, let me alone for that; 'the business is half done.' Having spoken these words, he went forwards into the middle of the room; and, kneeling before his master with his cap in hand, said to him—'Master Don Quix-'ote, if ever I did you any service in 'my life, I beseech you, by Rozi-'nante's merits, give me leave to let 'fly half a score words at my Lord 'Archbanterer, to the end that he may 'know I am a man of parts, and may 'bestow on me the order of knight-'hood, back-stroke and fore-stroke.'—'Hark ye, Sancho,' said Don Quix-ote, 'I consent you should have the 'honour of addressing yourself to the 'archbanterer, provided you neither 'say nor do any thing that is impertI-'nent.'—'Nay, faith, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'if you are so much afraid, 'stand behind me; and if I happen to 'say any thing amiss, you need only tell 'me so, and I will unsay it the next 'word.'—'In plain terms,' answered the knight; 'if I give you leave to 'speak, I fear I shall have cause to re-'pent me.'—'No, no, Sir,' cried San-cho; 'fear nothing; every word I speak 'will be worth it's weight in gold; 'for I remember some words of your 'speech, and will clap them in so pat,' 'that the devil himself shall be mis-'taken in me.'—'Take heed, then,' said Don Quixote; 'and I will entreat 'that great prince to give you a hear-'ing.' Then directing his discourse 'to the emperor, he proceeded thus—'Great and potent monarch! be pleased 'to grant my squire the liberty of ad-'dressing your noble mightiness. I 'can assure you, he has all the qualifi-'cations of Bignano, who was squire 'to the Knight of the Sun. He is 'prudent, discreet, and faithful; and 'when I send him on an embassy to 'any princess, he performs his com-'mission exactly. He is, besides, very 'brave; and it is not more than two 'days since he gained an island by his 'valour.'—'Most hardy knight,' replied the archbanterer, 'I give full 'credit to all you say in praise of your 'squire. His mien and physiognomy 'discover his worth, and convince me 'that he is most worthy of such a knight 'as yourself. He may talk as long as 'he pleases; I am ready to hear him to 'the end, though he were as copious 'as a rhetorician.'

Sancho, having thus obtained leave to harangue the archbanterer, turned to his master, and said—'Your worship, 'if you please, will be so kind as to 'furnish me with your lance and buck-'ler, that I may put myself into the 'same posture you were in when you 'made your oration.'—'Brute!' answered Don Quixote, 'to what purpose 'should you have my lance and buck-'ler? Don't you consider you are not 'dubbed a knight? You begin to play 'the fool already.'—'Fair and softly, 'Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'do not work 'yourself into a passion. Though I 'am not a knight now, I shall be by-'and-by; for I shall make a curious 'speech, or I am much mistaken. And 'as for your lance and buckler, you 'shall see I will do well enough with-'out them.' Thus saying, he clapped his cap upon his head, and set himself stiff upon his legs, with his arms a-kembo; then, having paused a while, as his master did, he began his speech after this manner—'Great monarch, 'Archbanterer of the ebb and flood of 'the Indies, Lord of the Hemispheres, 'Emperor of Cuckoldina, and Barren-'toola——' 'No more, silly wretch!' said Don Quixote, interrupting him, in a low voice; 'you had better be quiet 'than prate any more. What will the 'emperor think of you?'—'By my 'troth, Sir!' answered the squire, 'he 'will think what he pleases; but, in

'short,

'ſhort, he ought not to think any ill: 'for I deſign no harm; and God knows 'my meaning. Do you think that I 'have a memory like a ſcholar, to keep 'cramp words in my head? By the 'Lord! not I; I can never remember 'all that high ſtuff: but if an aſs cannot 'ſing, he can bray; and that is enough 'for a governor. Let me go on my 'own way, fair and ſoftly, and you 'ſhall ſee I will not trip. You may 'liſten to me; for I will go on with 'my ſpeech, and will make an end of 'it, or I ſhall have very ill luck.—I 'ſay, then, Mr. Archbanterer,' continued he, raiſing his voice, 'that my 'wife's name is Mary Guiterrez, and 'I am called Sancho Panza the Black, 'born in the village of Argamaſilla 'near Toboſo.'—'Good!' ſaid Don Quixote, interrupting him again; 'will not you tell us your children's 'names too?'—'Why not, Sir?' replied Sancho; 'they are not ſcabby, 'that I ſhould be afraid to name them. '—Yes, Mr. Archbanterer, I have a 'daughter called little Sancha, another 'called Tereſa, and a third Joan. 'Peter Tamaydo, the ſcrivener, is 'godfather to little Sancha; Thomas 'Cecial to Tereſa; and John Peres, the 'vintner, to Joan.'—'A plague con-'found thee and all thy generation!' cried Don Quixote; 'what needs the 'emperor be told all that bead-roll, 'thou coxcomb?'—'This is to let him 'underſtand,' quoth Sancho, 'that I 'am no liar: for every word I ſpeak 'is true; and I had better ſpeak the 'truth, than ſay I have killed giants, 'and all thoſe lying ſtories knights-'errant let fly in their ſpeeches.' Don Quixote, who little expected ſuch an anſwer, began to wax mighty cholerick thereat; but the emperor's preſence curbing him, he ſaid in a low voice to his ſquire—'Well, talk on as much as 'you will, ſcoundrel! but I aſſure you, 'you ſhall pay for this when we are 'alone.' Sancho, without paying attention to theſe menaces, went on with his diſcourſe after this manner—'To 'come to my ſtory again, Mr. Arch-'banterer, you muſt underſtand, that 'laſt night I won the Iſland of the 'Forcemeat-Balls, fighting the black 'ſquire at fiſticuffs. Therefore I de-'ſire you to dub me a knight. Do not 'go to put me off by ſaying I am a 'peaſant; for, by St. James, do you ſee, 'I am of the race of ancient Chriſtians! 'and, when I am mounted upon my 'aſs, I look as like a doctor as ever 'you ſaw any thing. And, in fine, 'and ſum of all, I am ſquire to Don 'Quixote de la Mancha, who is ſuch 'a good man that he never hurts any 'body; for, ever ſince we have been 'gadding about chivalry, I never ſaw 'him kill ſo much as a fly, till the 'other day he run a highwayman 'through the back: but that was a 'very good piece of work, and he will 'be rewarded for it in the other world.' Sancho having no more to ſay, the archbanterer anſwered—'Brave ſquire, 'I am very well ſatisfied with you. 'I am of opinion that you are very fit 'for the duties of a righter of wrongs; 'and therefore I will not refuſe you 'the honour of knighthood, which 'you require at my hands. Had you 'no other merit, that of being ſquire 'to the redoubtable Don Quixote 'would alone give you ſufficient right 'to demand my compliance. But this 'ceremony, with your leave, muſt be 'put off till another time; becauſe, at 'preſent, I am under an affliction 'which will not allow me to attend to 'any thing of pleaſure.' This ſaid, he drew out of his pocket a laced handkerchief, and covered his face with it; like a man who, overwhelmed on a ſudden with the recollection of ſome grievous diſaſter, abandons himſelf to a thouſand confuſed and melancholy reflections.

CHAP. II.

OF THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURE, THE THOUGHTS WHEREOF AFFLICTED THE ARCHBANTERER.

WHILST the archbanterer's face was covered with his handkerchief, Don Carlos, the count, and Tarſe, feigned themſelves greatly concerned at his ſorrow, and anxious to know the cauſe of it. As to Don Quixote, he was really troubled; and his profound reſpect, which reſtrained him from queſtioning the emperor upon the ſubject, added to his diſtreſs. At length, the archbanterer reaſſumed courage, and applying to himſelf an adventure

venture which he had read in Don Belianis of Greece *, he related it to the company, particularly directing his discourse to the Knight of La Mancha, in these words.

'You have sufficient reason, gentlemen, seeing me thus overwhelmed with grief, to conjecture that my affliction proceeds from no small cause; but, believe me, it is above all you can possibly imagine. The gods had given me an only daughter, and I was thankful to them for having bestowed on her exquisite beauty; whereas, I ought rather to find fault with them for conferring a gift so fatal. Her name was Banterina: I loved her tenderly; and the Empress Merry-dame, her mother, could not bear her absence for a moment. Thus happy were we in our dear daughter; when, on a certain day, some barons of my court came to acquaint me that there was a wonderfully rich tent pitched in a great square about three hundred paces from my palace; but by what means it was brought thither, nobody could form any conjecture. I went with the empress and the infanta to see so surprizing a sight. We arrived at the square; and were astonished at the richness and rarity of it's workmanship. We stood a long time in admiration of it; and drawing nearer, that we might view it more accurately, our ears were saluted by a symphony from within, so delightful and harmonious, as not to be excelled. A most ravishing voice was heard, at the same time, above all the musick; which, at certain intervals, was interrupted by a dreadful noise of trumpets and kettle-drums, as it were sounding a charge. When we had a while enjoyed the pleasure of hearing this variety of instruments, we saw four wonderfully well-built knights issue forth from the tent: they wore their helmets upon their heads; they were cased in green armour, sprinkled with golden stars; and they led four very swarthy damsels, clad in long robes of cloth of silver. They all came up to us, and fell down at our feet. Whatever we could say to them, we could not persuade them to rise; but one of the damsels, directing her discourse to me, with a loud voice, that was heard by all my barons, said —" Most renowned Archbanterer, " Puissant Lord of the Oriental Pearls, " Emperor and Sovereign of the kingdoms of Aracan, Tonquin, and Cochin-China; great prince, to whom " all the kingdoms of the earth ought " to submit, since you excel all the " kings upon the face of the earth in " gallantry and genteelness; you must " understand we are under the greatest " of afflictions. Nothing can equal " our misfortune; and we are persuaded that, unless we find some relief " in this place, it will be bootless for " us to seek it elsewhere. We therefore most humbly beseech your Sovereign Highness, as also the Right " Honourable Merry-dame, and the " amiable Banterina, to grant us a " boon."—" Charming damsel," answered I, " ask what boon you please, " I grant it you; and assure yourself, the " empress and the infanta will not oppose it." My wife Merry-dame and Banterina accordingly confirmed my grant. The knights and damsels then rose; and she that spoke before went on, saying—" Most famous emperor, you must understand, that the " caliph of Syconia is in the tent you " see before you; and I must acquaint " you with the cause and means of his " confinement there. I know not " whether you ever heard of the Infanta Cerizetta, his daughter, whose " beauty has been so much celebrated " throughout the world. The wise " Herodian, King of the Island of " Pearls, and one of the bravest giants " that ever existed, sent to demand her " in marriage of her father, who gave " him a refusal. This so incensed " Herodian, that on a day when there " was a magnificent tournament held " in Syconia, in which the caliph himself gave wonderful proofs of his " strength and dexterity, this giant appeared in the lists, with these four " knights in the green armour; and, " among them, in less than a quarter " of an hour, they slew or disabled " above a thousand knights; which " struck such a terror into all there

* The adventure from which this is copied may be found in Part I. Chapter xlii. of the English translation of the famous and delectable history of Don Belianis of Greece. Edition 1683.

" present,

" preſent that the ſpectators, and thoſe " who came to take part in the combat, " fled together in confuſion. The un- " daunted caliph was almoſt the only " man that remained; for he could rally " no more than ten knights, with " whom he fell upon Herodian and his " men; but he had the ill fortune to be " overthrown, and his ten brave com- " panions were all ſlain. Immediately " this tent appeared in the ſquare, in " the ſame manner as you now behold " it. The giant hurried the caliph and " the infanta into it, after enchanting " them both, and placed theſe four " knights to guard the entrance of it; " and they are ſuch men as cannot be " overcome by any human force; for " though above two thouſand knights " of all nations have attempted to de- " liver the caliph and Cerizetta, yet " none of them could ever prevail. " All the caliph's court was in con- " ſternation; and we knew not what " courſe to take, until one Friday " morning, at ſun-riſing, we were in- " formed by a magician, whom we had " conſulted, that the whole was a ſort " of enchantment, which we ſhould " never be able to diſſolve unleſs we " found out a princeſs more beautiful " than Cerizetta. Could we once find " ſuch a princeſs, we needed only to " perſuade her to try the adventure; " that ſhe would enter the tent without " any difficulty, and Cerizetta would " deliver to her a ſword ſhe holds in " her hand, with which the knights in " the green armour would be eaſily " overcome. The magician farther " added, that all he could do for us, " was to carry about the tent whither- " ſoever we pleaſed: that four of Ceri- " zetta's damſels might go into it, and " that they ſhould be guarded by the " ſame knights. I preſently went into " the tent with theſe three damſels; and " thus have we viſited the courts of " moſt Pagan princes. But, to ſay the " truth, we have never yet ſeen any " princeſſes whom we could think wor- " thy to try the adventure. We now " deſpaired of finding any, when fame " informed us, that your daughter " Banterina was as beautiful as we " could deſire. The tent was in a " moment removed hither by magick; " and we are come to entreat you to " permit the peerleſs Banterina to un- " dertake the adventure. This is the " boon you have granted us."

' Such was the account given me by ' Cerizetta's damſel, at which I was ' not a little ſurprized: I returned, ' however, this anſwer—" Comely " damſel, I am much troubled at the " caliph of Syconia's misfortune; for " we potentates have a great kindneſs " for each other; and I ſhould deſire, " above all things, that this rare ad- " venture might be finiſhed at my court. " But, pray, inform me whether ſome " unhappy accident may not befal the " princeſs, ſhould ſhe be unſucceſsful " in her attempt to atchieve this adven- " ture?"—" No, Sir," replied the ' damſel; " for the magician acquaint- " ed us, that in caſe the princeſs who " attempts it is not more beautiful than " Cerizetta, ſhe ſhall be held back by " an inviſible hand, and will not be " able to go into the tent."—" Well, " then," anſwered I, " my daughter " Banterina has my conſent to make " trial of her beauty: but I muſt firſt " prove the proweſs of theſe four " knights. There are thoſe in my " court who may overcome them; and, " diſpelling the charm by their valour, " will, perhaps, ſave my daughter the " ſhame of attempting in vain to diſ- " ſolve it."—" Sovereign Prince of " Cochin-China," replied the damſel, " you may do as you pleaſe; but I " would not adviſe you to expoſe your " knights to combat with theſe, who " are ſo enchanted, that they alone can " rout a whole army."—" No mat- " ter," ſaid I; " I muſt ſatisfy my " curioſity." I therefore ordered my ' knights to prepare for the fight; and ' in a moment above three thouſand ap- ' peared in the ſquare, all of them am- ' bitious of finiſhing the adventure. ' The four damſels then returned with ' the four enchanted knights into the ' tent; which immediately opened, and ' preſented to our aſtoniſhed eyes a ' ſpectacle worthy of the deepeſt com- ' miſeration. We diſcovered the ca- ' liph of Syconia, armed at all points, ' ſitting at the foot of a golden throne, ' on cryſtal ſteps, leaning his head on ' his hand, like one plunged in extre- ' mity of melancholy. The infanta, ' his daughter, was on his right, hold- ' ing a naked ſword, the hilt whereof ' ſeemed to be all of diamonds; and on

'the left ſtood the god of love, with his 'bow and quiver, ſo exquiſitely repre-'ſented, that he ſeemed to breathe. 'Below this lay a knight ſtretched out, 'with one of the god's arrows ſtick-'ing in his breaſt; and holding in his 'hand a Greek inſcription, which no-'body underſtood; but which expreſſed 'the caliph's and Cerizetta's misfor-'tunes, in ſuch terms, as drew tears 'from all eyes that beheld it. When 'we had fully contemplated theſe won-'ders, preparation was made for the 'trial of the adventure. The firſt who 'would attempt it was Prince Rozinel, 'my baſtard, the very flower and cream 'of Pagan knights. His armour was 'of a roſe colour beſtrewed with ſil-'ver flowers; and he was mounted on 'a beautiful courſer lineally deſcend-'ed from the god Boreas and the fa-'mous mares of Erictbonius, which 'trod ſo lightly, that they would gallop 'over the ears of corn, and not break 'them. He appeared before the tent, 'attended by three of the moſt valiant 'knights in all my archbantererſhip. 'The enchanted knights came out to 'meet them; but the combat was as 'ſoon ended as begun; for, at the very 'firſt rencounter, Rozinel and his com-'panions were thrown out of the ſaddle, 'and borne to the ground with ſuch 'violence, that they were unable to 'riſe again. The reſt of my knights, 'being well acquainted with the va-'lour of thoſe who had been over-'thrown, and concluding they could 'expect no better ſucceſs, retired in 'diſorder; and fled the place, as the 'fearful doves do before the cruel eagle, 'that has juſt devoured a kite. This 'only ſerved to heighten the deſire I 'felt of ſeeing the adventure ended. 'I cauſed the wounded men to be laid 'in rich beds, and ſent the moſt beau-'tiful princeſſes of my court to rub their 'ſides. I then ordered my daughter 'to go up to the entrance of the tent. 'Banterina, who had always kept her 'eyes fixed on Cerizetta, whom ſhe 'thought beautiful to a miracle, obeyed 'me trembling. She drew near the 'tent, and entered it without any dif-'ficulty. But, O unheard-of prodigy! 'O diſmal misfortune! whoſe ſad re-'membrance cauſes ſuch grief in my 'ſoul as is continually recent! No 'ſooner had ſhe placed her feet within 'the tent, than it immediately cloſed 'upon her; and, riſing rapidly into 'the air, vaniſhed with the caliph, Ce-'rizetta, the knights, the damſels, 'and my dear Banterina. We con-'cluded, but too late, that this was 'the fraud of an enchanter—"Hold, "treacherous necromancer!" cried the 'empreſs; "reſtore me my infanta, or "come and take my life!—Banterina, "O my dear daughter! can the righte-"ous gods ſuffer you to be taken from "your mother?" But, alas! her cries 'were in vain; her voice was loſt in the 'air with her unhappy daughter: grief 'overwhelming her, ſhe ſunk ſpeech-'leſs into the arms of her women; 'who, ſharing her ſorrow, beat their 'breaſts, and made the ſquare echo with 'their ſighs. I tore my hair and beard, 'I caſt myſelf on the ground; and my 'barons were forced to hold my hands, 'fearing I ſhould kill myſelf. To 'conclude, in a few words, the re-'mainder of this pitiable hiſtory, the 'empreſs was carried into her apart-'ment, and I into mine. We both of 'us ſpent a whole month in immode-'rate ſorrow; but at length, conſider-'ing that, thus indulging our grief, 'we neglected that which ſhould have 'been ſooner thought of, which was 'to ſend our knights in queſt of Ban-'terina to all parts of the world; I 'employed all thoſe who were willing 'to undertake it, with ſtrict orders to 'ſearch narrowly all the caſtles upon 'the face of the earth, from the caſtles 'of princes to the palaces of financiers. 'This was not all: I cauſed my daugh-'ter to be poſted up from the mouth of 'the River Ganges, to the Danube; 'and from Mount Caucaſus, to the 'mountains of Terra Auſtralis; in-'ſomuch, that the very poſting has coſt 'me in paper and paſte five hundred 'thouſand ducats: and yet three whole 'years are paſſed without hearing the 'leaſt news of Banterina. This makes 'us apt to believe, that the knights we 'have ſent in queſt of her ſpend their 'time idly, inſtead of attending to the 'execution of their commiſſion. There-'fore the empreſs and I, conſidering 'that every body can do their buſineſs 'better themſelves than by proxy, have 'left the government of our archban-'tererſhip to an able and honeſt mi-'niſter, if ever any ſuch was. We

'have

'have croſſed Aſia; and, after traverſing 'Africa, are come into Spain, where 'we ſhall ſtay no longer than is re-'quiſite to ſeek the Infanta Bante-'rina.'

CHAP. III.

OF THE DREADFUL COMBAT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GIANT BRAMARBAS IRONSIDES, KING OF CYPRUS; AND THE STRANGE EVENT OF IT.

WHAT pen can declare the thoughts which agitated the Knight of La Mancha, whilſt the Emperor of Cochin-China was making his diſmal relation? Who is able to expreſs how much his tender bowels were moved? All the tongues in the world put together have not words enough to make known the different ſtruggles of rage and pity that diſtorted a heart ſo highly concerned at whatever related to the rape of maidens. As ſoon as the emperor had done ſpeaking, he took upon him to anſwer; and, in a voice that ſufficiently diſcovered his diſorder, ſaid—'Magnanimous emperor, you 'may judge, by my concern for the 'misfortunes of the meaneſt private 'perſons, how much I am diſturbed at 'yours. Your diſaſters are as grie-'vous to me as to yourſelf; and I muſt 'inform you, that it is the enchanter 'Friſton who has ſtolen away the peer-'leſs Banterina; I perceive it by the 'fatal circumſtances of the adventure: 'he made uſe of the ſame enchantment 'to ſteal away the peerleſs Floriſbella 'at Babylon. He brought ſuch ano-'ther tent, with four knights in green 'armour, adorned with golden ſtars, 'and the four damſels clad in cloth of 'ſilver, who begged the ſame boon of 'the ſultan. In ſhort, the whole ſtory 'you have told us, is, word for word, 'in the authentick Hiſtory of the Ad-'ventures of Don Belianis; which is 'an undeniable proof that the ſame en-'chanter has committed this rape upon 'the princeſs your daughter: but I 'ſwear by the ſacred order of knight-'errantry, that, the moment I have ſlain 'Bramarbas, I will depart from Ma-'drid to ſeek that beautiful infanta 'throughout the world; and will ne-'ver reſt in any place till I have found 'her!' The archbanterer thanked Don Quixote for his kindneſs; but, as he was thanking him, the company were alarmed by five or ſix blows of one knocking at the door ſo violently, that they expected it would be ſhattered to pieces. 'See who is there!' exclaimed the archbanterer to his pages. 'It muſt 'certainly be ſome giant; for ſuch is 'the manner in which they accuſtom 'themſelves to tap at the doors of em-'perors.' As he ſaid, ſo it proved: the pages had no ſooner opened the door, than in came the dreadful giant Bramarbas. His dreſs conſiſted of a long robe of blue napped-cloth, an immenſe ruff of black crape, and a turban of muſlin ſtriped with gold, and adorned with a variety of feathers; an enormous belt of pinked leather croſſed his ſhoulder, and ſupported a ſword of painted wood at leaſt two yards in length, and a foot broad. As ſoon as ever Sancho eſpied him, he ran and ſquatted himſelf down by the archbanterer; crying out, with might and main—'Mercy on us! 'here is the dog Barrabbas come in the 'nick! He is grown three pikes length 'ſince we ſaw him. Saints and Fa-'thers! what will my poor maſter Don 'Quixote be in the hands of that con-'founded Goliah, who is like to ſell 'all our guts for fiddle-ſtrings, if good 'Saint Nick does not aſſiſt us!' Don Quixote hearing theſe words, looked aſkaunce upon his ſquire, and commanded him to hold his peace. In the mean while, the King of Cyprus, who had been forced to ſtoop very low to get into the room, came forward, turning his prodigious head every way, and rolling his eyes after a frightful manner, but without ſpeaking a word, or ſo much as ſaluting the emperor; who ſaid to him—'Genteel and courteous 'giant, tell me who you are, and what 'brings you to my court?'—'I am the 'dreadful giant Bramarbas Ironſides, 'King of Cyprus!' anſwered the gi-ant with a broken voice; 'and I am 'come to look for the Knight of La 'Mancha, who, I am told, is in this 'imperial chamber.'—'You have been 'rightly informed,' cried Don Quix-ote: 'and I am glad to ſee you; for I 'ſuppoſe you come to be as good as 'your word to me?'—'I do, knight!' anſwered Bramarbas; 'I come to com-'bat with thee in purſuance of my 'challenge at Saragoſſa. This day my 'dreadful ſword ſhall put an end to 'thy glorious days! This day will I

'cut off thy bald head, and carry it 'into my dominions, to nail it up at 'my royal chamber-door, with an in-'ſcription in High-Dutch, which ſhall 'moſt elegantly expreſs how the flower 'of La Mancha was mown down by 'my invincible hands! This day will 'I cauſe myſelf to be crowned king of 'all the earth; for, when thou art gone, 'there will be none left that will dare 'to diſpute it with me! This day, in 'fine, will I make myſelf maſter of all 'thy victories, and will carry away 'with me to Cyprus all the ladies here, 'to put them into my ſeraglio, which 'wants recruits! If thou art ſo brave 'as thou art reported, thou mayeſt 'come out immediately, and we will 'conclude the buſineſs in this imperial 'chamber, if the emperor will give us 'leave.'—'I conſent,' ſaid the arch-banterer, 'though it be not uſual: theſe 'combats are generally within liſts; 'but I have ſuch a mind to ſee you in 'action, that I cannot ſtay any longer.' —'I would not bring my deadly club,' ſaid the giant, 'becauſe I can, without 'much trouble, overcome the Knight 'of La Mancha with only this ſword, 'which was made by Vulcan, a god 'whom I adore; as I do alſo Jove, 'Neptune, Mars, Mercury, and Pro-'ſerpine.'—'Maſter Barrabbas,' cried Sancho, interrupting him, 'pray take 'heed what you ſay: you had better 'bite your thumbs than to call all 'thoſe ſcoundrels you ſpeak of gods; 'for, ſhould the Inquiſition hear of it, 'black were the day that you came into 'Spain!'—'I ſpeak not to thee, num-'ſcull!' anſwered Bramarbas; 'I 'would adviſe thee to hold thy tongue.' —'You adviſe me!' quoth Sancho; 'do not you know that, at Rome, they 'laugh at one that gives advice before 'he is aſked? What a pox! do you 'think I muſt not dare ſay my ſoul is 'my own becauſe you are as tall as 'Antichriſt? Pray take notice, that a 'little worm eats through a great log; 'and that a gnat troubles a man more 'than an eagle can do him good.'— 'Hold thy peace, I ſay again, thou 'knave!' replied the giant; 'or, I 'ſwear by the Alcoran, I will make 'thee an example to all ſaucy ſquires!' —'The Alcoran and you,' quoth San-cho, 'are a couple of louſy rakes; and 'I value neither of you!'—'How now, 'bold man!' ſaid the King of Cyprus, 'do you dare to talk to me ſo ſaucily? 'To me, who make the ſultans and 'the caliphs quake! By the god of the 'herrings trident, if I lay hold of you, 'I will cruſh you to powder, and throw 'you up into the air with ſuch force, 'that your duſt ſhall fly into Japan!' —'You threaten me,' anſwered the ſquire, 'to fright my maſter; but you 'muſt not think to beat the dog before 'the lion. Take notice, that my ma-'ſter Don Quixote is worth us both; 'and values your helliſh carcaſe no 'more than he values the jade that 'bore you!'—'O inſolence!' ſaid Iron-ſides, advancing a few ſteps towards Sancho; 'I will teach thee to pay a re-'ſpect to giants of my quality!'— 'Help! help! Murder!' cried Sancho, ſeeing the giant move towards him; 'if 'he touches me I am gone!'—'Hold, 'Bramarbas!' ſaid Don Quixote, ſtep-ping in betwixt him and Sancho; 'do 'not attack a man that is not in a 'poſture of defence. If you find your-'ſelf offended at my ſquire's diſcourſe, 'I am here ready to give you ſatisfac-'tion. Let us combat in the preſence 'of the great archbanterer and all his 'court; we can never have nobler wit-'neſſes of our valour: but, ſince you 'have no armour, I muſt take off mine; 'I will not fight with odds; the con-'queſt would not be honourable. That 'you may ſee I do not fear you, I will 'take off my helmet and my cuiraſs, 'and will meet you with my ſword 'only: if yours is longer, mine is in a 'better hand.' Having ſpoken theſe words, he turned to his ſquire, and ſaid—'Riſe, my ſon; come and help 'off my armour: you ſhall ſoon ſee 'that dreadful monſter, our enemy, 'ſtretched upon the ground.'—'God 'grant it, Sir!' anſwered Sancho, go-ing towards his maſter; 'but, methinks, 'we and all theſe gentlemen here pre-'ſent had better fall upon him toge-'ther; ſome might hold his legs, and 'others his head, till he were half dead. 'By thunder and lightning, could I 'once ſee him flat in this room, giving 'up the ghoſt, I would give him more 'bangs on his long ſides than he has 'hairs in his whiſkers!'—'That is not 'lawful,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'but 'I need no help to overcome a giant, 'be he ever ſo ſtrong. Make haſte to 'take off my armour; and leave the reſt 'to the force of my arm.' Sancho did

as

as he was commanded; so that the knight was presently disarmed. His figure in this dishabille state furnished new matter of mirth and marvel to the company. His pate was bare and bald; his carcase long, lank, and fleshless as a skeleton; it was cased in a doublet of black sattin, miserably scanty, and more than half threadbare; under which peeped out a very dirty shirt; for he had not changed his linen since he left Saragossa.

Such was the appearance of our knight-errant; when, laying his hand upon his sword, he advanced towards the King of Cyprus—'Come,' said he, 'arrogant monster! since the emperor 'gives leave that we combat in this 'room, let us lose no time in frivolous 'babbling: courage is known by ac-'tions.' At these words he unsheathed his weapon; when suddenly, as our knight's adventures always proved very extraordinary, the assembly beheld the immense carcase of Bramarbas tumble backwards; and in his place appeared a damsel, clad like a shepherdess, and her face covered with a napkin. Those who had not been prepared for this event were much surprized; and Don Quixote, dropping the point of his sword, fell back two steps, and stood still, expecting what the maiden would say. The body of Bramarbas being instantly hurried off by two figures habited like demons, the damsel, without unveiling herself, addressed the Knight of La Mancha in the following terms. 'Valiant Don Quixote, indefatigable 'Atlas of chivalry, father of orphans, 'comfort of widows, sweet hope of 'enchanted infantas, fixed star which 'hast conducted me to the haven of 'my desires! be not amazed at be-'holding a horrible giant transmo-'graphied thus suddenly into a little 'tender damsel: this metamorphosis 'ought only to be surprizing to such 'as are unacquainted with the arts of 'enchanters. You have finished an 'adventure which will sink the me-'mory of the Palmerins, and will gain 'you as much reputation among wise 'nations, as the disenchantment of Po-'lixena did the valiant Knight Don 'Lucidanor of Thessaly: but, illus-'trious Prince of La Mancha, you 'must crown this work by restoring 'me to my parents, who are in the 'greatest affliction imaginable for the 'loss of me.'—'I will, beautiful prin-'cess,' answered Don Quixote; 'you 'have a right to demand it at my hands. 'I will conduct you into your domi-'nions: acquaint me only where they 'are situated, and who is the renowned 'prince that gave you your being?'—'My name is the Infanta Banterina,' replied the damsel; 'and I am only 'daughter of the great Archbanterer 'of the Indies.' The emperor hearing these words, overcome by fatherly affection, rushed hastily from his throne; and, lifting up his eyes to Heaven—'O 'ye immortal Gods!' exclaimed he, 'is 'it then possible that you restore to me 'my daughter, when I least expected 'it? In return for this mighty favour, 'I vow, as soon as I return to my pa-'lace, I will offer to you in sacrifice an 'hundred horned animals; for there 'are abundance of them in my em-'pire.' Then stepping forward to the infanta, with open arms—'Dear Ban-'terina,' continued he, 'come and em-'brace your father! Alas! what grief 'pierced my soul when you was ra-'vished from my love! My sad thoughts 'have never ceased to follow you!'—'O my dear father!' answered the in-fanta, 'I have not words to express 'what I felt at that time; and, if you 'followed me with your thoughts, I 'can assure you I left my heart behind 'when I was carried away.'—'By my 'troth,' quoth Sancho, 'methinks the 'princess ought to shew her face! Who 'the devil ever saw a daughter em-'brace her father after that manner? I 'should laugh to see my little Sancha, 'when I go home to my country again, 'come to kiss me with her nose muf-'fled up in a napkin. Pox take me! 'God knows my meaning!'—'San-'cho is in the right,' said the arch-banterer; 'why do not you shew your 'face, princess? Let fall that veil which 'hides those dear features from me!'—'Pray, Sir,' answered Banterina, 'ex-'cuse me from taking off my veil; I 'have reasons that move me to be co-'vered: and, to convince you, I must 'give you an account of what has be-'fallen me since you lost me. You 'will hear abundance of strange ad-'ventures.'—'I do not question it,' answered the archbanterer; 'a daugh-'ter that has been so long from her 'father and mother must needs have 'fine stories to tell; but no matter;

'provided

'provided the devil be not in them, I 'will take all in good part.'—'You 'shall hear how the matter stands,' replied Banterina, 'if you will listen to 'me.' Then she began the sad relation of her adventures after this manner.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINING THE INFANTA BANTERINA'S SURPRIZING RELATION.

'AS soon as the tent flew up in-'to the air, and I heard the 'cries of the empress my mother, be-'ing of an excellent disposition, my 'senses failed me, and I fell down in 'a swoon upon the crystal steps at the 'feet of the Infanta Cerizetta. The 'four damsels took pains enough to 'help me; but, though they rubbed 'my nose with all sorts of spirits, they 'could not bring me to myself: there 'was no sign of life left in me; and, 'therefore, thinking I was dead, they 'began to weep bitterly. I cannot 'tell what could make them have such 'a kindness for me; but certain it is, 'nobody ever was more troubled than 'they were: my own ladies of ho-'nour could not have made more ugly 'faces. They presently struck up a 'funeral dirge; they chanted recita-'tives and trios. Alas! what trios! 'Nothing was ever heard so dolorous! 'Their recitativos were now-and-then 'interrupted by a full chorus of all sorts 'of voices, repeating these words—

"We labour in vain, in vain we deplore;
"Alas! Banterina the bright is no more!
"Weep, weep! let tears like fountains flow,
"And sigh away your breath;
"We've stol'n perfection from below,
"To yield it up to death."

'Notwithstanding all this, I did not 'die; and whether musick has the pow-'er to call back the spirits that are fled, 'or that the grief for the loss of parents 'is not mortal, I recovered my strength 'insensibly. The damsels were in ex-'tasies of joy: they gave over their dis-'mal ditties; and nothing was then sung 'but tender and gallant airs in praise of 'me. Among the rest, I remember the 'following verses were chanted by an 'excellent voice—

"Jove, jealous for his slighted fane,
"From earth long since to Heav'n had ta'en
"Our princess, but he fear'd to do it:
"For Venus threaten'd him full sore,
"If you came there, she'd make him rue it;
"She'd leave the skies, and come no more.

"But, howsoe'er the dame was wroth,
"It need not much have scared his god-
"head;
"For he'd have found you, surely, both
"A prettier lass, and abler-bodied."

'All this time the tent flew through 'the air with incredible rapidity, till, 'stopping on a sudden, it opened, and 'I found myself at the gate of a stately 'palace. Then the knights in the 'green armour, the damsels, the tent, 'and all that was in it, vanished, and 'I was left alone sadly out of counte-'nance. But it was not long before I 'espied six curious ladies coming to-'wards me, all clad in white sattin, 'lined with rose-coloured taffety, slash-'ed, and all the slashes embroidered with 'pearls. They had long sleeves hang-'ing down, and on them a wonderful 'rich embroidery: their hair was very 'fair, and delicately curled, and their 'heads were stuck fuller with dia-'monds than any heroine's upon the 'stage. Judging of their quality by 'the richness of their apparel, I thought 'they could be no less than sultan's 'daughters; and I was providing a 'high compliment for them, when, 'falling down before me, they all em-'braced my knees; and, when they 'had kissed my hands over and over, 'one of them said to me in a most re-'spectful manner—"Peerless Bante-"rina, most lively portraiture of the "chaste goddess Venus, universal heir-"ess to all Oriana's and the beautiful "Nichea's graces; behold here at your "feet six damsels appointed to wait on "you! The owner of this palace has "culled us out from among an hun-"dred thousand duennas, to honour "us with this glorious employment: "I can assure you he could not have "made a better choice; for, without "vanity, my companions and I are the "clevereft wenches in the world at "pinning a gown, dressing a head, co-"louring the hair, mending the com-

"plexion,

" plexion, and curing the green-sick-
" neſs."—" Pretty damſels," ſaid I,
" pray tell me where I am, and what
" the prince's name is that reigns
" here?"—" You are," anſwered ſhe,
" in the palace of the King of Terra
" Auſtralis. This kingdom is of an
" infinite extent, or rather, it is a new
" world unknown to the other inhabi-
" tants of the earth, with the good
" leave of the apocryphal accounts
" ſtrangers have given of it. Pre-
" cious ſtones, gold and ſilver, grow
" up under our feet; and are conſe-
" quently of ſo little value with us,
" that theſe cloaths, which you think
" very coſtly, are but the common ha-
" bit of tradeſmen's wives. I would
" have you ſee our women of quality
" and our princeſſes; they have other-
" guiſe ſort of cloaths. By this you
" may gueſs that the king muſt be a
" puiſſant ſovereign; but what you do
" not know, and is very fit you be told,
" is, that this prince is very young,
" and has a mind to marry; and un-
" derſtanding, by an enchanter his
" friend, that you are the moſt beauti-
" ful princeſs in the world, he cauſed
" the ſaid enchanter to ſteal you away."
' This news redoubled the tears which
' the remembrance of my parents made
' me ſhed inceſſantly: but another of
' the damſels ſaid—" O beautiful in-
" fanta, do not waſte thoſe precious
" tears! When you have ſeen the king
" your affliction will ceaſe. He will
" ſoon return from hunting." In ef-
' fect, I preſently eſpied him coming in
' a chariot of ſaphirs and topazes,
' drawn by ſix white unicorns. I muſt
' confeſs, I never ſaw any thing ſo fine!
' He leaped out nimbly to the ground;
' and, perceiving he carried a bow and
' quiver, I took him for the god of
' love. I cannot ſay whether it was
' any enchantment, or the mere work-
' ing of nature, but I was ſo taken
' with his mien and beauty, that I
' thought no more of my parents. He
' ſeemed to me not leſs ſmitten with
' my features; and he was ſo diſordered
' when he came up, that he made me a
' compliment which was neither rhime
' nor reaſon. I returned an anſwer
' without head or tail. The damſels
' ſmiled; and believed, with ſome juſ-
' tice, that I had not over-much wit:
' but the prince, who had as little as
' myſelf, was very well pleaſed. He
' took me by the hand, and led me in-
' to a ſtately apartment, where, having
' recovered himſelf from his diſorder,
' he confirmed all that the damſels had
' told me concerning my rape, with an
' eloquence I did not expect from him.
' In ſhort, he ſaid ſuch tender things
' to me, that we need no longer marvel
' at the prompt compliance of Pſyche
' with the inſinuations of the god of
' love. He ſoon perceived my ſenſibi-
' lity; at which he was ſo overjoyed,
' and his paſſion grew ſo faſt upon him,
' that he earneſtly entreated me not to
' defer his good fortune one moment,
' but to marry him immediately.—
" Prince!" ſaid I to him then, ſo ſweet-
' ly that it quite charmed him, " you
" are very haſty. Conſider that mar-
" riage is a matter of moment, and re-
" quires mature deliberation. Leave
" me here alone; I deſire a full quar-
" ter of an hour to conſider." I was
' afraid he had been too deep in love to
' grant this delay; but, on the contra-
' ry, inſtead of denying it, he com-
' mended my diſcretion, and went out
' of the room, ſaying, he had the greater
' value for me, becauſe women, for the
' moſt part, did not take ſo much time
' to conſider.

' Thus was I left alone to make ſeri-
' ous reflections on his propoſal. I
' found it ſo advantageous to me, and
' my head was filled with ſuch pleaſant
' notions, that a ſweet ſleep ſoon over-
' came me: but I ſlept not long, ere,
' perceiving myſelf pulled by the arm,
' I awaked. It was the wiſe Belonia,
' whom I knew, becauſe I had ſeen her
' ſometimes at my father the archban-
' terer's houſe, ſhe being protectreſs of
' his dominions. " Look to your ho-
" nour, my dear Banterina," ſaid ſhe;
" it is in wonderful danger. You are
" now upon the edge of the Euxine
" Sea, betwixt Conſtantinople and Tre-
" biſond. It is not the King of Ter-
" ra Auſtralis that is in love with you;
" it is a falſe enchanter, who has taken
" upon him the ſhape of an amiable
" prince to deceive you. My power
" is inferior to his, and I cannot carry
" you hence; but I bring you the fa-
" mous ring of Bendanazar*. As
" long as you keep this, the enchanter

* See Book I. Chap. V.

" will

"will have no power over you: you "will see things as they really are; and "if you can once set your foot out of "this enchanted palace, I will carry "you away in my chariot. Take care "to hide this ring; for if the enchant-"er gets it from you, you must expect "no farther assistance from me." This 'said, she gave me the ring, and im-'mediately flew out at the chimney. 'When she was gone, I remained me-'lancholy and musing, as is usual 'when a young woman has a great 'fancy for a handsome man, and is 'told his ill qualities. I was not so 'well pleased that I had been unde-'ceived, as I was vexed to understand 'that the prince I had been so fond of 'was a mere illusion. However, I 'concealed the ring in my bosom; and 'continued in my reverie, when I saw 'a little old fellow enter the room, 'with a long grey beard, and a violet-'coloured cloth cap on his head, which 'covered his ears. He had on a gown 'of tygers skins, and he leaned on a 'staff, without which he could not 'move; for, notwithstanding his crutch, 'he limped so wretchedly, that, at every 'step he took, I thought he would have 'tumbled upon his nose.'—'Beautiful 'infanta!' said Don Quixote, interrupt-ing her, 'that was certainly the enchant-'er Friston; for he has been lame ever 'since he broke his leg at Babylon.'—'It is very true,' quoth Banterina; 'now you put me in mind of it, the 'wise Belonia told me it was Friston, 'and I forgot to tell you so.—Now, 'gentlemen, do but consider, if you 'please, how much I was surprized, 'when, by that little lame scoundrel's 'discourse, I found out that he was the 'very same fine prince I had been so 'much taken with. I looked aside 'with horror. He drew near to me; I 'shrieked out; and a sudden qualm 'made me faint away. He called in 'his women to help me; five or six 'witches came in and unlaced me, to 'give me air. My ring dropped down; 'the enchanter catched it up; and, 'having viewed it—"Oh, ho!" cried 'he, "here is the knack on it! Who "the devil brought her this jewel, and "has been with her the moment I was "away? By my troth, they are not de-"ceived, who say it is hard to keep "maids!"—'Ads-bobs!' quoth San-cho, 'Friston talks notably enough 'for an enchanter! For I have heard 'our batchelor Sampson say, that maids 'are like sheep: if the shepherd has not 'always a watchful eye, they run astray, 'and the wolf devours them. But go 'on with your story, Madam Infanta; 'these gentlemen and I sit upon thorns 'till we hear the rest.'—'When I came 'to myself,' said the infanta, 'I looked 'about for my ring; and, not finding 'it, was as much troubled as if I had 'lost my lap-dog, or my parrot. I 'called the enchanter, "Old goat; "nasty cripple;" and "ragamuffin "sorcerer!" In short, I gave him 'such scurvy language, that he changed 'all his love into hatred. He mut-'tered some words in Dutch; and 'then, taking me about the middle, 'threw me like an arrow out at the 'window, with such force and violence, 'that I flew from the shore of the Eux-'ine Sea, where I then was, and fell 'into waters of the River Signon.'—'What a damned skip was that!' cried Sancho. 'How the devil could an old 'fellow, that was not able to go with-'out a crutch, have strength enough to 'throw you so far?'—'Do not you 'consider, friend,' replied the infanta, 'that he did it by virtue of those hellish 'words he had muttered to himself?—'But, gentlemen, I should never have 'recovered after such a fall, but that, 'as good luck would have it, a young 'shepherd, who was playing on his 'pipe whilst he looked to his sheep on 'the bank of the river, perceiving I 'was like to drown, came speedily to 'my assistance. He took me upon his 'back, and swam ashore: then, per-'ceiving that I still breathed, he car-'ried me into his hut, lighted a fire, 'dried me, and brought me to myself. 'I returned him thanks for his care in 'such words as made him believe I 'had not been ill bred; which awakened 'his curiosity, and he desired I would 'tell him my story. I did so very 'precisely; but not without shedding 'abundance of tears, which made him 'drop as many. He told me he was 'much concerned at my misfortunes; 'and, that he might not seem to con-'fide less in me than I had done in 'him, he said—"Beautiful princess, "you have related your misfortunes "to a shepherd, who is not less unhap-"py than yourself. I am the natural "son of the valiant Perianeus of Per-

"sia;

" ſia; and, as if it were the fate of his " family to be unfortunate in love, I " became enamoured of a lady who " afforded me no better requital than " he received from Floriſbella. The " Queen of the Amazons, the charm- " ing Zenobia, with whom I fell in " love, upon ſeeing her dandle on her " lap a pig ſhe was violently fond of, " has been deaf to all the teſtimonies " of my paſſion. But what drove me " quite to deſperation was, that at the " very time when I complained of her " cruelty, the Prince of the Floating " Iſlands had as much cauſe to boaſt " of her kindneſs. In a fit of anger, " I renounced knight-errantry; and, " removing for ever from my father's " court, I repaired to the banks of " this celebrated river, with a reſolu- " tion to turn ſhepherd. Since then " I have been told that the magician " Pamphus has enchanted my un- " grateful fair-one, and has converted " her into a frightful tripewoman; " but this I do not aver to you for a " certainty."—' Nay, before God, ' and on my conſcience,' quoth San- cho, interrupting the infanta again, ' whoever told the ſhepherd that ſtory, ' did not lye, for there is nothing more ' certain. Madam Zenobia is as per- ' fect a tripewoman as ever you ſaw: ' ſhe has a great ſcar on one cheek; is ' blear-eyed; blubber-lipped; and all ' the reſt ſuitable. When we firſt ' found her in the wood, where ſhe was ' tied to a pine-tree, the ſoldier Braca- ' monte, the alderman, and I, took ' her rather for a daughter of the devil ' than a fine princeſs. Only my ma- ' ſter was not miſtaken in her. Let ' him alone: he preſently eſpied ſhe ' was a great queen. Body o'me! he ' knew her at firſt ſight, and called her ' by her Chriſtian name and ſurname, ' as if they had been old ſchool-fel- ' lows!'—' You need not wonder at ' that,' quoth Don Quixote; 'if knights- ' errant had not the faculty of know- ' ing infantas under every variety of ' enchantment, how could they reſcue ' them out of the hands of enchanters? ' But we do not conſider, Sancho, that ' we interrupt the princeſs.'—' No ' matter, Sir Knight,' anſwered Ban- terina; ' I have a good memory, and ' you ſhall ſee I am not put out of my ' ſtory.

" I came then to eſtabliſh myſelf," ' ſaid the ſhepherd, " in this delight- " ful place: I ſoon got ſome ſheep, a " dog, a reed, and a bag-pipe; and, " changing my name from Prince Per- " ſin, as I was called before, I took " that of the Shepherd Perſino. My " ſquire would not follow my exam- " ple; but deſired me to requite his " long ſervices by conferring on him " the honour of knighthood: I, be- " ing of a generous temper, not only " granted his requeſt, but preſented " him with my own horſe and arms; " for hitherto he had ridden only upon " a ſhe aſs, which would not have " been the propereſt ſteed for a knight. " Then I ſent him, with my bleſſing, " to ſeek adventures. The truth of it " is, he was a clever fellow, very fit " for the ladies ſervice; and if he has " not had his brains knocked out in " ſome melon-field, no doubt he has " comforted many widows: for my part, " my only endeavour is to lead a plea- " ſant quiet life in this delicious place. " Sometimes I play on my reed, and " ſometimes on my bag-pipe; and ſome- " times I make verſes on the wonder- " ful works of nature. I deſcribe the " pleaſures of a country life. The " birds are heard to ſing in my poems; " in them the ſilly lambs are ſeen to " ſkip after the careful ewes, and the " murmuring ſtreams to wind their " cryſtal waters along the graſs: in " ſhort, I enjoy a thouſand pleaſures. " But, alas! I want one, which is the " moſt ſubſtantial, and without which " I am ſenſible a ſhepherd can never " be truly happy; and that is a ſhep- " herdeſs. Beautiful princeſs," add- ' ed he, looking on me very earneſtly, " I will not love Zenobia any longer. " I am tender, kind, diſcreet, and " faithful; give me leave to dedicate " my thoughts to you, and do not think " the gods have brought you hither to " no purpoſe: it is certainly their will " that you ſhould make me happy. " Be obedient to their ſovereign de- " crees! Be my ſhepherdeſs! Ah! " what a pleaſant thing it is to love! " Let us follow where love calls; to " him let us yield up our hearts. Let " us renounce our parents empires; " let us deſpiſe our grandeur. Let " us forget our kindred and friends; " and let us ſpend the reſt of our days

" in tender ſighs and amorous me-
" lody."

'You may judge, gentlemen, whe-
'ther it was poſſible for me to with-
'ſtand ſuch an offer. The ſhepherd
'Perſino was gay, handſome, and ſung
'well. What a treaſure this to a young
'girl at fifteen! I could not deny him.
'I aſſumed the habit and crook of a
'ſhepherdeſs. Perſino committed half
'his flock to my care, together with a
'dog which he called Melampus; and
'not thinking the name of Banterina
'very fit for verſe, he changed it to
'Phillis. It is impoſſible to tell you
'exactly how many verſes he compoſed
'upon me and my dog Melampus; but
'the devil take me, if, in leſs than a
'year, he did not make two hundred
'eclogues, as many elegies, and above
'a thouſand rondeaus! He had a very
'poetical fancy, and there was no end
'of his invention. Sometimes, though
'he was never a day without me, he
'complained of my long abſence: at
'another time, he would accuſe me of
'cruelty, with as little reaſon. Ano-
'ther time he would compoſe lively dit-
'ties, and all to divert his Muſe, and
'vary his ſubjects. There was, in all
'his writings, a characteriſtical ten-
'derneſs which raviſhed me. One
'day, among the reſt—I ſhall remem-
'ber it as long as I live—he ſung me a
'ſong, which I will repeat to you. I
'was tranſported with it. I was
'quite out of breath. I thought I
'ſhould have died, my rapture was ſo
'exceſſive. The words are theſe—

" As Phillis, late ſerenely ſleeping,
" Stretch'd her ſoft limbs beneath the ſhade,
" The gay Perſino, near her creeping,
" By ſtealth the heedleſs fair ſurvey'd:
" And ſo div ne he felt her beauty,
" And ſuch ſtrange raptures it did move,
" That, ah! forgetful of his duty,
" Too vent'rous youth! he dar'd to love."

'Beſides the pleaſure of hearing ſuch
'charming ſongs every day, I had the
'ſatisfaction of ſeeing the ſhepherd Per-
'ſino's name, and my own, carved on
'every tree, and the hiſtory of our faith-
'ful loves written in the ſands of the
'Lignon, in ſuch characters that they
'were proof againſt the winds. Thus
'I ſpent my days very happily, when
'one morning, as I was tending my
'flock, there paſſed by me a knight,
'armed at all points, who ſtopped to
'take a full view of me; and, turning
'to his ſquire, ſaid—" Aurelio, take
" notice of that ſhepherdeſs. Are not
" thoſe the features of the infanta?"—
" Yes, indeed, Sir," anſwered the
'ſquire; " that face is not at all unlike
" her."—" I am ſatisfied," replied the
'knight; " ſhe is certainly Banterina.
" Her country habit cannot deceive my
" eyes." This ſaid, he alighted from
'his horſe; and, lifting up his vizor,
'that I might ſee his face, I immedi-
'ately recognized Prince Rozinel, my
'father's brave and worthy baſtard.
'The ſurprize and diſorder of my
'countenance fully convinced him that
'he was not miſtaken. " O, my dear
" infanta!" ſaid he, " the gods have
" at length permitted me to meet with
" you! I have been theſe twelve
" months ſeeking you in all parts.
" What chance made you a ſhepherd-
" eſs?" When I had ſatisfied his cu-
'rioſity, he told me that my parents
'were inconſolable for the loſs of me;
'and, having a notable fluency of
'tongue, he painted their affliction in
'colours ſo lively, that I had like to
'have cried at it. " Come, Banteri-
" na," added he, " let us haſten away
" to my father's court: let us fly to de-
" liver him from that diſmal melan-
" choly in which I left him, and drive
" away the ſad ſhades of death which
" by this time ſit about the empreſs."
'I was mightily perplexed. If I
'thought of comforting my parents,
'I was no leſs concerned to leave Per-
'ſino. An afflicted father, a weeping
'mother, a deſpairing ſhepherd, a
'whining dog, and a ſtraying flock of
'ſheep, were all diſtracting thoughts
'which ſucceeded one another. But
'it was neceſſary to come to ſome de-
'termination; and, my life being a ſe-
'ries of wonders, I preferred my fa-
'mily before my lover. I choſe rather
'to forſake ſuch a diſcreet and well-
'behaved ſhepherd, than to be deaf to
'the calls of my diſconſolate kindred.
'I had fixed my reſolution; but, as I
'was preparing to follow Rozinel, Per-
'ſino, the unhappy Perſino! came up
'to us. He was looking for me to
'ſing me a new ſong; but he had lit-
'tle mind to ſing, when he underſtood
'he was ſo near loſing me. He made
'the woods and the banks rattle with
'his doleful complaints; he threw

'away

'away his reed; broke his crook; tore 'his eye-brows; and, that I may make 'use of one of Homer's most celebrated 'comparisons, "He rolled himself up-"on the ground, as a black-pudding "rolls upon the fire." In short, the 'doubly and trebly unfortunate Per-'sino did his utmost, and downright 'died before us for mere love and vex-'ation. I must here take breath, 'gentlemen, that I may be better able 'to recount the rest of the transactions 'of that fatal day.' Here Banterina paused a while, and then continued her discourse as follows.

CHAP. V.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE INFANTA BANTERINA'S WONDERFUL ADVENTURES.

'WHEN I saw my shepherd 'stretched out dead upon the 'ground, I reclined myself upon Prince 'Rozinel; was for a time silent and mo-'tionless, and so overwhelmed with 'grief, as to lose all sensation. But 'soon after I tore my cloaths and hair, 'and lifted up my voice to Heaven, 'complaining of his death in terms of 'the most outrageous extravagance: 'I railed so bitterly against Jupiter 'and Calisto, that the prince and his 'squire were absolutely terrified. The 'eloquent Rozinel thought fit to tell 'me, that men, in their greatest afflic-'tions, are bound to honour the gods; 'but though he had read that word for 'word in Seneca, I took little notice of 'it, and never gave over abusing the 'gods and goddesses, till the shepherd 'Persino was buried. After this, my 'sorrow began to grow lighter; I found 'my reason return; and I can safely 'boast that, at fifteen years of age, I 'bore as good a heart as any widow 'at thirty. I wiped my eyes, and 'comforted myself: then my brother 'took me up behind him, and we rode 'sixteen hundred leagues, talking over 'the adventures of knights-errant; 'for I am strangely fond of books of 'chivalry; and I do not yet despair 'but I may, one time or other, distract 'myself with reading them.' Here Don Quixote put up his hand to his forehead, and had a strong temptation to interrupt the princess in favour of the books of chivalry; but he forbore out of respect to the company, which may be considered as an act of uncommon violence to his own inclinations.

'Having travelled, without disturb-'ance, to the frontiers of Colchis,' continued Banterina, 'I was full of 'hopes that I should soon see my dear 'mother Merry-dame, and my ho-'noured father the archbanterer; when, 'in a wood, we met twelve giants car-'rying away five infantas whom they 'had newly ravished. They stopped 'us without ceremony, bidding my 'brother surrender upon discretion, if 'he would save his life. The brave 'Rozinel, having caused his squire to 'set me down, without regarding the 'odds, drew his sword; and, like ano-'ther Don Quixote, had the courage 'to fight all those giants, who looked 'like so many windmills. But, alas! 'the poor bastard had no better luck 'than if he had been lawfully begot-'ten! for he received so many strokes 'on the head with their clubs, that he 'lost his stirrups, and fell down stone-'dead under his horse's belly. Then 'they laid hold of his unfortunate 'squire, and began tossing him in a 'blanket; making him cut such plea-'sant capers in the air, that I could 'have laughed heartily, had I not been 'so full of trouble. I fared like the 'rest of the infantas. They carried 'us directly to the Moorish enchant-'er's castle, which was but two leagues 'off.'—'But, Madam Princess,' said Sancho, interrupting her again, 'pray 'tell me whether those two-handed 'rogues took your brother's squire a-'long with them, or whether they left 'him in the wood, after having so well 'settled his bones for him?'—'As for 'that,' replied Banterina, 'they were 'not satisfied with tossing him in a 'blanket till they were weary, but they 'carried him to the castle, where they 'shut him up in a dungeon under-'ground, which was fourscore and 'nineteen thousand fathoms deep.'—'Bless us! what a dungeon!' cried Sancho: 'why a man had as good be in 'Limbo! What an unmerciful crew 'of Goliahs these were! Hang me, if 'the very enchanters be not civiler per-'sons! When they have tossed a squire 'handsomely, they give him at least 'the key of the country, and turn 'him loose about his business.'—'That

'is a great comfort for a squire that 'has been tossed in a blanket,' answered the princess; 'and would to God 'my brother's had come off so well!— 'But to return to my story. You must 'understand that, as soon as I came to 'the castle, with my five unfortunate 'companions in bondage, the enchanter 'desired to see us. Though I was but 'in the habit of a shepherdess, and 'that rather ragged, (for I had not 'spared it in my transports of grief at 'Persino's funeral) yet I was reckoned 'the prettiest of the half dozen. I 'had the good luck to please the wiz-'zard; and, at the same time, he had 'the misfortune to appear in my eyes 'the most horrid individual of the hu-'man species: in a word, his hair is 'frizzled, and red as blood, and his 'face black as ink; and it is doubt-'less for these reasons that they call 'him the Moorish, or the carroty, en-'chanter. I could not endure the 'sight of the monster. When I looked 'upon him, I made a sort of a face, 'which he did not think very favour-'able to his desires; and, in truth, there 'was no need of his being a great 'conjuror to guess what it meant. He 'made up a face in his turn which was 'as plain as the other: he knit his 'brow; and, looking fiercely on me— "How now, little gipsey!" said he, in 'a voice like a mule-driver; "I per-"ceive you do not like us. To hu-"mour you, we must send for those fine "effeminate fellows, those starched "beaus of our sex. I could have "borrowed one of those empty shapes, "as poor silly Friston did; but I would "not put such an affront upon nature." 'I durst not make the brute an answer, 'for fear of provoking him yet farther. 'But, to pass by a thousand needless 'circumstances, and come to the con-'clusion of my adventures, I must 'tell you that, when he had in vain 'tormented me three months, to bring 'me to compliance with his passion, 'he was so incensed to see himself de-'spised, that he resolved to be revenged 'on me. This resolution he executed 'after a manner that has scarce any 'precedent in history. He touched 'me first with his wand; he then pull-'ed out of his pocket a book in folio, 'and opened it; then he read to him-'self; and, as he read, I perceived my 'little arms increase in length, and 'my whole frame dilate itself hideously: 'to be short, in less than a quarter of 'an hour I was converted into a giant 'from head to foot. The enchanter 'then, addressing me in a scornful 'tone—"Go," said he, "termagant "princess! go, traverse the earth un-"der that agreeable form! I command "you," added he, imperiously, "by "the soul of the great Calchas, who "perfectly knew what was to come, "what was present, and, best of all, "what was past, take the name of "Bramarbas Ironsides. Do all the "mischief you can in the world. De-"throne virtuous princes, and support "the wicked. Slay all the knights "that shall fall under your clutches, "and seek out the most famous men "to combat them. By my powers of "magick, I bestow on you strength to "destroy them all. There is but one "in the world that can overcome you; "his name I withhold from your know-"ledge. If you happen to meet him, "and he does but draw his sword "against you, your gigantick figure "will drop off like an enormous case "of pasteboard; which, being carried "away by my familiar dæmons, you "will again become an infanta. But, "to perfect my revenge, I must tell "you that, in the same hour, your "snow-white countenance shall assume "that sable hue of mine which you be-"held with such abhorrence; and this "shall be known to you by a white "veil enveloping your head." I 'have now,' continued the princess, 'been occupied, during two years, in 'ranging the world by the force of 'that enchantment, and performing 'devilish actions. Happily, I have 'not been obliged to dethrone many 'princes. I only invaded the good 'King of Cyprus's dominions; and it 'even now troubles me to the heart that 'I killed him. As for knights, I con-'fess I have demolished of those more 'than enough; and I came into Spain, 'after Don Quixote, for no purpose 'but to treat him in the same manner: 'but, thanks to the Heavenly Powers! 'he, it appears, was that most valiant 'knight who alone could disenchant 'me. The worst of it is, that I am 'still as black as a crow; for, though 'no person has told me so, and I have 'not yet seen my own face, yet, since I 'have this white veil on my head, I am

'as

'as fully convinced of the fact, as if I 'had ſpent four hours at a looking-'glaſs. So that you ſee I am not 'much in the wrong for refuſing to 'diſcover myſelf to the company.'

Banterina having thus finiſhed the ſtrange recital of her adventures, the archbanterer ſaid to her—'My dear in-'fanta, I call to witneſs all Olympus, 'from Saturn's mighty ſon to the eagle 'that ſtole his cup-bearer, that I am 'overjoyed at finding you! When I 'call to mind the Prince of Terra 'Auſtralis, the giants, and, above all, 'the Mooriſh enchanter, I perceive 'you have eſcaped a ſcowering. As 'for the innocent ſhepherd Periino, his 'moving ſongs make me very much re-'gret his death. But I have this com-'fort, that his ſoul muſt needs enjoy 'ſweet reſt in the fields of Elyſium; 'for I cannot think Pluto could be ſo 'unjuſt as to ſhut it up with the ghoſt 'of Tarquin. As to your complexion, 'my dear child, that malady is not ir-'remediable. There are abundance 'of ladies in my court, who will com-'municate their ſecrets to you: but, 'as yet, we have not ſeen your face. 'How do we know whether it is ſo bad 'as you imagine? Perhaps the Mooriſh 'enchanter has not carried on his re-'venge to the utmoſt, and thought it 'ſufficient to frighten you.'—'No, no, 'Sir,' anſwered Banterina; 'I am too 'ſure it is ſo.'—'No matter,' replied the emperor; 'diſcover yourſelf, your 'father commands you.'—'Then I 'muſt obey,' ſaid the infanta; 'but I 'can aſſure you, you will find me great-'ly altered.' Thus ſpeaking, ſhe threw aſide her napkin; and diſplayed to the aſſembly a countenance ſo far from white, that it appeared to have been daubed over with five or ſix coats of ſhining ink. The ladies and gentlemen ſeemed ſtrangely aſtoniſhed at ſo terrifying a ſpectacle; and Don Quixote, finding his work of diſenchantment imperfect, was ſunk in affliction. As ſoon as Sancho ſet his eyes on this grimly varniſhed viſage, he roared, as loudly as he was able—'Body o' mine, 'what an infanta! I would not be in 'her ſkin, if St. Michael chance to 'meet with her. Saints and fathers! 'what is the meaning of this? All our 'princeſſes, forſooth, muſt be either 'hack-faced or black-faced, with a 'pox to 'em!'—'In truth, child,' quoth the emperor, 'you are in a woeful 'tawny condition. I am much afraid 'we ſhall find it no eaſy matter to 'bleach this freckled complexion of 'thine. However, we will not ſpare 'expence in the experiment; we will 'try thoſe waſhes our brown-ſkinned 'ladies uſe to flay their faces with; 'and, perhaps, by dint of hard ſcrub-'bing, we may at length ſucceed.'—'I ſcarce think it,' anſwered Ban-terina ſorrowfully: 'I had better paſs 'the reſt of my days in retirement, 'and renounce the world for ever. 'Alas!' added ſhe, weeping, 'what a 'ſpectacle ſhall I make with this fear-'ful countenance! The young people 'will all ſhun me like an old decayed 'counteſs; and, beſides the grief of 'having no lover of my own, I ſhall 'have the vexation of ſeeing other wo-'men every day chopping and chang-'ing!'

CHAP. VI.

OF THE EXPEDIENT THAT WAS FOUND OUT FOR FINISHING THE DISENCHANTMENT OF BANTERINA.

WHILST the poor princeſs thus lamented her ſable deſtiny, on a ſudden a paper folded up like a letter was ſeen to drop at her feet, being thrown in by one of Don Carlos's pages ſo dextrouſly, that Don Quixote and Sancho never perceived it—'What 'new prodigy is this?' cried the arch-banterer. 'Sure this is ſome advice 'from an enchanter our friend. Let 'us read it, for we ought to ſlight no-'thing.' This ſaid, he catched up the paper, opened it, and read theſe verſes aloud.

'TO THE SOOTY-FACED INFANTA.'

'THY ſtrange miſhap revolving late,
'I op'd the magick roll of fate:
'There ſaw I that thine ivory face
'Will ne'er retrieve it's wonted grace,
'Unleſs that warrior, fierce as fire,
'The drubber of the ſmoaky ſquire,
'Will keep a faſt for thy ſweet ſake:
'A thing moſt hard to undertake!
'But, if that kind and gallant wight,
'In pity of thy doleful plight,
'For one whole day ſhall be content
'To take no grain of nouriſhment;

'Then

'Then ſhall the lily and carnation,
'To that infernal bronze ſucceeding,
'Reſtore thee like a new creation;
'Freſh beauties in thy viſage breeding.
'This vote was paſs'd, by full conſent,
'Laſt night, in Pluto's parliament.

'THE MOORISH ENCHANTER.'

'Bleſſed be the parliament!' ſaid the archbanterer. 'Chear up, child, you 'will ſoon recover your beauty; for I 'cannot think the moſt obliging Sancho 'Panza will refuſe to do you this piece 'of ſervice.'—'Sir,' quoth Banterina, 'there is nothing certain in the world. 'I cannot tell whether that illuſtrious 'ſquire will live a day without eating 'for my ſake.'—'How! whether he 'will!' cried Don Quixote. 'Alas, 'beautiful princeſs! you do him much 'wrong to doubt of it.—Is not this 'true, my ſon? Do not you now 'reckon yourſelf the happieſt ſquire 'that ever was; that is; or ever will 'be? Do not you feel a ſort of joy you 'are ſcarce able to contain?'—'No, 'by my troth!' anſwered Sancho; 'I 'am not ſo full of joy as you imagine. 'Do you think I am ſo well pleaſed 'to be four and twenty hours without 'eating; and to live upon my own 'nails, forſooth, while others work 'their jaws without counting mouth-'fuls? Pox take me! it is a pretty 'buſineſs to rejoice at. But, pray, 'why muſt I do penance for other folks 'ſins? That's a choice fancy. I ſhould 'have a long Lent, were I to faſt for 'every lady that has played the devil. 'Belly o' me! I will not do it at all.' —'You do not conſider what you ſay,' replied Don Quixote in a half angry tone; 'though you are but a ſimple 'ſquire, you may gain immortal re-'nown, worthy to be envied by the moſt 'applauded knights.'—'Simple or not 'ſimple, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'the knights 'need not envy me on that account. 'If my faſt tempts them, they need 'but ſay ſo, and they ſhall ſhare in it; 'and if one day is not enough, they 'may faſt ten. I promiſe you they ſhall 'not ſee me vie with them.'—'But, 'Sancho,' anſwered Banterina, 'you 'do not conſider that four and twenty 'hours are ſoon gone: for all the 'time you have faſted from dinner 'muſt be reckoned in, and you may 'dine again to-morrow; and then the 'whole buſineſs is but going to bed 'without a ſupper.'—'That is too 'much,' quoth Sancho; 'but it is 'eaſily ſaid; and yet, if you were to do 'it, you would make many wry faces.' —'Would to the gods,' anſwered the princeſs, 'that the ſucceſs of this af-'fair depended on me! my face would 'be as clear as cryſtal to-morrow. 'What! can you imagine I ſhould 'think much of faſting till to-morrow 'for the ſake of a good complexion? 'If you do, you do not take me for a 'woman. By my reputation, I would 'live a whole year upon bread and wa-'ter to obtain the fainteſt glimpſe of 'whiteneſs, or any the leaſt agreeable-'neſs of countenance!'—'How hard 'you are to be brought to,' ſaid the archbanterer; 'as if you had never 'gone to bed without a ſupper! I 'believe you did not go to Rome for a 'pardon every time you did it in the 'courſe of your adventures.'—'I 'grant it, Mr. Archbanterer,' anſwered Sancho; 'but neither did I tell 'you every time I was fretted to my 'heart.'

Don Carlos, the count, and Don Alvaro, who, till then, had continued ſilent, now drew near the ſquire to perſuade him to do things with a good grace. The archbanterer conjured him; and Banterina, as moſt concerned in this affair, did not only entreat, but fell down at his feet to render her prayer the more touching. Don Quixote, whoſe forbearance was already ſtretched to the utmoſt by the emperor's condeſcending to ſupplicate his ſquire, loſt all patience when he beheld this action of the princeſs, and was juſt ready to break out; when Sancho, unable to reſiſt any longer ſuch earneſt entreaties, and melted by the final proſtration of the infanta, raiſed her up, ſaying—'Well, riſe, 'Madam Princeſs; "Since the child "cries, it muſt be rocked." I have a 'tender heart enough, conſidering I 'am a peaſant. I will undertake this 'penance for you; and I promiſe I 'will acquit myſelf to a miracle.' The archbanterer hearing him, ran to embrace the generous ſquire; Banterina ſmothered him with acknowledgments; the ladies and gentlemen ſhowered down commendations; and Don Quixote was pacified. 'My dear friend 'Sancho,' ſaid Don Alvaro, 'I am 'overjoyed to think that you will have 'the honour of finiſhing the diſen-

'chantment

'chantment of ſuch a beautiful in-
'fanta.'—'I am glad, too,' replied the ſquire, 'for that matter: but what 'vexes me is, that I never felt ſuch a 'craving appetite as I have this after-'noon. Hang me, the devil is in the 'diſh, I believe! My guts cry a fa-'mine, becauſe I have nothing but 'wind to feed them with.'—'Right,' ſaid the count; 'this is the humour of 'all men: as ſoon as a thing is forbid-'den, every man longs for it.'—'Aye, 'and the women too are of the ſame 'humour,' quoth Sancho; 'for I very 'well remember, that John Aſpado, 'the ſhoemaker of our village, one day 'forbade his wife to go to the wood a 'nutting; and yet the jade went, and 'never got home again till ſhe had ga-'thered a lapful.—But, gentlemen,' added he, 'though I am forbidden eat-'ing a ſupper, yet I hope I may be al-'lowed to dip my fingers-ends in the 'ſauce; that will not break my faſt.'—'I beg your pardon,' anſwered Don Carlos; 'we can never be too ſcrupu-'lous when the diſenchantment of a 'princeſs depends upon it. You muſt 'not eat ſo much as a bit of bacon a 'fowl is larded with, for fear of in-'fringing the decree of the parliament. 'Nay, I am of opinion, you ſhould 'keep as far as may be from the 'kitchen; for I look upon the very 'ſteam of the meat as ſufficient to break 'the order.'—'By my troth, Don 'Carlos,' cried Sancho, 'I have an ex-'cellent thought come into my head! 'You cannot imagine what I will do. 'As ſoon as I can get to Don Alvaro 'Tarfe's houſe, I will go to bed; and, 'if I can, I will ſleep till it be time to 'ſay grace to morrow.'—'I like the 'project well,' ſaid the count; 'and by 'that means you will avoid all tempta-'tion. Beſides, the proverb ſays, "That "he who ſleeps, dines."'—'Right,' anſwered the ſquire; 'let us talk no 'more of it; I will away, and faſt like a 'biſhop: and then we ſhall ſee whether 'the order of knighthood can be de-'nied me.'—'No, no, my dear San-'cho,' anſwered the archbanterer; 'you 'may reſt ſatisfied you ſhall be dub-'bed. That is the leaſt reward you 'can expect from me.' The infanta perceiving the ſquire ſo favourably in-clined to her, changed the diſcourſe; and ſaid to the emperor—'Pray, Sir, 'give me leave to aſk you, whether the 'empreſs my mother is in this palace, 'or whether you have left her in your 'archbanterſhip. I long to hear from 'her.'—'I am overjoyed at your ear-'neſtneſs,' anſwered the archbanterer: 'your mother is here, and in her apart-'ment, bewailing the loſs of you; and 'is ſtill ſo afflicted, that ſhe will ſee 'nobody.'—'Let us go and dry up 'her tears,' replied the princeſs; 'and, 'having bidden the company a good 'night, await the event of my diſen-'chantment, which cannot fail, ſince 'it wholly depends on Don Quixote's 'abſtemious ſquire.' The ladies and gentlemen hereupon went away to their homes, very well pleaſed with the actors in this comedy; but particularly with Don Carlos's young ſecretary, who had played the part of Banterina to ſuch perfection.

CHAP. VII.

HOW SANCHO FINISHED THE DISENCHANTMENT OF THE INFANTA BANTERINA.

WHEN Don Alvaro, Don Quixote, and his ſquire, returned to their lodging, the knight, who was full of what had happened at the archbanterer's, ſaid to the Granadine—'I can-'not tell, Don Alvaro, whether the 'things we have ſeen and heard have 'made ſo great an impreſſion on you 'as they have done on me. Theſe are 'ſome of thoſe wonderful accidents, 'which have diſcredited the books of 'knight-errantry; and, I am of opi-'nion, that when poſterity ſhall read 'in my hiſtory the adventure of the In-'fanta Banterina, it will not be be-'lieved.'—'I do not queſtion it,' an-ſwered Don Alvaro; 'nothing is more 'unlikely than that princeſs's enchant-'ment; and, in ſhort, the whole of her 'relation. I am much concerned at 'her misfortunes. When I conſider 'her in a wood at the mercy of twelve 'giants, and then in the clutches of a 'baſe Moor—What a ſad thing it is! 'For, perhaps, the poor infanta did 'not tell us all; ſhe might conceal ſome 'things out of mere modeſty. God 'grant I may be miſtaken in my gueſs, 'and that her father find her as Achilles 'did Briſeis! You know, Don Quix-'ote, that Agamemnon ſwore he re-

'turned

'turned her pure and undefiled; and 'that all the Greeks took his word, 'as a man would believe a guardian 'who ſwears he has not cheated his 'pupil.'—'Don Alvaro,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'I grant you the chaſte 'Banterina has run through great dan-'gers; but, to ſatisfy your ſcruples, 'I muſt inform you, that we read in 'the authentick books of chivalry, that 'the Infanta Aurora* came out pure 'and unſpotted, after ſhe had been 'three years ſhut up in a cave among 'giants; and the ſame of a thouſand 'other princeſſes I could quote to you.' '—Nay, if ſo,' replied the Granadine, ſmiling, 'I ſhall ſet my heart at reſt as 'to that point.'—'But, pray, gentle-'men,' cried Sancho, 'did not you 'take notice of the coarſe expreſſion 'Madam the infanta let ſlip in her 'ſtory?'—'What coarſe expreſſion?' anſwered Don Quixote. 'Zooks!' quoth the ſquire, 'did ſhe not ſay "the "devil take me?" Methinks thoſe are 'curious words for an emperor's daugh-'ter; they ſavour ſomething of the 'ſcoundrel giants ſhe had kept com-'pany with!'—'I muſt confeſs,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I was ſomething ſtartled 'at firſt to hear that expreſſion; but I 'conſidered afterwards, that, ſince the 'princeſs made uſe of it, it muſt be an 'uſual mode of affirmation at her fa-'ther the emperor's court.'—'I am of 'your opinion,' anſwered Don Alvaro; 'no doubt but the infanta has 'been too well bred to uſe ſuch words, 'had not cuſtom authorized them a-'mong the archbanterer's ladies.'

After ſome farther converſation of this ſort, Don Alvaro, changing the diſcourſe, ſaid to the knight—'Don 'Quixote, I have a favour to beg of 'you; which is, that you will excuſe 'me from ſupping with you to-night; 'Don Carlos and the count expect me 'to ſettle ſome private affairs depend-'ing betwixt us.'—'Why ſo much 'ceremony?' anſwered Don Quixote. 'Friends muſt not confine one another. 'Go where you pleaſe, my dear Tarfe: 'I deſign to ſhut myſelf up in my 'chamber with Sancho; for I am re-'ſolved not to leave him out of my 'ſight till he has perfected the diſen-'chantment of the Princeſs Banterina.' —'I approve of your reſolution,' an-ſwered Don Alvaro; 'it will not be 'amiſs for you to watch your diſcreet 'and abſtemious ſquire, that he may 'be the more exact in performing his 'penance.' Thus ſaying he took leave of the knight, and went away to the count's houſe; where he found the Marquis de Oriſalvo, Don Carlos, and his ſecretary, laughing heartily at the impoſition they had put upon Don Quixote, and concerting new fooleries for the enſuing day.

In the mean while, our knight being withdrawn into his chamber with Sancho, the Granadine's ſteward came to tell him ſupper was ready. 'If you 'would oblige me,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'bring me a glaſs of wine and a mouth-'ful of meat hither; for I would will-'ingly ſup in my chamber to night.' The ſteward went out, and returned immediately with two pages; one of them bringing a great piece of bread, a bottle, and a glaſs; and the other the table linen, and a roaſted pullet on a plate: they left all upon the table, and withdrew, Don Quixote having diſ-miſſed them, by ſaying his ſquire would be ſufficient to wait upon him. As ſoon as they were gone out, Don Quix-ote double-locked the door, and cauſed himſelf to be diſarmed by his ſquire; who, in the mean while, ſaid to him— 'So, Sir, now we are alone, pray talk 'to me as a good maſter ought to talk 'to his ſquire. Muſt I of neceſſity per-'form my penance?'—'What, do you 'mean to queſtion it?' anſwered Don Quixote. 'Have you not promiſed the 'infanta and the emperor ſo to do?'— 'Yes, Sir,' ſaid the ſquire, 'I have 'promiſed; but, you know, words are 'but wind, eſpecially among great 'men. Cannot you leſſen my penance? 'Do you think, if you give me a leg 'of that little bird, the infanta will be 'ever the leſs diſenchanted?'—'No 'doubt of it!' replied Don Quixote; 'you muſt not eat the leaſt morſel: 'nay, I cannot tell but the will may be 'taken for the deed.'—'Good God!' cried Sancho, 'what do you mean?

* See Belianis, Part I. Chap. 2 and 5; but I cannot find the term of her confinement there ſpecified. The Princeſs Materoſa, alſo, in the ſame romance, (Part II. Chap. 14) is reſcued ſpotleſs from the hands of Altiſer and his two brothers, all monſtrous giants, to whom ſhe had been for ſome time priſoner, by the proweſs of Belianis and his knights.

'Where

'Where are we then? I ſhall have 'made a fine piece of work of it to-'morrow! It will appear that I went 'to-bed without a ſupper, and that the 'princeſs is no more diſenchanted than 'my grandmother!'—'And, if ſo,' anſwered the knight, 'you muſt begin 'again to-morrow.'—'Then, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I muſt eat to-night, if 'you think I ſhall be obliged to begin 'my faſt again to-morrow.'—'To tell 'you my opinion,' replied Don Quixote, 'I do not think you infringe the 'order of the enchanters in only wiſh-'ing to eat; but, however, I adviſe 'you to go to bed, whilſt I eat my ſup-'per, if it were only to ſave the trouble 'of withſtanding the temptation.'—'Sir, I will take your advice,' anſwered the ſquire; 'but, firſt, you will 'give me three good glaſſes of wine; 'for there is nothing better towards 'diſenchanting: and, you know, I had 'been diſenchanted the other day, had 'I performed the reſt of the ceremony 'as cleverly as I took down the three 'bumpers the batchelor gave me.'—'This is not the ſame caſe,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'you are abſolutely forbid 'taking any ſuſtenance; and, there-'fore, you muſt neither eat nor drink. 'For God's ſake, Sancho, do what is 'required of you nicely, that I may 'not be upbraided with keeping a baſe, 'mean-ſpirited ſquire, who has not the 'heart to finiſh an adventure! And, 'pray, what hard matter is put upon 'you? I never knew any infanta diſ-'enchanted at ſuch an eaſy rate; and 'yet you go about this glorious action 'with ſo much reluctance. What 'would you do, friend, if you were to 'give yourſelf ten thouſand laſhes?'—'What would I do?' ſaid the ſquire; 'By the Lord! I would laſh myſelf 'ſo gently, that the enchanters ſhould 'have no cauſe to laugh at me; and, 'if any one did not like it, he might 'even laſh himſelf for me: he is a 'great fool who hurts himſelf to pleaſe 'another. I believe the ancient ſquires-'errant did not uſe to flay themſelves 'for infantas.'—'There was not one 'of them,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'but would have whipped himſelf till 'he had been raw all over, for any 'common damſel.'—'In thoſe days,' replied Sancho, 'when the ſun went 'down, he left abundance of aſſes in 'the ſhade. The ſquires in our days, 'God be praiſed! are no ſuch fools; 'and I could name you thoſe that 'would not pull three hairs out of 'their beard for all the princeſſes in the 'world.'—'Will you never entertain 'nobler thoughts?' anſwered Don Quixote. 'You are finely qualified to 'receive the glorious order of knight-'hood! Had the archbanterer heard 'what you ſay, I am ſure he would 'cauſe you to be turned out of his pa-'lace to-morrow.'—'As for that,' quoth the ſquire, 'I ſhould take better 'heed how I talked before him; for I 'remember I have heard that we are 'not to tell emperors all we think.'—'That is true,' anſwered Don Quix-ote; 'but you are little the better for 'the inſtructions you receive. You 'talked a while ago ſo looſely before 'the archbanterer, that a courtier 'could not have had the impudence to 'do the like. But let us not rip up 'paſt faults; I am willing to forget 'them: undreſs you, and ſay no more.' The ſquire obeyed; but, his ſtomach being ill diſpoſed towards his uſual reſt, he could not get to ſleep, but lay toſſing and tumbling in his bed like a widow. The knight ſat down to ſup-per, and ſoon ſatisfied himſelf with a glaſs of wine, a bit of meat, and a mouthful of bread, envying, all the time, the good fortune of Sancho; who, opening the curtains to have the better ſight of what was on the table, ogled the pullet ſo lovingly, that he would willingly have forfeited the honour of diſenchanting a thouſand infantas to have exchanged places with his ma-ſter. 'Maſter Don Quixote,' cried he, 'that fowl delights my eyes! How 'purely it ſmells! It is quite a perfume 'to me! You ſhould fall to it luſtily: 'you only tickle it's ribs. Body o'me! 'if I were at it, I would handle it af-'ter another manner!'—'Glutton!' anſwered Don Quixote, 'it is better 'for you to endeavour to fall aſleep 'than to gaze at this pullet, which is 'ſuch a temptation to you.'—'Sir,' ſaid Sancho, 'I cannot ſleep; my belly 'does not love faſting, and I find it is 'ſtark frantick: yet it might as well 'be patient, for the taſk is not near 'over; yet, however, I will do all I 'can to fall aſleep.' This ſaid, he ſunk down into the bed; and, giving way to thought, ſaid to himſelf, (for the wiſe Aliſolan reveals his moſt ſecret medita-

tions)—'Alas! poor governor of the 'Forcemeat-Balls, muſt you be ſtarved 'to death, when other governors at 'this time are at table eating their fill? 'By my ſoul, I am a mere fool to faſt 'for a gipſey infanta I know nothing 'of, nor is any kin to me! Beſides, 'what ſhall I get by diſenchanting her? 'Honour, and that is all! Faith, I do 'not value that profit which a man 'cannot put up in his pocket! And 'as for the order of knighthood the 'archbanterer is to beſtow on me, I 'am not in ſuch haſte for it; and when-'ever I am, why ſhould I be harder to 'pleaſe than my maſter Don Quixote? 'I will even make the firſt innkeeper I 'meet with dub me knight. What 'ſhall I do then? Cannot I, when my 'maſter is gone to bed, get up ſoftly, 'without any ceremony, and go mum-'ble the pullet and the lunch of bread 'I ſaw upon the table? That I may; 'and it was well thought on! Who 'will know any thing of it? Nobody! 'O but to-morrow, when they find the 'princeſs is not diſenchanted, they will 'ſay—"Sancho, you took ſome ſuſte-"nance!" What anſwer ſhall I make 'to that? Well, I will ſay I did not. 'It is as eaſy to ſay "No," as "Yes;" 'and I ſhall not be the firſt ſquire that 'told a lye. I ſhall be believed; and 'the mule will be blamed for the driv-'er's fault. There is an end of it; I 'am reſolved I will eat. In ſhort, if I 'break my faſt, what harm can it do? 'It is no faſt impoſed by our Holy 'Mother the Church; and I ſhall not 'ſuffer for it in the other world.'

Whilſt the ſquire was forming this reſolution, Don Quixote made an end of his ſupper: then he walked a little about the room, pulled off his ſcanty doublet, put out the candle, and went to bed. As ſoon as Sancho felt him by his ſide, he loſt no time, but aroſe to put his deſign in execution. 'Whither 'are you going?' aſked Don Quixote. 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'with your leave, I 'muſt get up about ſome buſineſs 'which I hope is not forbidden me.'—'No, my ſon,' replied the knight, 'that matter is lawful.' The ſquire groped out his way to the table; and, meeting with the pullet and the bread, laid hold on it, and went to bed again. 'Be of good heart,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'one night is ſoon gone; and, if you 'happen not to reſt ſo well as at other 'times, you may comfort yourſelf with 'the thoughts that you ſhall reſtore the 'princeſs to her former beauty.'—'I 'do comfort myſelf,' anſwered Sancho; 'and I fancy to myſelf that the 'princeſs's face is by this time as white 'as a ſheet.'—'Now you talk of the 'princeſs,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I am 'glad ſhe told us that Prince Perſin's 'ſquire rode upon an aſs; I ſhall not 'henceforth fear being upbraided with 'your following me upon ſuch another 'creature. From this account I infer, 'that moſt of the ancient ſquires were 'mounted on aſſes; and that, there-'fore, there is no mention made in 'abundance of books of chivalry of 'the ſquire's ſteed. I repeat it once 'more, my friend; I am very glad the 'infanta has told us a thing which au-'thorizes me to leave you your Dap-'ple: for, to deal plainly with you, I 'was not ſatisfied as to that point, and 'was about buying a horſe.' Whilſt the knight talked, Sancho mumbled the pullet and the bread; and, leſt his maſter ſhould overhear the grinding of his jaws, he munched as gently as he could, and for the moſt part ſwallowed down-mouthfuls without chewing: yet, with all his precaution, he made ſuch crack-ing, that Don Quixote could not for-bear ſaying—'What is this I hear, 'Sancho? You make a noiſe with your 'mouth as if you were eating.'—'Sir,' anſwered the ſquire, with ſuch a pre-ſence of mind as one would ſcarce have thought him guilty of, 'I am half 'aſleep; and I dream I am at a feaſt, 'laying about me handſomely. Pray 'do not awake me!' Don Quixote ſmiled at this anſwer, without ſo much as miſtruſting the truth. 'Well, ſleep 'on, then, my ſon,' ſaid he; 'I will 'not interrupt the enjoyment of a dream 'you are ſo well pleaſed with, and which 'can no way prejudice Banterina's diſ-'enchantment.' The ſquire, rejoicing at the ſucceſs of his cheat, carried it on to the utmoſt. When he had demoliſh-ed the pullet and the bread, conſidering ſo much meat deſerved ſome drink, he aroſe again to go to the bottle. 'Do 'you riſe again?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'Are not you well?'—'Sir,' ſaid San-cho, 'I can bear with my diſtemper; 'and I will do ſo well this time, an't 'pleaſe God! that I ſhall have no more 'occaſion to riſe to-night.' In ſhort, having found the bottle, he put it to his mouth,

mouth, and at one pull ſucked it ſo dry, that there was not enough left to drop *ſupernaculum*. Then retiring to bed again, he had no ſooner laid his head on the pillow, than the lovely God of Slumber, who was generally ſo much his friend when his ſtomach was ſatiated, ſhrouded him all over with his ſomnifick vapours. The knight, on the other ſide, fell aſleep inſenſibly, without the leaſt jealouſy of the horrid breach Sancho had made of the ordinance of Pluto's parliament.

CHAP. VIII.

WHICH TREATS OF SEVERAL THINGS; AND, AMONG THE REST, OF THE NOVEL OF THE IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

THE Knight of La Mancha was the firſt who awaked in the morning; and, it being then broad day, he called his ſquire; but finding he was aſleep, he began poking him ſo roughly with his knees and elbows on the ribs, that the poor wretch cried out two or three times—'Pox take me, Sir, do not 'thruſt ſo hard! Muſt you kill a man 'to wake him?'—'Let us riſe, my ſon,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'it is a ſhame 'for men of our profeſſion to lie ſo long 'in bed: I am impatient to hear from 'the Infanta Banterina. I have ſeen 'her, Sancho! I have ſeen her in a 'dream laſt night! O Heavens! how 'charming ſhe appeared! what a beauty 'ſhe is, my friend!'—'If ſo, Sir,' ſaid the ſquire, 'ſhe is diſenchanted!'—'Yes, certainly!' replied Don Quixote; 'and, I can aſſure you, your faſt has 'been ſucceſsful already.'—'Have a 'care, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'leſt you 'be miſtaken: dreams are often falſe; 'and I have no faith at all in them.'—'Do not fancy,' ſaid the knight, 'that 'my dream is the production of a heated 'imagination: it is real. The wiſe Alquiſe laid before me a picture of that 'princeſs, even as the wiſe Belonia diſplayed to the Knight of the Precious 'Image the true reſemblance of Floriſbella in the priſon of Perſepolis: 'ſo that, my ſon, you may reckon the 'infanta is diſenchanted.'—'God be 'praiſed, Sir!' quoth the ſquire; 'but 'if ſhe is not quite, I muſt tell you it 'is no fault of mine.' This diſcourſe occupied them whilſt they were getting up. The knight, if he had looked towards the table, might eaſily have perceived that the penance had not been ſo religiouſly performed as he imagined; but he was pleaſed to take no manner of notice of it; and, when they were almoſt dreſſed, they heard a knocking at the chamber-door. It was Don Alvaro, the count, and Don Carlos, who came to acquaint them with the infanta's diſenchantment. This pleaſing news did not at all ſurprize Don Quixote, who was prepared for it; but Sancho was ſo amazed, that he could not forbear crying out—'By our Lady! is it 'poſſible the infanta ſhould be diſen'chanted?'—'Why ſo much wonder, 'Sancho?' ſaid the Granadine. 'Have 'you broke your faſt?'—'No, Sir!' anſwered the ſquire; 'my maſter Don 'Quixote can witneſs for me that I 'faſted like a dean, and am ready to 'begin again, if the princeſs wants 'but a ſpeck of whiteneſs: but, to 'deal plainly, I can hardly believe ſhe 'has changed her countenance ſo ſoon.' —'It is certainly true,' ſaid Don Carlos; 'for this morning one of the Em'preſs Merry-dame's pages gave me 'an account of this wonderful acci'dent, and ſwore to me that the prin'ceſs's beauty was beyond all ex'preſſion. I grant pages are very ready 'to ſwear; but they ought to be be'lieved when they ſpeak well of their 'maſters.'—'Don Carlos,' ſaid the Granadine, 'the empreſs's page told 'you nothing but the truth; for the 'archbanterer has ſent me word that 'his daughter is diſenchanted, and 'that he expects Don Quixote and his 'ſquire, to return them thanks.'—'Gentlemen,' ſaid the count, 'I long 'to ſee that beautiful princeſs; and, 'ſince I do not queſtion but you have 'the ſame curioſity, we may ſatisfy it 'immediately, if you pleaſe; for we 'have a large coach at the door, drawn 'by ſix good mules. Let us loſe no 'time; for, you muſt know, the em'peror is removed from his palace.'—'Right,' quoth Don Alvaro, 'he is 'not now in Madrid: he went yeſter'day, with all his court, to lie two 'leagues off at a palace a prince has 'lent him, which is much more ſtately 'and befitting an archbanterer.' The gentlemen, hereupon, all reſolved to ſet out; and, as ſoon as the knight was

armed, they went into the coach. A while after, Sancho followed upon his aſs, with his portmanteau behind him, carrying his maſter's lance and buckler, and being guided by one of the count's pages mounted on Rozinante.

The palace they went to was a country-houſe belonging to the count: the Marquis de Oriſalvo was gone thither already with ſome of his friends and all the ladies who were at his houſe the day before. Being reſolved to prolong the amuſement they received from the extravagancy of Don Quixote and his ſquire, they had judged it better to draw them from the metropolis to the country, where they could execute their plans with leſs hazard of inconvenience or obſtruction. Don Carlos's ſecretary was making preparation for new wonders: he had procured from the theatre two ſuperb ſuits of cloaths, in one of which he purpoſed to play the Diſenchanted Infanta, while the other was allotted to equip an old waiting-woman belonging to the count's ſiſter, who was to perſonate the Empreſs Merry-dame. Whilſt theſe two were putting on their finery, the ladies and gentlemen were converſing in the hall where the future farce was to be performed; and the author of this true hiſtory relates, that their diſcourſe fell upon the Knight of La Mancha and his ſquire. 'Ladies,' ſaid the Marquis de Oriſalvo, 'what think you of Don 'Quixote? Do not you find abundance 'of good ſenſe amidſt all his madneſs? 'And is not Sancho's ſimplicity wonderful?'—'He is very diverting,' anſwered one of the ladies; 'I am 'mightily pleaſed with his ingenuity. 'Every now-and-then ſomething exceſſively ſhrewd drops from him; and 'yet he has no deſign in it; and it is 'amazing that the ſimpleſt fellow in 'the world ſhould talk ſo wittily without being ſenſible himſelf of what he 'ſays. I am not at all pleaſed with 'Benengeli for having varied his character; for ſometimes he makes Sancho talk like a frank, guileleſs peaſant, and ſometimes like an arch, malicious knave.'—'Madam,' anſwered the marquis, ſmiling, 'if you have not 'a care, you will fall foul upon Benengeli.'—'Heaven forbid!' replied the lady; 'his Don Quixote is an excellent book; it is full of morality: 'and, beſides the true comick humour 'that reigns almoſt throughout, there 'are moſt exquiſite novels in it. Among the reſt, I think that of "The "Impertinent Curioſity" is very pleaſant and inſtructive.'—'I am of the 'ſame opinion,' ſaid the count's ſiſter; 'and I have been mightily taken with 'that novel.'—'I muſt plainly own 'my ill taſte,' ſaid another lady: 'I 'do not ſo well like the Impertinent 'Curioſity as you do; becauſe I obſerve in it many things contrary to 'nature and probability.'—'Be pleaſed, 'Madam,' ſaid one of the gentlemen, 'to give us your remarks upon it. I 'own I am a great admirer of Benengeli, and can ſcarce believe there is the 'leaſt fault in the novel we ſpeak of.' —'If you had read it with attention,' anſwered the lady, 'you would be of 'another opinion. In the firſt place, 'there is one thing in it which you 'yourſelf will ſoon grant me to be 'contrary to nature: it is when Anſelmo lies hid to obſerve his wife Camilla. You recollect Camilla is apprized of this circumſtance: ſhe makes 'a long ſpeech, and performs a thouſand odd actions, which are more 'than enough to cure Anſelmo's jealouſy. After this, ſhe ſtalks about 'like a madwoman, with a dagger in 'her hand, and her eyes full of fury, 'as if ſhe were reſolved to kill Lothario: he comes in; ſhe upbraids 'him with having entertained ſuch a 'vile opinion of her as to imagine ſhe 'could be falſe to her huſband. "I "am to blame," ſays ſhe to him, "that "I have not puniſhed you ſo ſeverely "as I ought to have done; and I will "now revenge that fault upon myſelf: "but dying, I muſt kill you, and thus "ſatisfy my vengeance." So ſaying, 'ſhe throws herſelf upon him, manifeſting ſuch eagerneſs to ſtab him, 'that he himſelf knew not what to 'think of her intention; and was actually obliged to exert his whole 'ſtrength and agility in his defence. 'If the lover was deceived, the huſband could not but be ſo too; and, 'ſince Anſelmo believed all that paſſed 'was done in earneſt, was it natural for 'him to lie ſtill in his hiding-place, 'and not ſtep out to ſave his friend's 'life, by making known his innocence 'to Camilla? Did he deſign that Lothario ſhould receive two or three 'ſtabs with a poignard before he diſcovered

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'vered himself? Nay, he has not only 'the patience to let him remain in that 'peril, but still keeps close, after that 'Camilla, having wounded herself, 'feigns swooning away. Surely he 'intended to stay till she was dead and 'buried before he would shew him-'self.'

'Just so,' said the marquis, 'would 'a husband have done, who had a 'mind to get rid of his wife; but it 'does not at all suit with Anselmo, 'who was desperately in love with his.' —'You see, then,' said the lady, 'that 'I am not so much out in my criticism 'upon that point; but there are many 'more that displease me. As for in-'stance, when the author says—"An-"selmo, hearing a noise in Leonela's "chamber, and endeavouring to get "in and see what it was, perceived "that the door was held against him: "this opposition heightened his cu-"riosity; he made a violent effort, and "forced it open; and then caught "the glimpse of a man slipping down "from the window into the street." 'In the first place, I do not understand 'what violent noise Leonela and her 'gallant could make sufficient to dis-'turb Anselmo, and oblige him to 'rise; and again, methinks two lovers, 'who had reason to fear a surprize, 'should not forget to lock the door: 'besides, what need was there for 'Leonela to tell her master that none 'but herself was concerned in that af-'fair? Was not he sufficiently con-'vinced already? Had he any cause to 'suspect Camilla after the scene he had 'lately been witness to? And why did 'Leonela, after having avowed the in-'trigue to be her own, promise An-'selmo that she would the next day 'disclose things of greater importance 'than he imagined? What design could 'she have in it? By discovering the fa-'miliarity between Camilla and Lo-'thario, she only aggravated her own 'crime: she brought additional blame 'upon herself, and lost her mistress's 'protection; which, if she did not ac-'cuse her, she was sure of enjoying.'— 'Nay, Madam,' said the gentleman who espoused Benengeli, 'you do not 'consider that Anselmo threatened to 'kill Leonela, and actually clapped a 'poignard to her throat, which must 'necessarily hurry her spirits to an ex-'treme degree, and confuse her so that 'she knew not what she said.'—'Well, 'Sir,' said the lady, 'I will pass that 'by, in complaisance to you. But, 'supposing the fear of death made her 'talk wildly, and that in her agitation 'those indiscreet words might slip from 'her, you cannot but allow that it was 'an unpardonable fault in Anselmo 'not to force Leonela to tell him those 'mighty matters immediately, which 'she reserved for the next day. How 'could he consent to put off that in-'formation, especially being of such 'a curious temper as he is described? 'He was not in disorder like the maid, 'and therefore should have compelled 'her to speak; and, when he locked 'her up, he ought to have considered 'that she might follow her gallant's 'example, and make her escape out of 'the window.'—'That reflection,' answered the gentleman, 'is very good; 'and I have nothing to object against 'it.'—'Then let it be granted,' replied the lady, 'that the author's genius was 'deficient; and that, not knowing how 'to unravel his plot, he chose to break 'in upon nature and probability, for 'want of a natural and ingenious con-'trivance to discover to Anselmo the 'familiarity betwixt his wife and his 'friend.'—'I had not made all these 'observations,' said the count's sister; 'and, when I read that novel, I only 'disliked Camilla's flight.'—'That is 'true,' said the marquis; 'considering 'how well she had acted her part till 'then, she took the alarm too soon. 'Since her husband did not yet suspect 'her, she had nothing to do but to 'feign herself more enraged than him-'self against Leonela; and, under pre-'text of terrifying her with menaces, 'to give her under-hand assurances of 'protection, or else to get her dex-'trously out of the house: in short, Ca-'milla ought to have extricated herself 'from this danger by some new piece 'of effrontery. By this means Benen-'geli would have rendered the artful 'character he gives her of greater use to 'him in his story; and the thing itself 'would have been more agreeable and 'perfect.'—'That is not all,' said another lady: 'I would fain know why 'Anselmo left the town, when he found 'neither Leonela nor his wife, nor his 'friend. Had it not been more to the 'purpose to seek them out in Florence, 'and so to have been convinced of the

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'misfortune which as yet he was only 'jealous of, than to run away into the 'country, where, in all likelihood, he 'could meet with nobody to inform 'him?'—'Yet, for all that, Madam,' ſaid the marquis, 'he there met a gen-'tleman; and, if you remember, this 'gentleman came from the city. An-'ſelmo aſked him what news there was 'at Florence. "Very ſtrange news," 'anſwered the gentleman. "It is re-"ported that Lothario hath this laſt "night carried off the wife of Anſel-"mo, his intimate friend. This diſ-"covery was made," added he, "by "a maid who ſerved Camilla, and "who was taken up by the watch as "ſhe was letting herſelf down into the "ſtreet by ſheets faſtened to her win-"dow." How could any one be told 'by Leonela that Camilla was gone off 'with Lothario, when Leonela knew 'nothing of the matter; for it did not 'happen till after ſhe herſelf was taken 'by the watch*? Is not that a fault in 'judgment? Beſides, Anſelmo's death 'is very ill managed, and improba-'ble. He ſat down to write a letter; 'he had ſtrength enough to begin it; 'and died half way. What a wretched 'concluſion!'

CHAP. IX.

OF THE EXTRAORDINARY HONOUR THAT WAS CONFERRED UPON DON QUIXOTE.

THIS diſcourſe was interrupted by the young ſecretary and the old waiting-woman, who now entered the hall, and engaged the attention of the company. Thoſe two princeſſes were clad in cloth of gold, adorned with abundance of falſe diamonds: they wore caps embelliſhed with feathers of all colours; whilſt a profuſion of flaxen hair, which their heads had aſſuredly very little right to, waved gracefully in ringlets over their ſhoulders. The ſecretary, being unfortunately poſſeſſed of an immoderate length of viſage, grievouſly ſcarified with the ſmall-pox, and having, moreover, a ſquat noſe, with a mouth like that of an oven, it was at firſt ſomewhat apprehended that he would but ill ſuſtain the reputation of an infanta who had been ſtolen for her beauty: he had, however, ſo well managed matters, and had been ſo laviſh of red and white in the compoſition of his countenance, that the ladies agreed he was inimitable. The Empreſs Merry-dame, otherwiſe ſtiled Madam Uriquez, had not been leſs diligent in aſſuming the form and carriage of a magnificent princeſs. The company had ſcarce taken a full view of their two highneſſes, before a page acquainted them of Don Quixote's arrival. The marquis, hereupon, immediately clapped on his archbanterer's crown, caught up his red ſceptre, and ran with the princeſſes to ſeat themſelves on three thrones, under a great canopy. Don Quixote, Tarſe, Don Carlos, and the count, preſently appeared, and made low obeiſances to the imperial family; but, as ſoon as the emperor ſaw Don Quixote, he came down from his throne, and ran to him with open arms, ſaying—'Welcome, brave Knight of La 'Mancha! May the gods ever prove 'favourable to your wiſhes!' Don Quixote then ſtepping forwards towards the emperor, and kneeling upon one knee, would have kiſſed his hand; but the archbanterer drew it back, raiſed the knight; and, having ſaluted both his cheeks, preſented him to his Empreſs Merry-dame and the infanta, who came down from their thrones to embrace him, according to the cuſtom of ancient empreſſes, who never failed embracing ſuch famous knights as came before them after finiſhing ſome important adventure. 'Invincible Don Quixote!' ſaid the empreſs; 'worthy offspring of 'the god Mars! what thanks can we 'return you? What can we do to re-'quite your inſuperable valour?'—'Sovereign princeſs!' anſwered the knight, 'honour is the only reward I 'propoſe to myſelf in all my under-'takings. No other recompence can

* This does not appear to have been neceſſarily the caſe. The capture of Leonela by the watch might have been ſubſequent to the flight of her miſtreſs, for any thing that is to be found to the contrary in the novel of Cervantes. It is odd enough, that our author ſhould chuſe to alledge ſo doubtful a circumſtance as a proof of Leonela's ignorance, when a much better proof really exiſts in Cervantes; viz. that Leonela had remained locked up in her own chamber from the time that Anſelmo left it.

'pleaſe

'pleaſe me: and if I had the honour 'to be the cauſe of your recovering 'the infanta, it is enough for me that 'you ſhould vouchſafe to open your im-'perial mouth to thank me.'—'Well, 'then,' ſaid the emperor, 'expect no-'thing from us but thanks. I had 'thoughts of making you a preſent of 'the noble kingdom of Cochin-China, 'and of giving your ſquire the beſt 'government in my archbanterſhip: 'but no more of that; let the honour 'of having finiſhed a glorious adven-'ture content you both.'—'The gods 'grant,' cried Banterina, 'that all 'the world may ſoon ring with the 'noiſe of my diſenchantment! May 'rumour haſten to ſpread the happy 'news from the fair German to the 'ſun-burned Ethiopian; from the em-'pire of Trebiſond to the little ſhops 'in Toledo! And may the valiant Don 'Quixote ſtill purſue the paths of fame, 'evincing to the whole world that he 'is far above all ſhe can ſay of him!' —'May his renowned name,' added the empreſs, 'be tranſmitted from genera-'tion to generation, and never fail but 'with the failing world!'—'Gentle-'men,' ſaid the archbanterer, addreſ-ſing himſelf to the whole company, 'give me, I deſire you, your ſentiments 'of the Infanta Banterina. Are you 'not ſtricken with the marvellous al-'teration in her complexion?' Don Alvaro and the count readily acknow-ledged their amazement; and Don Quixote, having looked on her with the viſion of a true knight-errant, af-firmed himſelf ready to maintain that no creature could exceed her in perfec-tions. Don Carlos, in corroboration of an opinion ſo reaſonable, obſerved that the infanta's beauty palpably juſti-fied the ſudden death of the ſhepherd Perſino; and he called all the ladies to bear him witneſs; who, notwithſtand-ing the repugnance which women ge-nerally feel in commending the charms of another, were all ingenuous enough to declare that the infanta was really incomparable. The air with which that princeſs received all their com-mendations was diverting enough. She obſerved ſtrict ſilence, it is true; but at every obliging word her downcaſt eyes were ſunk to the ground, and her body inclined in token of acknowledg-ment, with ſuch marks of ſhame-faced timidity, as convinced Don Quixote that ſhe was a princeſs of extraordinary baſhfulneſs. When it was dinner-time, the archbanterer ſaid to Don Quixote—'Sir, it is my will, that you, 'and all theſe gentlemen, dine with 'me; and I requeſt you to make ſome 'ſtay here. The empreſs and the in-'fanta deſire the ſame: you are too 'courteous and civil to deny them that 'ſatisfaction.' Don Quixote, having civilly accepted of the honour that was offered him, took the infanta by the hand, and followed the archbanterer, who led the empreſs. The gentlemen did the ſame by the ladies; and, when they were all come into a large room, where the cloth was laid, they ſat down at a long table: then ſeveral muſicians, whom the count had brought from Ma-drid, began to play on ſundry inſtru-ments, and to ſing delightful ditties in abundance. Don Quixote's ſatisfac-tion was inexpreſſible; for he was ſeated directly oppoſite to the infanta; who, to try the power of her charms, ſmiled upon him, caſt amorous glances, and wonderfully allured him*. He was too ſharp-ſighted not to perceive the lady liked him; but he was not at all ſurprized at the diſcovery: he very well knew it was no unuſual thing for in-fantas to fall in love with knights of his renown, though he thought it ra-ther ſtrange the impreſſion ſhould be ſo lively and violent; and he judged the princeſs muſt needs be deſperately in love with him, ſince ſhe had not the power to govern herſelf before her fa-ther and mother.

When dinner was almoſt over, an

* Relaxations of decorum were not at all unfrequent among the fair-ones of chivalry. In the romance of Palmerin D'Oliva, the Princeſs Alchidiana is introduced accoſting Pal-merin as follows. 'Some in their love delight themſelves with embracing, kiſſing, and 'ſuch ceremonial behaviour: as for me, amorous private and familiar conference I re-'pute a chief content. Yet hath Love one ſhaft in his quiver more pleaſing than all theſe, 'being the only argument of each other's reſolution: in reſpect whereof I commit my ho-'nour into your protection; prizing, eſteeming, and chuſing you above all the men in the 'world beſide.' Palmerin, however, a perfect Don Quixote, in chaſte loyalty to Polynarda his miſtreſs, pretends not to underſtand this amorous intimation, and counterfeits a ſwoon by way of avoiding farther advances. See Part II. Chapter 9. Edit. 1637.

angry

angry voice of a man was heard at the door. The muſick ceaſed; and preſently Sancho came into the room in a ſputtering paſſion. 'What is the 'matter, friend?' ſaid the archbanterer. 'What ails you, Mr. Emperor?' cried the ſquire in a heat; 'you muſt 'come quickly, if you pleaſe, and 'make them put Rozinante and my 'aſs into the ſtable; for your raſcally 'ſervants have a mind to thruſt them 'into a pig-ſtye, as if they were not 'fit company for your horſes.' The ladies and gentlemen could not hold their countenances, hearing this piece of ſimplicity; their highneſſes, the muſicians, the pages, and all the company, burſt out a laughing: but the archbanterer, when he had laughed as well as the reſt, perceiving that Don Quixote bluſhed, re-aſſumed his gravity, and ſaid to the ſquire—'Fear no-'thing, my dear Sancho! I will take 'care, without going to the ſtable my-'ſelf, that ſuch an indignity ſhall not 'be put upon the famous Rozinante, 'and his illuſtrious companion: I de-'ſign them nobler ſociety.—Go,' ſaid he to one of his pages, 'I charge you 'ſee thoſe two peerleſs animals lodged 'with the twelve horſes of my impe-'rial chariot; and I expect they have 'the beſt ſtalls.'—'Nay, as for the 'beſt ſtalls,' anſwered Sancho, 'there 'is no reaſon for that; your great-'neſs's horſes ought to take place, 'without queſtion.' When the page was gone out to execute his orders, the ſquire fell into a good-humour again; and the archbanterer ſaid to him—'My friend Sancho, you behold here, 'ſitting by me, the empreſs and the in-'fanta Banterina; I aſſure you they 'are both much pleaſed with you.' The ſquire immediately caſt his eyes on Merry-dame, and then on Banterina; and was ſo dazzled with the luſtre of their cloaths and diamonds, that he was never weary of gazing at them. 'This is ſomething like!' cried he, in the exceſs of his amazement; 'this is what we call infantas in my 'country. A man need not be knight-'ed to know them; they are ſeen at 'firſt ſight by their cloaths. Ads-'bobs! theſe are not like the Galician 'wench's rags!'—'Generous ſquire,' anſwered the emperor, 'admire your 'own handy-work; behold the bleſſed 'fruit of your penance: view my 'daughter well. Is not her counte-'nance changed?'—'Yes, by my 'faith!' replied Sancho; 'ſhe looks 'now perfectly like a picture: I did 'not expect I ſhould find her quite ſo 'handſome; and when I bethink my-'ſelf how ſhe looked laſt night, by 'the Lord, I thought twenty Lents 'would have been little enough to 'cleanſe her!'—'For all that,' ſaid Banterina, 'you ſee that one day's faſt 'has done it: and, what pleaſes me 'moſt of all is, that I ſhall not marry 'the King of Ethiopia's ſon, on 'whom my father had an intention of 'beſtowing me.'—'It is true,' ſaid the archbanterer, 'that I had ſome 'thoughts of that match; but you 'may think I have no great mind to 'it now.'—'O, my dear Sancho!' quoth the empreſs, 'what gratitude do 'I not feel towards you for perform-'ing ſuch a ſovereign penance for my 'daughter's complexion!'—'Madam 'Empreſs,' anſwered Sancho, 'ſpare 'not me; I am ready to obey all your 'commands, and to keep a faſt, if 'need be, for every tooth that is want-'ing to your highneſs.'—'No, no, 'Sancho,' ſaid the emperor; 'that 'would be impoſing too much hard-'ſhip upon you: it is time you ſhould 'make amends for your abſtinence. 'You may go with my courtiers; I 'have given them orders to make much 'of you.' Thus ſaying, his high-mightineſs roſe from table; the ladies and gentlemen did the like; and Sancho made towards the kitchen, laughing in his ſleeve, to think they attributed the diſenchantment of the princeſs to his abſtinence; but cautious enough of letting ſlip any word touching that ceremony. The company went back into the room where they were before dinner, but ſtaid not long there, for the emperor, the empreſs, and the infanta, retiring to their apartments to take a few hours reſt, the ladies and gentlemen did the ſame; and every one went to the chamber the archbanterer had appointed.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

OF THE AMOURS OF DON QUIXOTE AND THE INFANTA BANTERINA.

AS ſoon as Don Quixote was alone, he began to meditate on the delight which he had obſerved his preſence excite in the infanta; and was extremely overjoyed when he conſidered there was no reaſon to diſtruſt her being deſperately ſmitten with him. Whilſt he was thus wrapt in reveries of felicity, his ſquire opened the door, and came into the room loaded with the portmanteau, the lance, and the buckler. 'Are 'you there, my friend?' cried Don Quixote. 'I expected you; I have a 'ſecret of importance to communicate 'to you: but ſhut the door firſt.' When the ſquire had done as he was bidden—'So, Sancho,' ſaid his maſter; 'have you taken good notice of 'the Princeſs Banterina? Confeſs ſhe 'has all that beauty I told you of this 'morning.'—'No doubt,' anſwered Sancho, 'but ſhe is as fine as you 'dreamt ſhe was laſt night. O, by our 'Lady, it is ſhe that has coral eyes, 'ivory lips, and all the reſt you uſed 'to ſay of Madam Zenobia! But 'there is one thing which puzzles me 'ſtill. I would fain know why the 'enchanters allow me to ſee the Infanta 'Bantlina as ſhe really is, more than 'any of the others. Is it becauſe, diſ-'enchanting her, I diſenchanted my-'ſelf at the ſame time? Has my faſt 'killed two birds with one ſtone?'—'That is not impoſſible,' anſwered Don Quixote: 'but tell me, my ſon, 'would not you think me very happy, 'if that beautiful lady ſhould chuſe 'me for her knight?'—'Yes, by my 'faith, Sir!' replied Sancho; 'that 'would be a lucky job for you: but, 'to deal plainly, I fancy the grapes 'are above the fox's reach.'—'There's 'your miſtake,' ſaid the knight; 'what 'would you ſay, friend, if I ſhould 'tell you that this princeſs is in love 'with me?'—'Admirable, Sir!' cried Sancho; 'did you dream that too?'—'There is nothing ſo certain, Sancho,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'the infanta 'loves me: and, what is moſt ſtrange, 'her paſſion is ſo violent, that ſhe 'could not forbear, a while ago, giv-'ing me many private tokens of it 'before her father and the empreſs.'

Here they were interrupted by one knocking at the door; and the ſquire, opening it, found it was a young handſome damſel, well clad, who brought a baſket covered with a great piece of green taffety. 'The gods preſerve 'you, Don Quixote!' ſaid ſhe, when ſhe came in. 'May one talk to you, 'before your ſquire, of an affair of the 'higheſt conſequence?'—'Yes, pret-'ty maiden,' anſwered the knight; 'I 'will anſwer for his ſecreſy.'—'If ſo,' replied the damſel, 'I muſt tell you 'that my name is Laura: I am one of 'the Infanta Banterina's damſels, and 'have the honour to be truſted with all 'her ſecrets; and I come from her to 'bring you this baſket, together with 'a billet-doux, written with her own 'hand.' This ſaid, ſhe ſet the baſket on the table, pulled the billet-doux out of her pocket, and gave it to the knight; who, after having read it to himſelf, cried out in a rapture of joy—'O peerleſs princeſs! you ſhall not 'have the ill fate of the Infanta Impe-'ria. I am not pre-engaged to another 'lady, as was the Knight of the Ba-'ſiliſks.—Son Sancho, open the port-'manteau immediately!' The ſquire, gueſſing at his maſter's deſign, did not obey without muttering; but Don Quixote, enjoining him to hold his peace, took a handful of ducats out of the portmanteau; and, giving them to the damſel, ſaid—'Beautiful Laura, I 'entreat you to accept of this, till I 'can give you greater proofs of my 'gratitude.'—'I thank you, Sir,' anſwered Laura, taking the ducats; 'I 'am glad my miſtreſs has made choice 'of a knight of your worth. I will 'do you all the good offices I can with 'her; and I ſwear it ſhall not be my 'fault, if I do not often bring you 'ſuch billets-doux. But, Sir Knight, 'will not you anſwer this?'—'I will 'not fail,' replied Don Quixote; 'and 'my ſquire ſhall carry it, who will 'perform it with as much art as ſe-'creſy.'—'That is enough,' ſaid the damſel. 'Farewel, Sir Knight! With 'your leave, I will go back forthwith 'to my miſtreſs, for ſhe is a very haſty 'infanta. I am ſure ſhe expects me in 'her chamber with as much impatience

'as a young churchman at the univer-
'sity does a benefice.'—'Genteel dam-
'sel,' said Don Quixote, 'pray satisfy
'my curiosity before you go. Tell
'me how comes it that the emperor,
'the empress, and the infanta, speak
'Spanish as naturally as if it were
'their mother-tongue?'—'I will tell
'you the reason,' answered Laura; (who had too much wit to be gravelled by such a question) 'though the Co-
'chin Chinese language is generally
'spoken in the archbanterership, yet
'there are abundance of masters who
'teach all other languages. Above
'all, Spanish is particularly the fa-
'shion; and the emperor has taken
'such a liking to it, that he cannot
'endure any other language should be
'spoken at court.' Don Quixote, perfectly satisfied with this answer, dismissed the damsel; who, saluting Sancho as she passed, very graciously said to him—'Adieu, courteous squire; cheer
'up.'—'Aye, aye,' answered Sancho, in a sad tone, 'we must cheer up,
'forsooth, while Madam the Abigail
'runs away with our ducats!'—
'Friend,' said Don Quixote, 'you are
'too covetous of money: let me tell you,
'it is a great fault in a governor. Can
'you never curb yourself? I cannot
'conceive how it comes to pass that
'my words and actions have not in-
'spired you with more generosity, so
'long as you have been in my service.
'Can servants learn nothing of their
'masters but their ill qualities alone?'
—'Sir,' replied the squire, 'these
'are fine words; but, take my word
'for it, it is good to lay up something
'for a rainy day. When we have
'given the damsels all our money, the
'jades will laugh at us; and you shall
'see how we will be treated at inns,
'when we have nothing but love-let-
'ters in our portmanteau.'—'Go, go,
'fear nothing!' replied Don Quixote;
'we are not yet come to the bottom of
'our bag. I do not spend it idly; and
'you cannot but grant that it was no
'great present I made the damsel Lau-
'ra. I am satisfied the infanta will
'make you a greater when you carry
'her my answer.'—'Nay, if that be
'so,' cried Sancho, 'I have no more
'to say. Make haste, then, and write
'to her quickly; for here is pen, ink,
'and paper, ready upon the table.'—
'First, let us see what is in this bask-
'et,' said Don Quixote; 'and let us
'admire the princess's favours.' Then, taking off the taffety that covered the basket, he pulled out above two hundred yards of old ribbands of several colours, and a scarf of black silk much worn. 'Body o'me! what a parcel of
'ribbands there is!' cried Sancho; 'I
'question whether Bertrand Ricacho,
'the mercer of our town, has so many.
'But pray, Sir, what do you call that
'black contrivance I see there?'—'It
'is a scarf,' said Don Quixote: 'was
'there ever any thing so fine?'—'Yes,
'faith and troth, it is very fine!' quoth Sancho; 'it would do rarely about a
'hat at a funeral.'—'You do not
'know, my son,' answered Don Quixote, 'what use the infanta wills me to
'apply this to. You will never guess
'what she writes to me about it: I must
'read her letter to you.'—'I shall be
'glad of that,' replied the squire;
'for I have a great mind to hear it.'
Hereupon, Don Quixote read aloud the infanta's letter, which was to this effect.

'TO THE HERO OF LA MANCHA,
'THE PARAPET OF ORPHANS,
'THE CURTAIN OF INFANTAS,
'AND THE PLATFORM OF
'KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

'VALOROUS Don Quixote!
'beautiful flower of chivalry!
'which always turns towards glory,
'as the sun-flower does to the sun; I
'ought to die for shame, that I shake
'off the yoke of modesty to declare to
'you that I love you; but the unmer-
'ciful god whose slave I am, will
'have it so; and your rare qualities
'will be my excuse: besides, I do no-
'thing that has not been done before.
'The Infanta Imperia, of gallant me-
'mory, made love to the Knight of
'the Basilisks: but, alas! you know
'he rendered her but an ill return for
'her forwardness. Heavens grant I
'may prove more fortunate than she
'was! I send you some ribbands I
'wore myself a long time; and a rich
'scarf, which was once the Prester
'John's girdle: do not fail to adorn
'your curious shape with it; and let
'all the court see you anon decked
'with

'with these rich favours. But I beg 'of you to preserve as much discretion 'as I have kindness for you. Take 'care, when you shew love's favours, 'that you do not discover the lover.'

'Well, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'what think you of this letter? Has 'it not exquisite turns of expression? 'And does not the infanta appear 'pregnant in wit?'—'By my troth, I 'think she does!' answered the squire; 'and she must be pretty well used to 'write love-letters to knights, to know 'how to do it so well.'—'Hold there, 'friend!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him hastily; 'you sometimes 'let fall such expressions that, though 'you mean no harm by them, yet 'they are offensive. If any body 'should hear you talk thus, they 'would imagine the Infanta Banterina 'to be a finished coquette; whereas 'she is the most precise and virtuous 'princess in the world: for, in short, 'though she ventures so far for my 'sake; though she writes to me; yet 'Love alone can be blamed, who ex-'ercises such an absolute power over 'her, that he makes her insensible of 'the reservedness of her sex, and causes 'her to forget what is due to the nobi-'lity of her birth.'—'Sir,' said Sancho, 'I can assure you I did not mean 'to affront the infanta: but I speak 'before I think, and that is the mis-'chief of it. By my faith, the rope 'will go after the bucket! When my 'tongue is once set a running, there is 'no stopping it; and the devil makes 'the most of it.'—'So much the 'worse,' answered Don Quixote; 'but 'you ought to take care to curb your-'self.'—'I hope, Sir, I shall mend 'one time or other,' replied Sancho: 'and, come what will, it is better to 'be naught, and hope to be good, than 'to be good with a design to be naught.' —'Let us have done with that,' replied Don Quixote: 'I forget that the 'infanta is perhaps in an agony till 'she receives my answer. I will write 'and send it her immediately.' Having thus said, he walked about the room a while, deliberating what he should say; and then, taking pen and ink, wrote a letter, which he read to his squire, as follows.

'TO THE INFANTA BANTERINA,
'THE PHOENIX OF BEAUTY,
'THE QUINTESSENCE OF GRACES
'AND CHARMS, THE SOURCE OF
'SMILES AND PLEASURES, AND
'THE MIRROR OF ALL PERFEC-
'TIONS.

'I Most humbly thank your sovereign 'highness for the precious favours 'you have heaped upon me. I will 'make such use of them as you desire, 'with such secresy as you shall have no 'cause to complain of. But is it pos-'sible, O noble lady! that the sole 'heiress to the Archbanterer of the In-'dies should prefer a plain knight, 'only commendable by unheard-of 'actions, before all the princes in the 'world? How flattering is this prefe-'rence to me! Verily, though Love 'has always treated me with much ri-'gour, I have now cause to return him 'thanks, since he allows me to raise 'my audacious thoughts as high as 'your lofty and sublime perfections. 'Could he have reserved for me a more 'beautiful infanta! You are the orna-'ment of his empire; and your eyes 'seem to be the arsenal of his unavoid-'able arrows! Be you, then, peerless 'Banterina, from henceforward, queen 'of my will; and grant me leave that, 'seeking new adventures under the 'auspices of your charms, I may go 'from kingdom to kingdom to make 'all knights, who never had the feli-'city of beholding you, acknowledge 'that you are the most beautiful prin-'cess in the universe.'

'Hang me,' cried Sancho, 'the cu-'rate does not preach so well but his 'vicar will be even with him! Lord, 'Sir! that is a rare answer! Let me 'die, if it be not as good as Latin! 'Give it me quickly, that I may go 'receive my present.'—'In the name 'of God, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'take heed that you do not appear 'too covetous before the infanta! I do 'not forbid you taking whatever the 'will give you; but take it not gree-'dily, and in haste.'—'I understand 'you, Sir,' answered the squire. 'Let 'me alone for that. When the in-'fanta says—"Here, Sancho, this is

" for you;" I will take no notice; but ' will hold out my hand fair and soft- ' ly, like the prior of Toboso, when ' he takes the money of the Brother- ' hood of St. Agnes.'—' I have one ' thing more to say to you,' added Don Quixote; ' take heed how you ' talk, lest you let fly some foolish ex- ' pression.'—' Enough,' replied Sancho; " fore-warned, fore-armed." I ' will hold so fast by the mane, that I ' will not fall; and I promise you I will ' not spit out a word but I will chew it ' first.' The knight, then, having closed the letter, gave it him, saying— ' Go, then, my son, slip privately into ' the princess's apartment, and execute ' your commission with all the dexte- ' rity you are master of.'—' Sir,' answered Sancho, ' when I meddle in an ' affair, that is sufficient. I would ' defy a monk to do it better, with all ' his divinity.' Thus saying, he went out of the room; but had scarcely quitted the door when he met Laura. ' O! ' is it you, Mrs. Laura?' cried he. ' Pray, what do you do here?'—' I ' waited for you,' answered she, ' to ' conduct you to my mistress's apart- ' ment; for I am satisfied you do not ' know where it is.'—' No, truly!' replied the squire; ' but I would have ' desired somebody to direct me to it: ' for a man may go to Rome if he has ' but a tongue in his head.'—' That ' was just what I designed to prevent,' quoth Laura: ' you would have asked ' some prating page, perhaps, who ' would have discovered the whole ' plot. Let me die, we who wait up- ' on amorous princesses must be very ' cunning, and foresee things long be- ' fore they come to pass! We can ' never be too cautious in conveying ' billets-doux to them: and I am of ' opinion that you had best give me ' your master's letter; I will deliver it ' to my mistress, and you may go ' back.'—' No, no, good Mrs. Busy ' Body!' cried Sancho; ' I will carry ' it myself: I have hands as well as ' you, God be praised! to receive du- ' cats; and the fairest way is for every ' one to have his due.'—' You do not ' take me right,' answered Laura; ' I ' would only carry the letter for the ' greater secresy: but, since you think ' I designed to wrong you of your per- ' quisites, I will soon undeceive you; ' come along with me.' Thus speaking, she led him into a room, where they found Banterina lying on a bed. ' Madam,' said Laura to her, ' here is ' Signor Sancho Panza, who brings ' you a billet-doux from his master.' The infanta, hearing these words, started up; and, making towards Sancho very hastily, said to him—' Well, wise ' and discreet squire, do you come to ' bring me good news?'—' I do, Ma- ' dam Princess,' answered Sancho, pulling the letter out of his pocket; ' I could not have brought you better, ' though you were my mother: you ' need only read that letter, and then ' you will find the day is your own.' Banterina instantly took the letter; and, having perused it, exclaimed—' Gra- ' cious powers! what a courteous and ' sprightly gentleman is your master ' Don Quixote! His expressions charm ' me! How much am I beholden to ' my stars for having thrown this ad- ' mirable knight in my way! My only ' fear is, lest I should not possess the ' whole of his heart; for I have been ' told that he still retains some kind- ' ness for the Hacked-Face princess, ' the fat Zenobia.'—' No, Madam,' quoth Sancho; ' my master, I can as- ' sure you, does not love her any long- ' er, since he knew she was married to ' Prince Hiperbolan.'—' But is it cer- ' tain,' said the infanta, ' that this ' prince has married her?'—' Yes, ' Madam,' answered the squire; and, ' by the same token, she had three ' children at a birth, as the wise Lir- ' gandus told us.'—' If Lirgandus ' told you so,' replied Banterina, ' there ' is no doubt to be made of it; and, ' on that assurance, I am resolved to ' make the Knight of La Mancha's ' fortune. It is decreed! I will give ' way to my soft inclinations; nothing ' shall stay me. Go, Sancho, go tell ' your master, that I wholly devote ' myself to my passion for him, and ' that I joyfully accept of the glorious ' empire of his heart.' The squire, still expecting when the infanta should make him some present, was not hasty to be gone, which the princess seemed to be uneasy at. ' What is it detains ' you, friend?' added she. ' Go back ' to your master quickly; run and tell ' him I have made choice of him for ' my knight: make haste and carry

' him

'him this joyful news. Get out of 'my chamber immediately, for fear you 'should be seen here.'—'And what 'if I should be seen here?' cried Sancho. 'Have I stolen any thing?'—'That is not the case, Mr. Squire,' quoth Laura. 'Do not you see the 'princess's reputation lies at stake? If 'the empress, who is very jealous, 'should find you here, we are all un-'done; therefore be gone quickly.' Sancho, perceiving they dismissed him in good earnest, without any present, lost all his patience, and cried out, in a cholerick tone—'I vow, by my beard, 'your infantas are scurvy jades, then! 'They send away a squire, me-'thinks, with as little acknowledg-'ment as if he were bound to serve 'them. Belly o'mine! I will go tell 'my master he is a fool to be in love 'with a griper, that dares not spit for 'fear of being dry.—And as for you, 'Mrs. Impertinence, who can pocket 'up knight-errants ducats so cleverly, 'you had best come again. By our La-'dy, your rump shall not cry for want 'of kicking!' The mild Banterina, instead of being offended at this disre-spectful sally of the squire's, immedi-ately calling to him, said—'Indeed, 'my poor Sancho, you have good 'cause to be angry with me; I confess 'it. How could I thus dismiss a man 'who brings me a billet-doux worth 'more than I am able to pay! Nay, a 'man to whom, on other accounts, I 'am so infinitely beholden; who was 'the great finisher of my disenchant-'ment! I entreat you, kind friend, 'pardon my distraction. I am so full 'of your master's love, that I can 'think of nothing else: besides, I 'must own to you I am very subject to 'oversight; insomuch, that one day a 'farmer of mine, having paid me a 'thousand ducats, I forgot to give him 'a receipt, and soon after made him 'pay them over again. Was not that 'a rare piece of forgetfulness for the 'poor devil of the farmer? But I will 'make amends for my neglect towards 'you, my dear Sancho.' Having spoken these words, she went into a clo-set; and, returning with a great lea-thern bag, said to him—'Here, brave 'squire, take my purse, which you 'see is pretty large and well provided; 'I give it you as freely as if it were a 'little one.' Sancho laid hold of the bag in a rapture of joy, and was going to thank the princess for her munifi-cence; but, as ill luck would have it, his usual eloquence suddenly failed him; and he fell into such a fit of stam-mering and nonsense, that, perceiving himself he could make nothing of it, he returned all his compliment in bows and scrapings: of these he bestowed on Banterina and Laura at least a hundred; and, though they were not very court-ly, yet they came with a good will. This done, he hurried away to his ma-ster; and the damsel Laura, who did not much desire to remain long alone with a princess of Banterina's disposi-tion, returned to her real mistress, who was one of the ladies then in the house.

CHAP. XI.

WHICH REQUIRES STILL MORE ATTENTION.

'GOOD news! good news!' cried Sancho, as he came into his ma-ster's chamber; 'I have now found the 'hare in her form! I have made my 'fortune! My Lady Infanta has given 'me this purse; and I will warrant there 'is enough in it to purchase a brave 'farm house.'—'I knew well enough,' said Don Quixote, 'you would not 'come away without some costly pre-'sent.'—'Nay, by my troth,' answered the squire, 'it was none of the prin-'cess's fault that I came not away 'empty-handed; but I was no such 'ninny, forsooth! I let fall a few 'words, and she presently dropped her 'present.'—'What have you done, 'then?' cried Don Quixote. 'You 'ought not to have said any thing. I 'fear she will take you for a mercenary 'squire.'—'No, no, Sir!' replied San-cho; 'she soon found she was in the 'wrong, and begged my pardon for 'her discretion.'—'How do you mean 'pardon for her discretion?' quoth Don Quixote. 'What is the explanation of 'that nonsense?'—'It means,' an-swered the squire, 'that the princess 'told me she thought so much on you, 'that she forgot to make me a present; 'and therefore she desired me to par-'don her discretion.'—'Distraction, 'you mean,' said Don Quixote; 'now 'I understand you: but let us see,

'friend,

'friend, what the infanta has given 'you. I muſt confeſs the purſe is of 'an enormous magnitude; and I am 'much miſtaken if the ſum of money 'it contains be not very conſiderable.' Sancho, ſtill more eager to be ſatisfied than his maſter, untied the ſtrings very expeditiouſly, and pulled out of the bag an handful of braſs-medals, which had ſomething the reſemblance of antiquity, yet were modern enough; being a parcel which the count, to whom they belonged, and who was ſkilled in coins, had thrown aſide as refuſe. The ſquire's exceſſive joy was ſoon cooled, or rather converted into utter ſorrow, when, in the place of good golden ducats, he beheld a collection of cankered pieces of blackiſh metal. 'Ill luck 'betide me!' cried he, in a lamentable accent, 'what a congregation of far-'things! How could any princeſs in 'Chriſtendom find in her heart to make 'me ſuch a preſent? Without doubt 'the enchanters have been at work 'here, and have tranſmographied theſe 'ducats into ſuch ſcurvy bits of iron: 'the dogs have owed me a ſpite this 'long time.'—'No, no, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'you are in an error, my 'ſon; you have no cauſe to complain 'of the enchanters on this occaſion: 'thoſe pieces are Bronze medals of 'ineſtimable value. The Infanta Ban-'terina has made you a preſent worth 'more than all the treaſures of Aſia. 'It is certainly ſo,' continued he, viewing ſome of the medals attentively; 'theſe are what the moſt curious an-'tiquaries ſo earneſtly ſeek after: this 'muſt be a genealogical collection of 'the archbanterer's anceſtors; they 'are wonderful; the inſcriptions are 'ſcarcely legible. I am not ignorant 'that ſome men have counterfeited 'ancient medals ſo exactly, that thoſe 'very perſons who pretend to moſt 'ſkill in them are daily impoſed upon; 'but, though there were many more 'falſe medals in the world than there 'are, I am ſatisfied theſe are none of 'that ſort. This ærugo of theirs is 'a ſufficient proof of their excellency; 'and therefore you muſt keep them 'moſt charily.'—'Good!' anſwered the ſquire; 'and, pray, what would 'you have me do with them? By my 'faith, I believe I muſt ſell them to 'the tinker at Toboſo; and I queſtion 'whether he will give any thing for 'them!'—'Heaven forbid!' cried Don Quixote; 'you can never put ſo 'much value on them as they deſerve.' —'Out upon it, Sir!' anſwered Sancho; 'do you not ſee they are all worn 'and ruſty? Theſe are choice jewels to 'be kept, with a pox to them!'— 'What ignorance!' exclaimed the knight; 'it is that very circumſtance 'which gives them their value: the 'more they are diſfigured with age, 'the more they are worthy the curio-'ſity of thoſe great men who ſeek after 'and ſtudy the monuments of anti-'quity. I wiſh you had applied your-'ſelf to the underſtanding of medals, 'that you might know the value of 'theſe. I verily am hurt at ſeeing your 'abominable ignorance.'—'I am as 'much hurt as yourſelf, Sir, for mat-'ter of that,' returned the ſquire; 'I 'wiſh I had learned grammar and di-'vinity; but not for the ſake of under-'ſtanding medals, forſooth! No, no! 'I ſhould be ſorry I had taken ſo much 'pains to ſo little purpoſe; but that I 'might caſt accounts, and know how 'much money twenty ſheep, at two 'crowns a piece, come to.'

'Let us have done with your me-'dals,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'we will 'talk of them another time: let us now 'diſcourſe about the infanta. How 'did ſhe receive you?'—'She received 'me as if I had been a prince,' an-ſwered Sancho; 'for ſhe ran directly to 'meet me, gamboling all the way as 'if ſhe were bewitched.'—'And, per-'haps, ſhe fainted away when ſhe read 'my letter?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'Ex-'ceſs of joy has often wrought ſuch 'effects.'—'No, Sir, ſhe did not,' re-plied the ſquire; 'but, when ſhe had 'read it, ſhe fell a chattering at ſuch a 'rate, that, adad, it would do a man 'good to hear her! She ſaid all this, 'and all t'other, and a great deal more 'beſides; which made it plainly ap-'pear that ſhe had a ſoft place in her 'heart for you.'—'That is,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'that, relying on your 'ſecreſy, ſhe gave a looſe to her paſ-'ſion for me.'—'That is right,' re-plied Sancho; 'I meant juſt ſo. I will 'be hanged for her, if ſhe does not 'love you almoſt as well as ſhe does 'her grandfather: and I aſſure you ſhe 'is very good-natured for a lady.'— 'Why, what have you obſerved, San-'cho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that you

'could

'could judge of her good-nature by?'—'Sir,' answered the squire, 'when 'she went into her closet to fetch me the 'purse of medals, her damsel Laura 'went in with her; and there I saw the 'infanta throw her arms about her 'neck, and kiss both her cheeks 'without the least ceremony.'—'Perhaps,' replied Don Quixote, 'the 'damsel spoke in praise of me, and the 'infanta embraced her to shew how 'much she was pleased with that discourse.'—'It may be so,' said Sancho; 'but I believe Mrs. Laura is not 'so very good-natured; for she struggled in the princess's arms as if she 'had been going to ravish her.'—'The 'damsel did not struggle,' answered Don Quixote; 'she only received the 'princess's kindness with a respectful 'confusion, which you do not know 'how to express.'—'That may be too,' replied the squire; 'and, for aught I 'know, perhaps she was not so loth to 'be kissed as I fancied.'—'By the account you give me, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'I conclude the Princess 'Banterina adores me: and, since I 'have chosen her for the sovereign 'lady of my thoughts, I must now 'think of nothing but performing such 'actions as may be pleasing to her; and, 'therefore, to begin, help me on with 'these ribbands and this scarf. But I 'cannot tell, friend, whether you are dextrous enough to perform that service?'—'O dear, yes, Sir!' replied Sancho; 'I have been with the clerk of our parish an hundred times, on the eve of 'Twelfth-Day, dressing up the three 'kings; and we did it so rarely, that, 'the next day, every body took them 'for three bridegrooms.'—'I believe 'I must be disarmed,' said Don Quixote; 'for you can never tie on those 'ribbands over all my armour.'—'You 'are in the right, Sir,' quoth the squire; 'you had better be in your doublet and 'shirt.' Don Quixote consented, and laid aside all his armour, except his helmet, which he did not think fit to leave off. Then the squire, in proof of his dexterity, began tying on the ribbands one by one; and the quantity being so great that he had full scope to follow his genius, he was not at all sparing, but bestrung his master all over from the nape of the neck to the very ancles; and, to compleat this singular adjustment, the rusty black scarf was superadded to the whole. The knight, smitten like a second Narcissus, was charmed with his own figure; and the squire, in admiration, cried out—'Body o'me! "fine feathers make fine birds!" Why 'your worship is now fit to sit for your 'picture. These ribbands look perilous comical; and, for the scarf, it 'becomes you better than ever it did 'Peter John. 'Tis a thousand pities 'you have not got his square cap too; 'you would beat all the lords of the 'court a pike's-length!'—'I marvel 'at your simplicity!' said Don Quixote. 'You think, then, that Prester 'John was a priest, like our curate Peter Peres?'—'Why, what was he 'then?' answered Sancho. 'I have 'often heard the barber Master Nicholas talk of him; and I would have 'laid my island he was a priest.'—'No, 'my son,' replied Don Quixote; 'I 'will inform you what he was. I do not, 'indeed, so much wonder at your ignorance on this head; for many, much 'more learned than you, are so. I must 'confess historians do not agree upon 'it: but I will tell you their different 'opinions, and you may adopt that 'which you shall judge the best. Some 'say that a great king of India bore 'the name of Priest John, or Prester 'John, as being descended from one 'Joannes Presbyter, a Nestorian, who 'killed Coirem Cham, and usurped the 'crown: others affirm, that Prester 'John was a powerful Nestorian king 'in Tartary, next to China, and that 'his subjects called him Juhanna, being the name given to all the princes 'of that empire. Some authors will 'have it that the name Prester John 'comes from the Persian words "Preste "Cham," signifying Christian King; 'that he was first called Prester Cham; 'that is, King or Emperor of the 'Christians; Cham signifying King or 'Emperor, and Preste being the common name of the Eastern Christians. 'I remember also to have somewhere 'read, that the Moguls, who possess a 'great part of India, have often taken 'the name of Schah Gehan, signifying 'King of the World: and you see, 'Sancho, that the word Gehan, added 'to their name, is not unlike that of 'Prester John. Now, friend, I will 'tell you my opinion in this matter. 'I do verily believe the only and true 'Prester John was in Tartary; and I

'must

'must inform you, leſt you ſhould, 'like the greateſt part of the world, 'run into this error, that the name of 'Preſter John is very improperly given 'to the Emperor of Abyſſinia, or of 'Ethiopia: for, when Stephen de Ga-'ma, governor of India for the King 'of Portugal, entered the Red Sea, and 'left ſome Portugueſe, under the com-'mand of his brother Paul, with Da-'vid King of Ethiopia, to help him to 'drive the Mahometans out of part of 'his dominions which they had poſ-'ſeſſed themſelves of; neither of thoſe 'two brothers ever gave an account 'that the ſaid Emperor of Ethiopia 'was called Preſter John; which they 'would certainly have done, had it 'been his name.'

The Knight of LaMancha might very well haveſpared thisdiſſertation concerning Preſter John; and perhaps the reader would have been better pleaſed without it; but it muſt be charged upon the indiſcretion of Sancho, who was certainly the cauſe of it: yet we cannot but admire Don Quixote's memory, ſince he could remember even to the very barbarous names mentioned by thoſe authors who have written concerning Preſter John. The ſage Aliſolan was, however, very near omitting this tireſome diſcuſſion of his hero's; and aſſuredly he would never have inſerted it, had he not obſerved that many of the ſame kind had dropped from Benengeli: this gave our author an ill example. Our knight, having now cleared up to Sancho the meaning of Preſter John, proceeded in the following terms —'So, friend, now that I have ſatisfied 'your curioſity, pray liſten attentively 'to the advice I am about to give you. 'We are going into the imperial cham-'ber, whither the emperor is by this 'time come with all his court: take 'heed you do not let fall any words 'that may diſcover my paſſion for the 'infanta; nay, you muſt ſeem to take 'no notice of her, leſt courtiers, who 'are ſharp and ſubtle, ſhould diſcover 'my love in your looks; for, in ſhort, 'greatly as the archbanterer is obliged 'to me, if he ſhould happen to be told 'that I am in love with his daughter, 'he would certainly treat me as the 'Emperor Marcelian did the Knight 'of the Three Images; and that is 'doubtleſs the reaſon why the infanta 'recommends ſecreſy to me in her let-'ter.'—'But, pray, Sir,' cried Sancho, 'what was it the emperor you talk 'of did to the Knight of the Three 'Images?'—'He expelled him diſho-'nourably from his court,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'and we may expect to 'receive the ſame affront: but we ſhall 'prevent it, if you take care to be as 'diſcreet as I am.'

The ſquire having promiſed to imitate his maſter's diſcretion, they both went into the hall where all the company was aſſembled, impatiently expecting Don Quixote; the abſurdity of whoſe dreſs was even beyond their expectations. Having beſtowed infinite applauſes on the elegance of the knight's fancy, they began next to banter him on the motive of ſo extraordinary a garb. 'How now, Sir Knight?' quoth the archbanterer; 'you have ſcarcely 'ſet foot in my court, and the ladies 'have already overwhelmed you with 'their favours. No merit leſs than 'your own could have prevailed ſo ra-'pidly. The moſt gallant knights of 'ancient times did not advance with 'ſuch expedition.'—'I ſhould be glad 'to learn,' ſaid the empreſs, 'which is 'the happy princeſs for whom Don 'Quixote ſighs; for his putting on thoſe 'ribbands, and that rich ſcarf, is a 'ſure token that he repays the lady's 'love who ſent them.'—'Why ſhould 'you deſire. Madam,' quoth the emperor, 'to know that fortunate fair-'one? Would you do the knight of 'La Mancha any good offices with 'her?'—'I would, Sir,' replied Mery-dame; 'I can aſſure you I would 'ſpare no pains: what is it I could not 'do for that hero, after the obligations 'he has laid on us?' Don Quixote, in token of acknowledgment, returned a profound reverence to the empreſs; but avoided ſtrictly every thing that might tend to ſatisfy her curioſity; and, in ſpite of all their endeavours, the ladies could not wreſt from him a ſyllable of his ſecret. Upon this, one of them addreſſed her diſcourſe to Sancho, ſaying—'Well, friend, are you too as 'impenetrable as your maſter? Is there 'no way to get the lady's name he is 'in love with, from you?'—'Not a 'word of it,' anſwered Sancho; 'my 'maſter has forbid me telling of it, and 'that's enough. It is better to hold 'one's tongue, than ſay the thing that's 'wrong. I will not ſo much as look

'upon

'upon the infanta, for fear any body 'ſhould ſee in my eyes that my maſter 'loves her; and that my lord the em-'peror ſhould turn us out of the court.' This blunder of his ſquire ſorely embarraſſed Don Quixote; but the arch-banterer, pretending not to have taken notice of it, ſtarted a new diſcourſe, and began converſing on the ſubject of ancient knight-errantry. Don Quixote recovered by degrees out of his diſorder, and exerted his talent upon that ſubject. Whilſt the ladies and gentlemen diverted themſelves in liſtening to the medley of gravity and extravagance which our knight diſplayed in this converſation, the damſel Laura took the ſquire aſide, and ſaid to him—'Signor 'Sancho, are you pleaſed with the pre-'ſent my miſtreſs made you?'—'No, 'by my troth!' anſwered he; 'I would 'rather have had an handful of ducats, 'than thoſe broken bits of iron, which 'have neither croſs nor pile upon them.' —'Well, then, friend,' replied Laura, 'let us make an exchange; give me 'your medals, and I will give you all 'the ducats I had of your maſter, and 'we ſhall be both pleaſed.'—'Faith, 'with all my heart,' quoth Sancho: 'and he is a ſon of a whore that does 'not ſtand to his bargain.'—'Nay, 'I ſhall not go from my bargain,' ſaid ſhe; 'for I ſhall never make a bet-'ter. Not that I value thoſe ruſty bits 'of braſs any more than you do; but 'becauſe I know ſome that light a 'candle at noon-day, who will give me 'any rate for them.' Hereupon they ſtruck their bargain. The damſel Laura, however, as appears certain, did it only to rid her hands of Don Quixote's money, which ſhe did not care to keep upon the terms ſhe received it, though ſhe was but a mere waiting-woman. It is true, the ducats being transferred to Sancho, the reſtitution was not over exact; but that truſty ſquire had well deſerved them for his ſervices. Our Arabian hiſtorian in this place informs us, that the company ſpent the remainder of the day entertaining themſelves at the expence of our adventurers; but that, being willing to mix the pleaſures of the country with their preſent paſtime, they appointed a hunting match for the following day.

CHAP. XII.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FARM-HOUSE.

ALL things being prepared for the chace by order of the count, the whole company, excepting the Empreſs Merry-dame and the infanta, ſallied forth from the caſtle after breakfaſt, to follow that diverſion. Don Quixote was mounted on Rozinante, and armed at all points, hoping to meet with ſome adventure. Sancho followed on Dapple, with the portmanteau behind him, and a wallet full of proviſions, as if he had been going a long journey. The ladies and gentlemen, being well mounted, ſoon left our adventurers in the rear; who, finding themſelves alone, ſtopped ſhort in a wood a quarter of a league from the caſtle. 'Son Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I have a thought 'come into my head; I am of opi-'nion we had beſt ſeek adventures, 'inſtead of hunting. I have a ſtrong 'preſage that we ſhall this day meet 'with ſomething extraordinary.'—'Content, Sir,' anſwered the ſquire; 'for Rozinante and Dapple are quite 'out of wind with coming all this way 'upon a trot. This ſort of hunting 'does not agree with them. Let us 'rather walk gently; and when we 'have a mind to reſt, we may ſit down 'under a tree. God be praiſed! I have 'a thouſand pretty bits in my wallet; 'and there is no feaſt like the beggars, 'when they have put all their ſcraps 'together.'—'What a glutton thou 'art!' ſaid Don Quixote. 'What 'need was there of bringing out pro-'viſions? Did not you breakfaſt before 'you came from the emperor's palace?' —'That I did,' anſwered Sancho; 'but the day is long, and a few hours 'hence I ſhall be very ready to mum-'ble what I have in my wallet. But, 'pray, Sir, which way muſt we go to 'meet with adventures?'—'That muſt 'be left to Rozinante's diſcretion,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'he is a good 'guide; I believe he is endued with 'human underſtanding, as was Bayar-'do, the ſteed of Rinaldo*.' This ſaid, he gave his horſe the reins, who ſtruck

* For the rational powers of Bayardo, ſee Arioſto, Book II.

into a path leading acroſs the wood to a farm-houſe belonging to the caſtle. 'Let us go, in God's name!' cried the knight; 'Heavens grant that the in-'fanta may ſee me again anon crowned 'with freſh glory! What praiſes ſhall 'I not receive from the emperor and 'the empreſs! The ladies will be loſt 'in admiration: but I fear leſt moſt of 'them, charmed with my proweſs, 'ſhould ſend me paſſionate love-letters, 'and overburden me with favours: 'I fear, I ſay; for, ſhould this be the 'caſe, you may believe I will return 'their billets-doux without ſo much as 'reading them. This will neceſſarily 'tranſport them with rage, and then 'they will never give over till they diſ-'cover my love for the infanta. This 'diſcovery will redouble their fury; 'and thoſe jealous rivals, conſulting to-'gether, will, perhaps, ruin my repu-'tation with Banterina by their falſe 'practices.'—'Well, well,' cried San-cho, 'ſo much the better. That is 'what I would be at.'—'Why ſo 'much the better?' anſwered Don Quixote. 'You do not conſider what 'you ſay.'—'I beg your pardon for 'that,' replied the ſquire; 'for if theſe 'princeſſes put you out of the infanta's 'favour, the infanta will turn you out 'of her palace; if the infanta turns 'you out of her palace, you will never 'ſee her again; if you never ſee her 'again, you will have your bellyfull of 'vexation; if you have your bellyfull 'of vexation, you will be as well 'pleaſed as if you were a king; for then 'you may go weep and lament in the 'wilderneſs. Did not you tell me but 'the other day, that it was a happineſs 'for a knight not to be beloved by his 'lady?'—'I did not tell you that,' replied Don Quixote: 'it is always 'more pleaſing to be beloved than to be 'hated. I told you, perhaps, that a 'nice knight finds a ſweet in the ſor-'rows of love: and that I yet hold to. 'Nay, I muſt confeſs I ſhould be glad 'if I had rivals, and that Banterina 'might ſeem to be without partiality 'for either of us; for then ſhould I per-'form a thouſand famous exploits to 'gain the preference of them. How-'ever, though I have no known rivals, 'yet our amours will nevertheleſs be aſ-'ſuredly thwarted: for, I will not flat-'ter myſelf; I cannot ſuppoſe that the 'emperor and empreſs, however highly 'they may eſteem me, will beſtow 'their ſole heireſs on a plain knight; 'and this obſtacle will furniſh ſufficient 'ſubject for my lamentations. But as 'all worldly things have an end, ſo 'my ſufferings will not laſt always. 'I ſhall, with mighty toil, win ulti-'mately the empire of Trebiſond; and 'then the archbanterer of the Indies, 'perceiving how honourable it muſt be 'for him to be allied to me, will freely 'conſent that Love and Hymen ſhall 'unite me to his daughter. Of us 'will come a ſon, who will in time be 'the very model of knights-errant; 'his name ſhall be compoſed of both 'our names, for we will call him Don 'Quibanterin, in imitation of Don Be-'lianis and Floriſbella, who called 'their ſon Don Belfloran.'—'Hang 'me!' cried Sancho, 'if I would not 'give a groat, with all my heart, that 'all this were come to paſs already! 'But ſaying and doing are two things: 'we are far enough from ſuch ſport; 'and God knows whether ever I ſhall 'live to ſee it!'

This ſort of talk held them acroſs the wood; and, when they were got through, Don Quixote eſpying the farm-houſe, which was but a ſmall diſ-tance from them, began to view it very earneſtly. Then turning to his ſquire —'Friend Sancho,' quoth he, 'here 'is the ſtrangeſt adventure we could 'ever have met with. The fortreſs 'there before us is the work of two 'enchanters. The wiſe Silfenus and 'the wiſe Friſton, the mortal enemies 'of Don Belianis, cauſed it to be built 'formerly to ſecure Floriſbella, whom 'they had ſtolen. There the un-'fortunate princeſs was delivered of 'Prince Belfloran, whom I but now 'told you of. Do not you ſee a wo-'man at the door, bearing a child on 'her lap?'—'Yes, Sir,' ſaid Sancho; 'and, by the ſame token, ſhe is now 'feeding it with pap.'—'Well,' added Don Quixote, 'that child is Prince 'Belfloran himſelf, who has been at 'leaſt theſe fifty years juſt in the ſame 'condition you now ſee him.'—'Saints 'and fathers!' exclaimed Sancho, 'what is it you tell me? Is it poſſible 'that little child ſhould have been theſe 'fifty years in it's ſwaddling-clouts?' —'Nothing ſo ſure,' anſwered the knight: 'that woman is a witch, who, 'by the fatal power of a horrid charm,

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'ſtops the courſe of nature, and keeps 'that prince in an eternal infancy, be-'cauſe it is foretold that he will one 'day exceed his father in valour; and 'that witch, who is an enemy to the 'houſe of Greece, hinders his growth, 'that he may never make good the pre-'diction. But Heaven has certainly 'brought me hither to put a ſtop to 'ſuch a felonious practice. I will 'attempt to reſcue Belfloran; I will 'eſpouſe the intereſt of the houſe of 'Greece; the glory of knight-errantry 'calls upon me to try ſuch a noble 'adventure: all thoſe monſters I ſee at 'the gate of the fortreſs do not in the 'leaſt deter me from my purpoſe.' Sancho gazed with all the eyes he had, and did all he could to diſcover the pretended monſters; but, being unable to deſcry them, he ſaid to his maſter—'For my part, I can ſee nothing about 'that farm-houſe but three goats, and 'a few turkeys, ſcratching upon the 'dunghill.'—'Thoſe you call goats,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'are ferocious 'bears; and your turkeys are the moſt 'dreadful griffins enchanters ever made 'uſe of to guard the entrance of their 'caſtles.'—'Since you ſay it, I be-'lieve it,' replied Sancho; 'for you, 'being dubbed a knight-errant, can 'ſee all that is, and all that is not; 'whereas, for my part, I proteſt I ſee 'nothing at preſent but the witch and 'the little child fifty years old eating 'it's pap. But, marry Sir! let him 'play that knows the game, ſay I! 'If you are ſure of what you tell me, 'even down with thoſe griffins: I 'have a ſtrong fancy they may be diſ-'patched with a blow or two, if they 'do not fly away.'—'Hold a little, 'ſon,' quoth Don Quixote; 'I muſt 'firſt offer up a prayer to that ſove-'reign lady of my heart, beſeeching 'her to give me ſtrength for this ad-'venture; which is ſo perilous, that I 'can never finiſh it without the particu-'lar aſſiſtance of that peerleſs infanta.' As he thus ſpoke, the amorous knight drew a deep ſigh from the bottom of his breaſt, and accoſted Banterina in theſe words—'O thou wonder of na-'ture! princeſs, whoſe beauty ſhall 'never be brought into compariſon 'whilſt I have breath! vouchſafe to fa-'vour me in this firſt adventure I am 'about to attempt under your banner! 'Let the world ſee, by your taking part 'with me, that a knight, ſtrengthened 'by your divine favour, is not to be 'overcome!' Here he broke off, for he perceived an object ſally out of the farm, which took up all his attention. It was a young fellow in a fuſtian cap and waiſtcoat; he was mounted on a black mule, and had a ſack of corn under him. 'Sancho,' ſaid Don Quix-ote, 'do not you ſee that dreadful mon-'ſter coming towards us?'—'Nay, 'Sir,' anſwered Sancho, 'as for him, 'I cannot agree with you. That is 'certainly no monſter. Though I 'were a thouſand times worſe enchant-'ed than I am, I would lay a wager 'that that is a young fellow carrying 'corn to the mill to grind.'—'An il-'luſion, friend; a mere illuſion!' re-plied Don Quixote: 'I aſſure you he 'is a Centaur, a monſter, half man and 'half horſe. He comes forward to 'fight us, fancying he can eaſily over-'come us, and carry us into the fort-'reſs, there to keep us enchanted for 'many ages; but he ſhall ſoon fall by 'the ſtrength of my blows. Be not, 'therefore, afraid of his diſmal ſhape 'and aſpect; but let my preſence en-'courage you.'—'Nay, faith, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I am not afraid at all. 'I am not afraid either of the bears or 'the griffins; nor do I ſtand any more 'in awe of them, than if they were 'goats and turkeys.'

By this time the Centaur drew near, thinking to have continued his progreſs without moleſtation; when Don Quix-ote, reſolved upon his deſtruction, made at him with couched lance. The young man, who had only a ſwitch in his hand, not ſeeing fit to ſtand the brunt of ſo formidable an aſſailant, turned ſhort about, and fled back towards the farm-houſe with the utmoſt expedition. The knight inſtantly purſued; but be-ing unable to overtake him, let looſe the torrent of his rage upon the goats; and, drawing his ſword, preſently put two of them to flight, and ſorely wound-ed the third. He next encountered the turkies; but they fled with terror be-fore him. Upon this our hero ſheathed his ſword; and, giving his lance to San-cho, he made up without loſs of time to the woman; who, not knowing what to think of this adventure, was run-ning into the houſe with her child, and the ſaucepan of pap in her hand. Don Quixote arreſted her upon the threſhold,

and endeavoured to take away her child: she screamed and struggled; and, resolving to make the best defence in her power, brandished her saucepan; and, bestowing a weighty blow with it upon the head of the knight, nearly suffocated him with the flummery. Don Quixote, however, quitted not his hold; and Heaven, at that time, favouring the house of Greece, he at length got possession of the son of Don Belianis. This precious charge he instantly delivered to his squire; which was scarcely done before they beheld the Centaur advancing again on foot, with two other young fellows belonging to the farm; all of them armed with long staves, and followed by their mastiff dogs; whose dreadful barkings, aided by the cries of the woman, made the neighbouring country resound. As soon as ever Sancho espied them, he could not but call to mind the dismal adventure of the melon-ground; and though he had remained unterrified either by the bears or the griffins, his heart now began to quake with apprehension. Don Quixote, on the other hand, resolving to maintain possession of his prey, unsheathed his sword, and opposed himself to them as undauntedly as the valiant son of Priam did to the two Ajaxes, when they advanced to wrest from him the body of Patroclus. The young men of the farm were in a deadly fury; their eyes flashed fire; nay, there is a certain Greek author hesitates not to affirm, that the blood-thirsty god of war was himself present, and urged them to the fight. Now, too, had the Destinies seized the fatal scissars, and with merciless hands were about to cut the vital threads of the combatants; when, as good fortune would have it, Heaven was pleased to interpose, and prevent the effusion of blood; for the chace happening to take a turn that way, the presence of the count soon appeased the Centaur and his companions, and pacified the clamours of the woman. Sancho, joyful as a pilot who has just escaped some dangerous rock, bawled out, as loud as ever he was able—'Welcome! heartily welcome, gentlemen! In good faith, you are come as opportunely as Easter does after Lent! Had it not been for you, those three wags there would have handled us very roughly.'—'But, why do you take away that child, Sancho?' said the emperor. 'To wean him, Mr. 'Archbanterer,' answered the squire. 'Is it not a shame he has thriven no 'better, and has been at nurse these 'fifty years?' The ladies and gentlemen easily guessed, by these words, that some new whim had struck the knight's pericranium; and not being able to look on him without laughing, they asked him who had daubed his face so filthily. He answered, very gravely, that it was a witch; and proceeded to relate to them the whole story of Prince Belfloran, and how he had finished the adventure of his deliverance. Very fain would he have fallen upon the young men of the farm; protesting that they were villains unworthy of longer existence: but Don Alvaro and Don Carlos at length pacified him, and persuaded him to put up his sword; alledging that, since they surrendered upon discretion, they ought to have good quarter given them.

'Indeed, Don Quixote,' said the archbanterer, 'so the thing should be; 'and you ought to rest satisfied with 'having rescued the heir of the house 'of Greece: all that remains, is to get 'him a better nurse, that he may grow 'apace, and be soon in a condition to 'fulfil the great decrees of fate.'—'Leave that to me,' quoth the count; 'I shall take a pleasure in performing 'it, as being so entirely devoted to the 'Emperor Trebatius, whom I love and 'honour as my friend and brother-in-'law.' This said, he took the child from the squire, who still held it, and privately conveyed it to the farmer's wife. The ladies and gentlemen then returned to the castle, very sufficiently diverting themselves both with the adventure and the adventurers.

CHAP. XIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE AMOURS OF DON QUIXOTE AND THE INFANTA BANTERINA.

OUR knight's visage was still enriched with a considerable portion of the cataplasm, when he appeared before the empress and the infanta. 'Princesses,' said the archbanterer, 'I 'must inform you that the matchless 'Don Quixote has this day gained as 'important a victory as that of yester-'day.'—'Sir,' answered Banterina, in

in a tone that marked how ſenſibly ſhe took part in her champion's glory, 'we can gueſs, by the noble dew which 'covers his countenance, that he has 'performed ſome glorious exploit; and 'the empreſs and I ſhould be very glad 'to know the particulars of it.' The emperor having ſatisfied their curioſity, they beſtowed abundance of praiſes on Don Quixote, wiped his face themſelves with napkins, diſarmed him amidſt the ſound of divers inſtruments, arrayed him in a blue ſattin night-gown and cap; and, leading him in that garb to the ſupper-room, ſeated him at table between them. After ſupper there was a ball: the emperor and empreſs began it by dancing a pavane; Don Quixote and Banterina followed with a ſaraband; and, though the honeſt gentleman had never learned to dance, yet was he ſatisfied that he acquitted himſelf excellently, as being perſuaded the order of knighthood neceſſarily conferred on it's poſſeſſor every poſſible ſpecies of perfection. The ladies and gentlemen danced, in their turns, till it was time to go to reſt: then the emperor diſmiſſed them all, and every one retired to his chamber.

As ſoon as the Knight of La Mancha had ſhut himſelf up in his apartment, he began to revolve in his mind the honours conferred upon him by the empreſs and the infanta; and he had already heated his imagination with a thouſand faſcinating images, when on a ſudden he heard a noiſe, which arouzed him from his reverie. He could very plainly diſtinguiſh that ſome perſon was ſcratching at his door; and he immediately conjectured it muſt be one of the ladies of the court, who, being ſmitten with his perſon, and no longer able to controul her amorous paſſion, had taken this method of diſcovering herſelf to him: he prepared himſelf, therefore, to act the cruel part; and his ſcrupulous fidelity had already deſtined that unhappy fair-one a ſacrifice to his princeſs, when he perceived his viſitor was the infanta herſelf. A felicity ſo unlooked for had well nigh killed him with joy. 'O glory of mortals!' exclaimed he in rapture; 'Sovereign lady 'of the univerſe! Light which diſpel-'leſt the gloom of my ſoul! Is it poſ-'ſible that you ſhould come in ſearch 'of me? Can mortal man be capable 'of ſuch an honour? Do I dream, or am 'I awake? In ſhort, dear princeſs, is it 'you I behold?' Banterina, leaning in a melancholy poſture on her damſel Laura, entered the chamber without anſwering a word; and approaching near to the knight, caſt on him a look of languiſhment, and burſt inſtantly into ſobbing and tears. Don Quixote, petrified at this piteous prelude, beſought moſt earneſtly that ſhe would acquaint him with the cauſe of her diſtreſs. Three ſeveral times ſhe diſparted her fair jaws for utterance; and thrice the word died upon her lips: the immenſity of affliction at length utterly overwhelmed her, and ſhe ſunk ſenſeleſs into her damſel's arms. The compaſſionate Laura, who was well acquainted with the cauſe of theſe ſorrows and ſwoonings, could now no longer contain herſelf. 'Alas! 'poor infanta!' exclaimed ſhe, 'more 'unfortunate than all thoſe mentioned 'in the diſmal books of chivalry, how 'happy ſhould I think you, could you 'die this moment! For, if you live, I 'perceive your days will be full of 'bitterneſs!' Don Quixote, touched to the heart by his miſtreſs's ſorrow, did every thing in his power to ſolace her; and Laura ſpared no pains. Good fortune decreed they ſhould not loſe their labour; the princeſs came to herſelf; and the knight, then accoſting her, ſaid—'Moſt beautiful and afflicted 'princeſs, acquaint me, I conjure you, 'with the cauſe of your weeping, and 'of that terrifying ſwoon which pierces 'my very heart!' Theſe words he uttered in an accent ſo woeful, that it renewed Banterina's grief. Laura, wrung with compaſſion to ſee her miſtreſs in ſuch deplorable plight, hereupon ſaid to her—'Ceaſe, dear Madam; ceaſe thus 'cruelly to torment yourſelf! Why do 'you put a reſtraint upon yourſelf be-'fore Don Quixote, who adores and 'loves you ſo entirely? Break that in-'human ſilence; or give me leave to 'ſpeak for you.'—'Well, then, Lau-'ra, my dear Laura!' anſwered the princeſs, with a languiſhing voice, 'do 'you acquaint Don Quixote with the 'misfortune that threatens me; for I 'have not ſtrength enough to tell it 'him.'—'Sir Knight,' ſaid the damſel, 'I will tell you the whole matter 'in two words. The emperor has juſt 'now told my miſtreſs that he deſigns 'to marry her, out of hand, to his neigh-'bour the Great Mogul's ſon; and to

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'this effect he will ſet out, eight days 'hence, to return into Aſia.'—'See 'there!' cried the princeſs, burſting into tears again; 'ſee there the ſource 'of my deſperation! I had rather die 'than marry the Great Mogul's ſon!' —'Beauteous infanta!' quoth Don Quixote, 'I conjure you, temper your 'grief! Heaven is too juſt to permit 'that you ſhould be given up to a 'prince you hate!'—'It is very true, 'Madam,' cried Laura; 'and you 'ſhould rather think of preventing the 'miſchief, than thus to indulge your 'ſorrow.'—'Alas!' anſwered Banterina, 'which way can I prevent it?'— 'How prevent it?' replied Laura. 'Love will ſhew you the way. You 'need but leave your parents, and go 'range about the world with Don 'Quixote.'—'You do not conſider 'what you ſay, Laura,' anſwered the princeſs. 'What! would you adviſe 'me to ſuffer myſelf to be ſtolen away?' —'Out upon it, Madam!' replied Laura; 'you put an ill conſtruction 'upon my words. In the language of 'chivalry, excurſions of this ſort are 'not ſtiled ſtealings away, they are 'merely making a ſally: and the beſt 'of it is, that, among you infantas, 'ſuch ſlips are no damage to your re-'putation. Take my advice, Madam; 'let us even follow the Knight of La 'Mancha whereſoever he pleaſes to 'carry us. Lord, what a pleaſant life 'we ſhall lead! We ſhall be all day, 'from morning till night, upon the 'road ſeeking adventures; and at 'night we ſhall lie in the woods. Is 'not that a pleaſant way of living? 'What wonder that ancient princeſſes 'took ſuch delight in it!'—'Madam,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'your truſty Laura 'gives you good advice. Since you 'entertain ſuch averſion for the Mo-'gul's ſon, fly from that violence 'which is offered to your inclinations: 'entruſt yourſelf to my protection, 'and let us travel through the world 'together. If you admit me for your 'knight, my future exploits will, per-'haps, prove to you that I am not 'unworthy of the honour.'—'Oh, 'knight!' anſwered the princeſs, ſigh-ing, 'how hard a matter is it to deny 'you? I find I ſhall inevitably accept 'of your propoſal; for I perceive no-'thing but honour, duty, and virtue, 'to oppoſe it. O ye great gods, if 'you would not have had me make a 'falſe ſtep, you ought not to have 'made me a maiden!'—'Then, Ma-'dam,' ſaid Laura, 'you are reſolved 'to go along with Don Quixote.'—'I 'am, good girl,' replied Banterina; 'but let us be gone quickly to prevent 'ſecond thoughts; for I am apt to 'be troubled with a ſcurvy modeſty if 'I conſider, and ſometimes my con-'ſcience checks me. I muſt confeſs I 'am ſomewhat baſhful for a court-'lady.' The princeſs having thus given her conſent, it was agreed among them that they would ſet out the next night, as ſoon as the emperor and em-preſs were withdrawn to their apart-ments. In pledge hereof, the princeſs extending one of her tawny paws to-wards the lips of Don Quixote, the knight amorouſly ſmothered it with kiſſes; after which, ſhe immediately withdrew with Laura, to give the arch-banterer and his company an account of this new ſcene.

CHAP. XIV.

HOW DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE MET A DAMSEL, AS THEY WENT OUT A HUNTING, AND WHAT PASSED BETWIXT THEM.

THE next morning, all the com-pany betook themſelves again to the diverſion of the chace; and the ſwiftneſs of Rozinante and Dapple be-ing very little improved ſince their for-mer expedition, Don Quixote and his ſquire were ſoon left in the lurch as be-fore. The knight was not much diſ-pleaſed at this circumſtance, as he want-ed to converſe with Sancho, which he had not done for ſome time. 'My 'friend Sancho,' ſaid he, 'I am over-'joyed I can diſcourſe with you; I 'have a great deal to communicate. 'Are you not amazed at the honours 'I have received at this court?'—'Yes, 'Sir,' anſwered the ſquire; 'and I 'am aſhamed for you, when I think of 'it. Laſt night, when I ſaw you at 'table by the empreſs, by my troth! I 'was like maſter Peter's parrot; I ſaid 'nothing, but I thought the more.'— 'Why, what could you think?' an-ſwered Don Quixote. 'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'it is no hard matter to gueſs 'at that. Methinks you, who are

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'but a country gentleman, ſhould not 'ſit, cheek by jole, by the empreſs, 'who is a topping princeſs.'—'I 'grant,' replied Don Quixote, 'that 'my extraction is infinitely inferior to 'hers; but you muſt underſtand, friend, 'that knights-errant, of a certain de-'gree of reputation, are equal to crown-'ed heads, as appears by the books of 'chivalry, which teſtify this truth; 'and therefore you ought not to won-'der at ſeeing me ſit by an empreſs: 'but what you ought to be ſurprized 'at is that particular regard, and thoſe 'ſpecial marks of diſtinction, which 'all perſons beſtow on me. I muſt 'confeſs I am almoſt confounded at 'ſuch accumulated honours; and yet, 'flattering as theſe are to me, I am 'infinitely leſs affected by them than 'by the kind regard of Banterina: 'that peerleſs infanta loves, or rather 'adores me. This to me is incon-'ceivable: ſhe came laſt night to my 'chamber, to acquaint me that her fa-'ther deſigns marrying her to the 'Great Mogul's ſon. Had you ſeen 'her, my child, her ſorrow would 'have grieved you to the heart. She 'had like to have died in her damſel 'Laura's arms; in ſhort, the flame ſhe 'cheriſhes for me cauſes her to behold 'this intended marriage as an affliction 'ſo terrifying, that, in order to ſhun 'it, and preſerve herſelf entirely for 'my love, ſhe has reſolved to forſake 'her father's court, and follow me 'whereſoever I will carry her; and we 'have agreed to be gone privately this 'very night.'—'It is very well done, 'Sir,' cried Sancho; 'but then we 'muſt take Mrs. Laura with us, too, 'for ſhe is a very genteel damſel.'—'Signor Squire,' anſwered Don Quixote, ſmiling, 'methinks the damſel 'Laura has found a place in your 'heart. In good truth, my ſon, you 'are catched in love's net! and, to 'prove what I ſay, I will now tell 'you what you feel within yourſelf. 'Is it not true, that you often think on 'that damſel? and that you are pleaſed 'when you think of her?'—'Yes, 'faith!' quoth Sancho; 'I think of 'her every moment; and I do not 'know for what, but I am mightily 'pleaſed.'—'Confeſs,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that you long to ſee her 'again; and that you could wiſh we 'were back at the caſtle.'—'God 'bleſs me, Sir!' replied Sancho, 'how 'can you gueſs at all that without my 'telling you! Hang me, nothing ſo 'true! I am mad to be at the caſtle 'again; and I, who never uſed to be 'weary of ſitting upon my aſs, am 'now as uneaſy as a whore at a ſer-'mon.'—'Do not wonder at my div-'ing into your ſecrets,' ſaid the knight, ſighing; 'I am but too well read in 'thoſe matters! But, to ſay the truth, 'I can never ſufficiently admire the 'power of Love: no heart is proof a-'gainſt his arrows, ſince he has wound-'ed yours. Spread open thy ſoul, my 'ſon! ſpread open thy ſoul to joy! and 'thank thy fortunate ſtars which enti-'tle thee to the moſt delicious expecta-'tions. The damſel Laura will bear 'her miſtreſs company; and your ra-'viſhed eyes ſhall daily behold the ob-'ject of their love.'—'But, Sir,' ſaid Sancho, 'may not I carry her away 'into my iſland, without ceremony? 'Can any body have any thing to ſay 'to it? Have not governors always 'ſome damſel in their caſtles for their 'houſekeeper?'

Don Quixote was about ſolving this caſe of conſcience, and, perhaps, in favour of Sancho, when a damſel ſuddenly appearing before them, broke off their diſcourſe; and, by her air and garb, drew their attention upon herſelf. She was mounted on a white palfrey, and held in her hand a large umbrella of roſe-coloured taffety, bordered with a rich ſilver lace. Her cloaths were of a white damaſk, embroidered with flowers of gold, and a veil of white ſattin covered her face. She advanced directly towards our adventurers, who thought they had not eyes enough to look at her; and when ſhe came near them, ſhe threw aſide her white veil, and diſcovered the face of a woman at leaſt threeſcore years of age. Don Quixote, however, did not fail miſtaking her for ſome princeſs ſtill in her teens, who had been ſtolen from her parents by ſome falſe knight, and then baſely forſaken. This fancy poſſeſſing his brain, he bowed down to the very pummel of his ſaddle; and, ſaluting the lady in the moſt reſpectful manner, ſaid to her—'Charming infanta, you 'have doubtleſs juſt cauſe to complain 'of fortune, ſince we ſee you thus 'travel without any guard or retinue. 'What knight, I marvel, in defiance

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'of that raviſhing beauty with which 'you are ſo ſuper-eminently gifted, 'and in contempt of thoſe repeated 'vows he had made to you, could 'come to the baſe reſolution of leav-'ing you forlorn? Acquaint me, I 'beſeech you, with the diſmal ſtory of 'your misfortunes; you cannot reveal 'them to a knight more entirely de-'voted to the ſervice of ladies than I 'am.'—'Sir Knight,' anſwered the damſel, 'I perceive, by your noble 'mien and air, that the beauteous ſex 'never implored your aſſiſtance in vain: 'I beg of you, therefore, to grant me 'a boon.'—'I will grant you an hun-'dred thouſand,' replied Don Quix-ote: 'ſpeak boldly, adorable princeſs! 'What is it you require of me?'—'I 'am no princeſs,' quoth ſhe; 'I am 'but a ſervant; and am thankful for 'that, ſince I can be no better: but 'the boon I aſk of you is for an infanta 'whom I ſerve, who is one of the moſt 'accompliſhed princeſſes in the world; 'you can never employ your ſword 'more gloriouſly than in her behalf.' —'Command me,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'explain yourſelf. What 'is the matter in hand?'—'The matter 'is,' replied the damſel, 'to chaſtiſe 'a knight who has proved falſe to my 'miſtreſs.'—'Charming maiden,' in-terrupted Don Quixote, 'I will un-'dertake that with all my heart: you 'need only name the traitor who could 'be guilty of an act ſo infamous.'— 'Ah, Sir!' exclaimed the damſel, 'how happy am I to have met with 'you! The avengement of my miſtreſs 'cannot be entruſted to a better hand. 'Nevertheleſs, I muſt not deceive you: 'however greatly I confide in your 'courage, I cannot avoid quaking for 'the event: for, to be brief, I bring 'you into an extraordinary danger; 'you are to engage a knight who makes 'the whole globe re-echo with his at-'chievements, and ſeems to lead about 'Victory by the hem of her garment.' —'When he has overcome me,' an-ſwered Don Quixote, 'I ſhall think 'him invincible. I am impatient to 'try my ſtrength with him! Tell me 'his name quickly, and where I may 'meet with him.'—'Sir,' replied the damſel, 'I am told he is in this coun-'try; and I will, in a few words, tell 'you his name and his ſtory. That 'changeling, that ingrate, that felo-'nious man, is called Don Quixote de 'la Mancha; and the unhappy prin-'ceſs he has wronged is Dulcinea del 'Toboſo. This perfidious knight, 'after having choſen her as his lady; 'after offering up his vows to her in a 'thouſand adventures, which he could 'never have finiſhed without the help 'of her peerleſs beauty, faithleſs and 'baſe as he is! hath undeſervedly for-'ſaken her, and is fallen in love with 'a fat Amazon queen, the refuſe of 'Prince Hiperborean and of the ſcho-'lars at Alcala. You change coun-'tenance, Sir Knight,' added the dam-ſel; 'I perceive the account of this diſ-'loyalty diſpleaſes you; your gene-'rous heart riſes at ſo baſe an action; 'and you could wiſh you had already 'freed the earth from that execrable 'monſter: but let nothing ſtay you; 'make haſte to ſeek him out, and ſhed 'his blood in recompenſe for his per-'jury.' This diſcourſe, as may well be imagined, ſtrangely troubled and annoyed the Knight of La Mancha: perceiving, however, that the damſel expected his anſwer, he ſpoke to her as follows. 'Truſty confidante of the 'Princeſs Dulcinea, I am too much an 'enemy to diſſimulation to conceal the 'truth from you. I muſt, then, avow 'myſelf to be that deplorable knight-'errant, whoſe death you require at 'my hands! you have before you the 'unfortunate Don Quixote de la Man-'cha.'—'Who? you!' exclaimed the damſel, with an air of aſtoniſhment. 'Are you that traitor my miſtreſs 'complains of? Nay, then, I find 'there is no truſting to phyſiognomy!' —'I am more unfortunate than guilty,' anſwered Don Quixote: 'I take Hea-'ven to witneſs, that I had ſtill been the 'Infanta Dulcinea's true knight, had 'not ſhe hated me; but I could no 'longer withſtand her unworthy con-'tempt of my love.'—'She neither 'deſpiſed nor hated you,' replied the damſel; 'and it was only her nice ho-'nour that made her miſuſe you. She 'was willing to make trial of your con-'ſtancy before ſhe would reward it; 'but underſtanding, by the voice of 'fame, that you were in love with ano-'ther lady, ſhe ſent me immediately to 'acquaint you that ſhe will never ſee 'you more; and that ſhe forbids you, 'in future, from ever ſetting your foot 'in La Mancha. This is what I am

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'ordered to tell you on her part, and 'this is what I muſt tell you on my 'own. Do not think, falſe knight, 'that Heaven will ſuffer you to go un-'puniſhed. It would no longer be 'juſt, ſhould it forbear to puniſh the 'wrong you have done to the moſt 'beautiful of it's works. May the 'enchanters your enemies mar the ſuc-'ceſs of all your undertakings! May 'they blot out of the memory of man 'all the glory you have acquired! May 'they perſuade all future generations, 'that the dreadful Bramarbas you 'overcame was nothing but a giant of 'paſteboard! And may they make po-'ſterity look upon all your heroick ac-'tions as ridiculous and fooliſh! 'Theſe are the curſes I beſtow on you, 'inconſtant Don Quixote! And, that 'your ſquire, who has a ſhare in your 'change, may not blame me for for-'getting him, may he every day meet 'with Yangueſians to drub his ſides, 'or with galley-ſlaves to pelt him with 'brick-bats!'—'And may you, Ma-'dam Spitvenom!' interrupted Sancho, angrily, 'fall into the next cart-rut 'with your palfrey, and break your 'ſtrumpet's neck for you!—What the 'devil ails her? And what have I 'done to her, that ſhe ſhould wiſh me 'ſo much harm?' The damſel, not regarding our ſquire's replication, turned her horſe's head about in an inſtant, and whipped him on ſo briſkly, that Don Quixote and Sancho ſoon loſt ſight of her.

CHAP. XV.

HOW STRANGELY DON QUIXOTE WAS PERPLEXED WHEN DULCINEA'S DAMSEL WAS GONE; WHAT INWARD STRUGGLES HE FELT, AND THE HAPPY RESOLUTION HE CAME TO AT LAST.

THE Knight of La Mancha, leaning penſively on the pummel of his ſaddle, found himſelf the prey to a thouſand melancholy reflections, and knew not what meaſure to fix upon. Sometimes he had a mind to follow Dulcinea's damſel; and then again he was witheld by the force of his new paſſion. Sancho, ſeeing him thus caſt down, ſaid to him—'Cheer up, Sir 'Knight of the Cupids! What! will 'you be troubled at the words of a 'gipſey?'—'O myſon!' cried Don Quixote, 'did you hear what ſhe ſaid? How 'wretched am I! But, alas! I deſerve 'it. She ſaid her miſtreſs did not de-'ſpiſe me; nay, ſhe did not even hate 'me: and I, too ready to take a re-'pulſe, broke that glorious chain; 'and, through my impatience, loſt the 'love of an adorable princeſs. Alas! 'poor cowardly knight, who haſt no 'courage but in the field of battle! 'Your conſtancy ought not to have 'yielded to the rigour and diſdain of 'that matchleſs princeſs. Return to 'your firſt chain. Run! Fly! Go 'ſwear to that lovely enemy that you 'will, for the future, only live for 'her! But I forget ſhe has prohibited 'me from appearing in her preſence. 'Shall I then provoke her juſt indigna-'tion by my diſobedience? No; it is 'enough that I reſtore to her the ſove-'reignty over my ſoul. She will not 'long remain unapprized that I have 'returned to my duty: Fame will take 'care to inform her of it. Let the 'Princeſs Dulcinea reign in my heart, 'then! May ſhe reign there for ever! 'But what do I ſay? Senſeleſs man! 'Shall I forſake the daughter of the 'Archbanterer of the Indies? Can I, 'in honour, do this, after what ſhe 'has done for me? Juſtly as ſhe will 'be incenſed at the ingratitude with 'which I recompenſe her bounties, 'will not this princeſs have greater 'reaſon to deteſt me than even Dulci-'nea? O, ye gracious powers! how 'ſhall I acquit myſelf of this perplex-'ity without detriment to my honour? 'I cannot be true to Dulcinea without 'being falſe to Banterina. What a 'heavy burden is honour! Whichſo-'ever way I turn me, I ſee my memory 'blaſted and my name covered with 'ignominy. But the time is ſhort; 'the Infanta of the Indies preſſes to 'be gone with me this night. What 'ſhall I do? Heaven inſpire me what 'courſe to follow!'

Here Don Quixote pauſed a while, deliberating on the means of extricating himſelf from this thorny dilemma without breach of his honour. At length, he ſuddenly turned to his ſquire, and

ſaid—'Bleſſed be my favouring ſtars, 'ſon Sancho, I am now no longer du-'bious! I know what I am to follow. 'I remember what the Knight of the 'Sun did in the like circumſtances, 'and I will imitate his example.'—'What good was it he did?' cried Sancho. 'I will tell you,' anſwered Don Quixote. 'He was upon the 'point of marrying Landabrides, when 'his firſt miſtreſs Claridiana ſent her 'damſel Arcania to him to upbraid 'him with inconſtancy. He was ſo 'touched with what ſhe ſaid, that he 'immediately left the Emperor Ali-'cander's court, and retired to a de-'ſart, reſolving there to die for grief.'—'Out upon it, Sir,' cried Sancho; 'what a beaſtly reſolution was that! 'Heaven forbid you ſhould ever do 'the like!'—'You do not know what 'you ſay,' replied Don Quixote. 'Can 'I do better than tread in the ſteps of 'ſuch a renowned knight? I muſt imi-'tate him, my friend; and, ſurrender-'ing myſelf accordingly to the impulſe 'of a juſt repentance, I this moment 'baniſh Banterina from my heart and 'my memory; and will now remove at 'a diſtance from the court, to finiſh 'the ſad courſe of my miſerable life 'in ſome ſolitary wilderneſs.' The ſquire, utterly averſe to ſo prepoſterous and uncomfortable a project, beſtirred himſelf with might and main to ſhake his maſter's reſolution; but his eloquence was all to no purpoſe. 'Forbear, San-'cho,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'forbear 'vainly to oppoſe a reſolution which 'ſo much concerns my glory. Fol-'low me, without contradicting any 'more; or elſe never more keep me 'company.' With theſe words he gave the reins to Rozinante, who took by chance the road which leads to Tole-do. Bitter grievance was it to the ſquire, that he ſhould be thus forced to leave the caſtle where he had fared ſo daintily; yet he preferred his duty before his in-clination, and followed his maſter: whoſe elopement proved a great diſap-pointment to the ladies and gentlemen; for theſe having employed the fictitious damſel of Dulcinea with a view of di-verting themſelves with our knight's embarraſſment thereat, never once took into their account that it might poſ-ſibly be the means of their loſing him.

CHAP. XVI.

THE SORROWFUL SEPARATION OF DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE.

OUR adventurers were now near Illeſcas, when they turned out of the highway to ſtrike into a little wood they eſpied in the plain. As ſoon as they reached it, they alighted, and ſat down on the graſs; and Don Quixote, thinking the place proper for the execution of his deſign, ſaid to San-cho—'It is here, my friend, that I will 'ſubmit to my deſtiny, offering up 'myſelf a ſacrifice to Dulcinea's diſ-'pleaſure. We have but a few mi-'nutes more to paſs together; we muſt 'now part for ever.' The ſquire, hear-ing theſe diſmal tidings, began to blub-ber amain, crying—'O my good maſter 'Don Quixote, what madneſs has poſ-'ſeſſed you to reſolve to die for having 'changed your miſtreſs? Does any body 'die now-a-days on that account?'—'Check your ſorrow,' quoth the knight; 'and oppoſe all the ſtrength of your 'reaſon againſt the rigour of our ill-'fortune. Our parting troubles me as 'much as yourſelf. I had flattered 'myſelf with the hopes of a longer life; 'but, ſince my honour ſtands not in 'need of it, and that, dying, I have the 'comfort of leaving you governor of a 'good iſland, I am willing to end my 'days. I know you relied on me, and 'thought I would, by my advice, eaſe 'you of part of the weight of your 'government. I deſigned the ſame; 'but no matter: liſten to me, my ſon; 'I will tell you how you ſhall govern 'your iſland ſo as to gain the love of 'all the inhabitants. Be ſevere with-'out being rigid; be good without be-'ing too indulgent; be generous, 'watchful, and ready to relieve all 'that ſtand in need of you. Let not 'the affairs of the wealthy be expedited 'with more readineſs than thoſe of the 'poor. Let not favour or intereſt turn 'you away from the courſe of juſtice. 'In ſhort, let all the people of your 'iſland live in peace, and quietly en-'joy their own. I will ſay no more; 'for, beſides that I will not burden 'your memory, I fear leſt the ſage 'who is to write my hiſtory, and who

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'records every thing that I utter, 'should fatigue his readers by a too pro-'lix discourse.'—'Sir,' answered Sancho, 'it is needless to teach me how to 'govern my island. I renounce all the 'governments in the world: I will die 'here with you; and that will soon be 'done, for I have but one day's pro-'vision.'—'No, friend,' replied Don Quixote; 'I will not allow you to 'share in my fate. The interest of 'your family requires you should live, 'and keep your government. It is 'enough that I die. Dulcinea's wrath 'requires but one victim.'—'Alas!' cried the squire, redoubling his lamentations, 'what, if you die, will be-'come of poor orphans? Who will 'defend giants against widows? O the 'cursed Dulcinea! Could she not have 'been quiet without sending her mes-'sengers after us?'—'Hold, Sancho!' cried Don Quixote; 'take heed, wretch, 'how you utter any blasphemies against 'that divine princess! I had rather all 'nature should return to it's first chaos, 'than to hear one word of reflection 'on that sovereign lady! Instead of 'cursing, you must go to her from me, 'and you must tell her that, not being 'able to survive her indignation and 'the prohibition to appear before her, 'I have pined away to death in this 'desart. Then shall you fall down at 'her feet, and conjure her not to hate 'my memory; and you shall never rise 'till her royal mouth has granted it. 'This is what I require of you. Now 'you may depart. Go, my son,' added he, holding out his hand to him; 'go, and sometimes remember you of 'your master. Farewel; I freely give 'you all that is in the portmanteau.' This present, though pretty considerable, could not console Sancho; who, upon this dismal occasion, gave good proof that he entertained a sincere regard for his master; for, laying hold of his hand to kiss it, he bathed it with his tears; and appeared so transported with sorrow, that our knight could not help being touched by it; and found himself obliged to remove so affecting an object from his sight, by requiring his immediate departure.

When his squire was out of his sight, he drew near to Rozinante, who stood motionless on all four, with his bridle on his neck, and his eyes shut, peaceably expecting his doom. 'Faithful 'companion of my labours,' said the knight to him, weeping bitterly, 'Heaven can testify I am as much trou-'bled to forsake you, as the Knight 'of the Sun was to part with his Cor-'nelin. I will make the same speech 'to you, for you well deserve it, that 'he made to him in the island of the 'demoniack Faunus.—O my good 'horse! In recompence for the service 'you have done me, I must needs dis-'charge you of your bands: I set 'you free. Go, you are no longer 'subject to the power of man; for the 'future follow your own inclination. 'Enjoy the same liberty which other 'creatures enjoy in this desart; for 'what knight would you serve after 'me?' This said, he took off his saddle and bridle, and giving him two gentle claps on the buttock with his open hand, added—'Go, then, beau-'tiful horse; remove at a distance from 'this fatal spot which I have chosen to 'be my tomb.' The freed beast, insensible of the value of liberty, yet feeling himself eased of his accoutrements, laid down quietly upon the ground to rest himself. Don Quixote observing it—'My dear Rozinante,' cried he, 'you cannot leave me, then. 'You prefer death before your liberty, 'and will not survive my misfortunes. 'Be it so, then; let us both die here to-'gether: and, when future ages un-'derstand that I expired for grief of 'having offended my lady, let them 'with admiration learn, at the same 'time, that you died for grief of losing 'me.' Having spoken these words, the unfortunate knight began his bitter wailings to the neighbouring echoes; and, prostrating himself on the earth, invoked death to succour him, being resolutely prepared to yield up his life a sacrifice to his chagrin.

CHAP. XVII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE RECEIVED UNEXPECTED COMFORT.

IN the mean while, Sancho having regained the highway that leads to Toledo, jogged slowly on, his brain oc-

cupied with a thouſand woeful cogitations; often ſighing, and ſtopping at every turn to look back to the place where he had left his maſter. But his dolors were now about to give place to joy; for, when he leaſt thought of it, a man mounted on a ſcurvy beaſt paſſed by; and, ſtaring earneſtly at him, cried out—'By the Lord, I am not 'miſtaken! It is certainly Signor San-'cho Panza I behold!'—'O, Mr. 'Barber!' quoth Sancho, recognizing maſter Nicholas his countryman, 'is 'it poſſible I have ſtumbled upon you? 'What chance brought you into this 'ſtrange country?'—'I will tell you 'that punctually,' anſwered the barber, 'when you have informed me 'what is become of Don Quixote.'—'Alas, maſter Nicholas!' replied Sancho, 'all we can ſay of Don Quixote 'now is, God reſt his ſoul! He needs 'nothing now but prayers.'—'O Hea-'vens!' cried the barber in conſternation, 'then your maſter is dead!'—'Not yet,' replied the ſquire; 'but his 'life is in great danger. I left him 'juſt now in the wood you ſee yonder, 'where he purpoſes to die through de-'ſpair for Madam Dulcinea.'—'God 'be praiſed!' ſaid maſter Nicholas; 'ſince he is not abſolutely dead, all is 'well enough. Cheer up, my friend; 'Don Quixote ſhall not die: I come 'now to tell him ſuch news as will 'put him out of conceit with his jour-'ney into the other world.'—'What 'news?' quoth Sancho. 'The moſt 'ſurprizing,' anſwered the barber, 'and 'the moſt pleaſing he can ever hear. 'But let us make haſte to convey it to 'him; for let medicines be never ſo 'ſo good, they are uſeleſs when ap-'plied too late.' Sancho, who had great confidence in maſter Nicholas, laid much ſtreſs upon his words, and conducted him ſpeedily to the ſpot where he had lately parted from the knight of La Mancha.

There they found Don Quixote, ſtretched out on the ground, leaning his head on his hand, and buried in profound meditation. 'Sir,' cried Sancho, 'I beg your pardon for interrupt-'ing your penance, and diſturbing the 'pleaſure you take to die for deſpair; 'but it muſt be ſo, for here is maſter 'Nicholas the barber come with me, 'who brings you good news.'—'Alas!' anſwered Don Quixote, 'what can he 'ſay that will avail me in the wretched 'condition I am in!'—'I know no-'thing of the matter,' quoth the ſquire; 'but I rely on him, and am already 'overjoyed at what he is going to tell 'you.'—'You have a true foreboding, 'friend Sancho,' replied the barber; 'and your maſter will rejoice as much 'as you do, when he is informed my 'errand is to acquaint him that the 'Princeſs Dulcinea del Toboſo is re-'ſolved to make him happy.'—'What 'is it I hear?' cried Don Quixote. 'What pleaſing words are thoſe have 'reached my ears? O my dear friend 'maſter Nicholas, perhaps you only 'utter them to divert my grief, and 'ſnatch me out of the hands of death.' —'No, no,' replied the barber; 'I 'tell you nothing but the truth; and, 'to prove what I ſay, I have a letter 'for you from that noble infanta.'—'Gracious powers! a letter?' cried Don Quixote in a tranſport; 'what 'thanks ſhall I be able to return you, 'Mr. Barber?'—'I am no longer a 'barber,' anſwered maſter Nicholas: 'I have ſold my razors, baſon, and 'waſh-balls; I am now ſquire to the 'Princeſs Dulcinea, and my name is 'Toboſin.'—'Let me be hanged!' cried Sancho, 'that is great news. What! 'you have no ſhop, then? And, pray, 'who is ſhaver at this preſent in 'our village?'—'There is no trim-'ming at all there,' replied maſter Nicholas; 'and I will preſently tell you 'the reaſon. But let us now mind 'more important matters.' Thus ſaying, he pulled out of his pocket a letter, and delivered it to Don Quixote, who took and read it aloud. The contents were as follows—

THE LETTER.

'THE Princeſs Dulcinea del To-'boſo, the ſlave to the heavenly 'fire-brands; to thee, the cauſe of all 'my misfortunes, the Knight of the 'Sorrowful Aſpect, health. I ought 'to ſhiver at thy very name; and, as 'a puniſhment for thy negligence in 'ſeeking tidings concerning me, I 'ought to blot out of my memory all 'thy exploits, which, to my ſorrow,

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'are there engraved as it were on braſs. 'But ladies do not always what they 'ought to do; and, therefore, inſtead 'of treating you with that rigour you 'deſerve, I write to you, to command 'you, by the power Love gives me over 'your perſon, to return immediately, 'upon receipt hereof, into La Mancha. 'My ſquire, who is well known to 'you, will inform you how much I 'ſtand in need of your valour and 'aſſiſtance. Heaven keep you, and 'preſerve my life; which I much fear 'till I can enjoy your unworthy and 'dear ſight.'

'O Heavens!' exclaimed the knight, 'what a felicitous alteration! I can 'ſcarce believe this miracle! How 'obliging is this letter! I am the more 'ſurprized at it, becauſe it differs ſo 'much from what the damſel told me 'whom we met this morning.'—'What damſel did you meet?' ſaid the barber. 'One of the Infanta Dul-'cinea's damſels,' anſwered Don Quixote. 'And what did ſhe ſay to you?' quoth maſter Nicholas. 'She told me,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'that her miſ-'treſs forbade my ever appearing be-'fore her, or returning to La Man-'cha. Confounded at that fatal in-'junction, I repaired to this ſolitude 'to fulfil my miſerable deſtiny.'—'Heaven forefend!' replied the barber, gueſſing by this information that ſome-body had been diverting himſelf at the knight's expence. 'It is true, the 'Princeſs Dulcinea was in a great paſ-'ſion when ſhe ſent that damſel to you; 'but ſince then the caſe is altered 'with the infanta, and an accident has 'happened which obliges her to deal 'more favourably by you: in the con-'dition ſhe is in at preſent, it would ill 'become her to treat you like a Turk 'or a Moor; ſhe has more need to make 'the beſt of it, and to court you; for, 'to deal plainly, ſhe ſtands in need of 'your ſword.'—'Explain yourſelf, 'maſter Toboſin!' cried Don Quixote, in a tranſport. 'What danger is my 'princeſs in? Inform me quickly!'—'She is in the greateſt of dangers,' replied maſter Nicholas: 'ſhe refuſed, 'ſome months ſince, to marry the Em-'peror of Trebiſond; who, to revenge 'himſelf, has laid a deſign to ſteal her 'away; and to that end he is come to 'Toboſo with an army of ſix hundred 'thouſand men.'—'Powers above!' exclaimed Don Quixote, interrupting him, 'can ye then favour ſuch an out-'rage? Tell me, my friend, what did 'the princeſs do in this extremity?'—'She ſummoned the ban and arrear-'ban to be in arms,' replied the bar-ber; 'and not only the gentry, but all 'the inhabitants, of the villages of To-'boſo and Argamaſilla, are got toge-'ther in her palace, with a reſolution 'to defend her to the laſt drop of their 'blood; and have all vowed to let 'their beards grow till they have de-'feated the enemy: and this is the 'reaſon why I told you they did not 'trim their beards. Now, you muſt 'underſtand, there have been ſeveral 'encounters; the arrear-ban has done 'wonders, as it uſed to do: the Pagans 'have always had the better; they have 'torn to pieces Peter Perez our curate's 'new caſſock, and cut out the tongues 'of our two alcaldes for having given 'judgment wrongfully.'—'O Holy 'Virgin!' cried Sancho; 'then our 'alcaldes are finely brought to bed!'—'In ſhort, Don Quixote,' added the barber, 'though the Toboſines behave 'themſelves bravely, they muſt needs 'fall at long run; and, though Dul-'cinea's palace were better defended 'than the caſtle of Albracca*, ſooner 'or later, the Emperor of Trebiſond 'will make himſelf maſter of it. So, 'you ſee, that unleſs you ſpeedily re-'lieve my miſtreſs, ſhe is a loſt infanta.'—'Away! away!' cried Don Quixote; 'let us fly to her relief! I am as able 'to rout a numerous army as Orlando. 'Let us ſaddle Rozinante quickly, and 'be gone!'—'Don Quixote,' ſaid the barber, 'I find I am not deceived in 'my expectation; I knew you could 'not fail being on fire when I told you 'this news. I aſſure you I am over-

* Albracca was the capital of the kingdom of Cathay. Angelica, daughter to Galaphron the ſovereign thereof, having rejected Agrican King of Tartary, who demanded her in marriage, he raiſed a great army, and beſieged her in Albracca. Agrican was at length ſlain in ſingle combat by Orlando.—See Orlando Innamorato of Boyardo.

'joyed

'joyed to see your readiness; and the 'Princess Dulcinea has good reason to 'ground all her hopes on you.'—'Is 'it possible, Mr. Tobosin,' said the knight, 'that that beautiful queen 'should make any account of my va-'lour?'—'How do you mean?' replied the barber. 'By the Lord, she 'values you more than all the twelve 'peers of France put together! "Go, "my dear Tobosin," said she to me at 'parting; "go seek out the Knight "of the Sorrowful Aspect; bid him "come to defend his princess. Ah! "were he here, how little should I "fear the Emperor of Trebisond!" As the barber spoke these words, Don Quixote, catching him in his arms, hugged him heartily, in token of the pleasure with which such grateful intelligence inspired him.

At this time, Rozinante having smelt out master Nicholas's beast, with whom he had formerly skipped in the meadows of Toboso, he got up very heavily, and began to neigh so loud, that the whole wood resounded. Don Quixote received it as a favourable presage. 'Re-'joice, my friends!' said he; 'Rozi-'nante forebodes the victory I am go-'ing to gain over the Emperor of Tre-'bisond! We cannot set out under 'better auspices.'—'No, truly!' answered the barber, smiling; 'if there 'were still a college of augurs at Rome, 'he would well deserve to be one of 'them: but we must saddle and bridle 'him instantly; for time is precious. 'You may guess what an havock an 'army of six hundred thousand men 'will make in a country where they 'live at discretion.'—'O Lord!' cried Sancho, 'what will become of my 'oxen, my six ewes, my goats, my 'eight hens, and my cock? I will war-'rant those dogs will soon dispatch 'them!'—'That is done already,' quoth master Nicholas; 'it was the first 'thing they did. The very first day 'they came they devoured your oxen, 'your sheep, and your goats; and the 'emperor, who loves none but nice 'bits, eat your cock boiled with ba-'con.'—'And what became of my 'hens?' said Sancho. 'They made 'broth for their sick men with them,' replied Tobosin. 'Mercy on me!' cried Sancho, 'I am utterly undone! Good 'God! is it lawful to devour other 'men's substance after that manner? 'The Holy Brotherhood ought to take 'up all those knaves, and send them 'to the galleys.'—'That is not so 'easily done,' answered the barber: 'but cheer up, my friend! you serve 'a master who keeps fortune locked 'up in his sword-scabbard: and as for 'the loss you have sustained, I promise 'you the Princess Dulcinea shall make 'it good.' This assurance somewhat comforted Sancho: he saddled and bridled Rozinante; and they all went out of the wood, taking the road to Toboso.

CHAP. XVIII.

WHAT THE BARBER'S DESIGN WAS; WHAT DON QUIXOTE DID AFTER THE EXAMPLE OF DON BELIANIS OF GREECE; AND, LASTLY, OF THE MOST UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE THAT EVER BEFEL HIM.

OUR Arabian historian begins this chapter by acquainting us with the barber's design; and tells us, that Mr. Valentin being informed by the canons, to whom Sancho told his story of the geese, that Don Quixote was gone to Madrid, had written to the curate Peter Perez, giving him an account of it, and exhorting him in his charity not to suffer that honest gentleman to continue any longer the laughing-stock of Spain. This letter the curate shewed to master Nicholas; and, upon mature deliberation, they both agreed that Don Quixote must be once more secured in a cage; and, for the future, be so well watched, that he should have no opportunity of escaping; that the only way to draw him into La Mancha was to possess him with the idea of Dulcinea's being in imminent danger, and to write a letter, in which that disconsolate princess should implore his assistance; that the barber should go directly to Madrid to deliver the letter; and, to give the better colour to this cheat, should pretend to be Dulcinea's squire. This was accordingly exactly performed, as has been seen. Now let us return to our history.

Our adventurers were not yet got out of

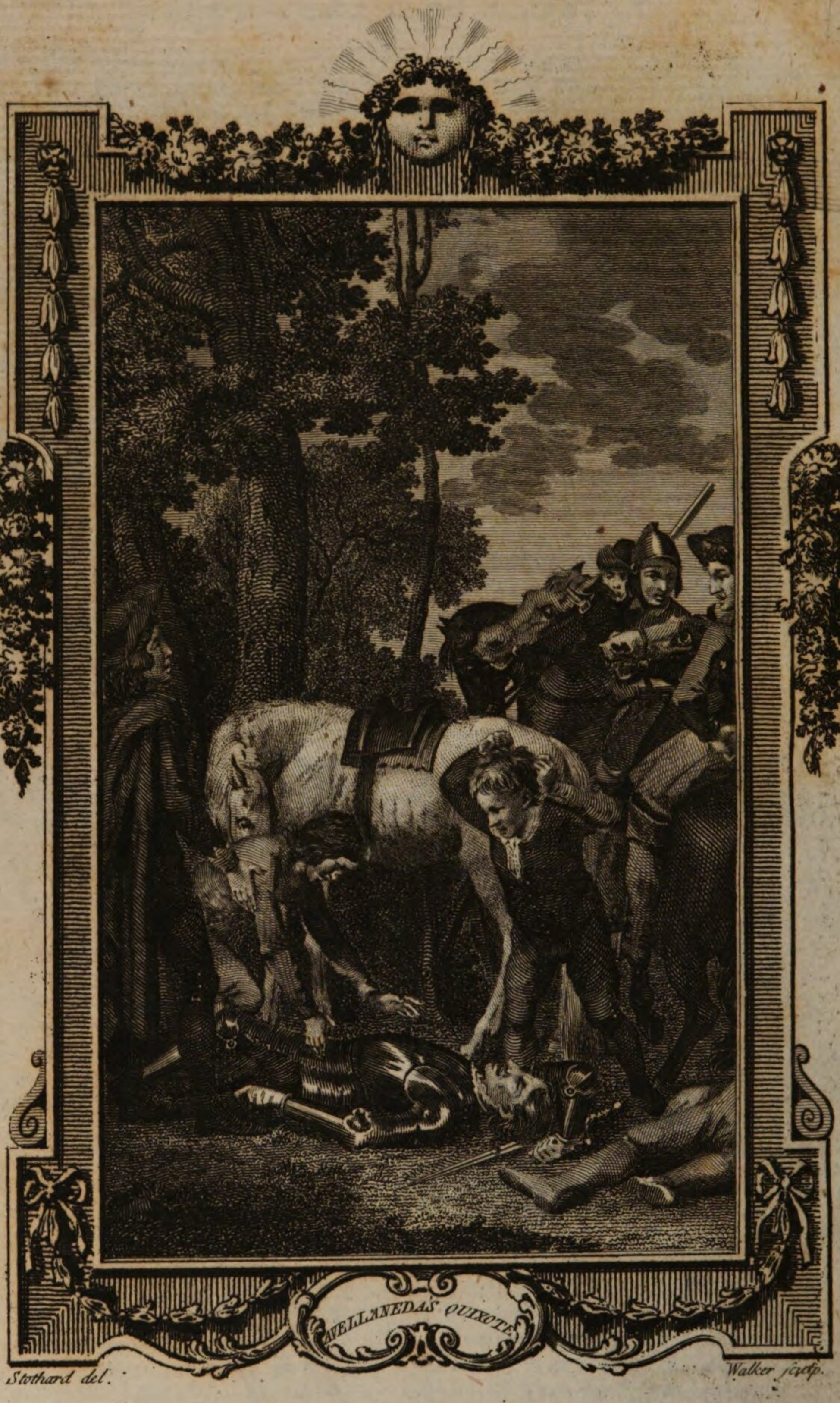
of the wood, when Don Quixote ſaid to the barber—'Mr. Toboſin, I remem-'ber I have read that Don Belianis, 'underſtanding that a puiſſant army 'lay before Babylon to carry off Flo-'riſbella, was four days without ſpeak-'ing one word, to expreſs his concern. 'Would not you adviſe me to follow 'his example?'—'No doubt of it,' anſwered maſter Nicholas; 'it is the 'beſt thing you can do. To what pur-'poſe do we read the actions of great 'men, if we do not imitate them? Do, 'Don Quixote, ſpeak not in four days: 'Dulcinea will be charmed at ſuch a 'notable teſtimony of your concern; 'and, upon my word, I will take care 'to magnify it to her.'—'Then I deſire 'you both,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'not 'to interrupt my ſilence. Do you two 'diſcourſe as if I were not with you.' This ſaid, he was ſilent on a ſudden, to begin his imitation of Don Belianis. 'So, friend Sancho,' ſaid the barber, 'let us deal it about now; let us talk 'a little to divert ourſelves.'—'By my 'faith,' quoth Sancho, 'you have met 'with your match! I thank God, my 'tongue was never backward; and I 'know you can play your part: ſo 'that, betwixt us, we ſhall ring a brave 'peal.'—'Well,' ſaid the barber, 'to 'ſet you a-going then, recount to me 'all the adventures that have befallen 'you ſince your laſt ſally, to the end 'that I may entertain the Princeſs 'Dulcinea with them when I get 'home.' Sancho did as he was de-ſired; and, when he had ended the re-lation, went on ſaying—'Now, maſter 'Nicholas Toboſin, pray do you ex-'plain one thing which very much 'puzzles me. Is it poſſible there ſhould 'be a palace at Toboſo, and that the 'ſiſter of Baſil and Bertrand Nogales 'is a princeſs? For, to ſay truth, when 'I carried her my maſter Don Quix-'ote's letters, I could ſee nothing but 'a downright peaſant; and yet her 'damſel we met this morning was 'clad like a lady of quality. Then it 'is likely I was enchanted when I ſaw 'Madam Dulcinea, and am ſo no longer 'now.'—'There is no doubt to be 'made of that,' anſwered the barber: 'it is likely that when you diſenchant-'ed that Infanta Bouncerina you tell 'me of, you diſenchanted yourſelf at 'the ſame time. Your faſt might 'produce that effect.'—'My faſt!' cried Sancho, laughing as if he were mad. 'By my troth, that is a good 'notion!'—'Why do you laugh ſo 'heartily?' quoth the barber. 'I ne-'ver laughed with a better will,' re-plied he; 'and, ſince my maſter cares 'no more for the Infanta Bouncerina, 'I will tell you how that matter was. 'All the archbanterer's court, and my 'maſter Don Quixote himſelf, think 'I faſted for her; but the devil take 'him that did! Yet, for all that, ſhe 'is as well diſenchanted as if I had 'not eaten a bit: and thus you ſee 'ſometimes a good name is gotten by 'fibbing.' Don Quixote, hearing this diſcourſe, could not reſtrain himſelf. 'How now, ſcoundrel!' cried he to his ſquire; 'did not you go to bed 'without your ſupper?'—'I grant it, 'Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'but when you 'were in bed, do not you remember I 'got up?'—'Well, and what then?' replied the knight. 'What then!' an-ſwered the ſquire; 'why it was then I 'went to pillage the pullet and the 'piece of bread you had left upon the 'table.'—'What ſtories do you tell 'us!' ſaid Don Quixote. 'You talk 'of a dream as if it had been a reality.' —'I make no queſtion of it,' ſaid the barber: 'that night when he faſted, he 'dreamed he got up to eat a pullet and 'a piece of bread; and the dream has 'made ſuch an impreſſion on him, that 'we need not wonder he looks upon it 'as truth.' Maſter Nicholas ſpoke theſe words ſo gravely, that Sancho, not knowing what to think of it, cried out—'Good God! is it poſſible I only 'eat the pullet in a dream? Then a 'man, broad awake, cannot ſwear he 'is not aſleep!'—'You are no good 'logician,' anſwered Don Quixote: 'you muſt not ſay, that a man broad 'awake is not ſure he is not then aſleep; 'but you muſt ſay, that a man who 'thinks himſelf awake, may poſſibly 'be aſleep; and then you will argue 'categorically.'—'Nay, faith, Sir!' quoth Sancho, 'I do not underſtand 'thoſe morals; but God knows the 'truth of it!'—'Since the infanta was 'diſenchanted,' replied the barber, 'you may be ſatisfied that you faſted; 'for enchanters are not to be impoſed

'upon.

'upon.—But Don Quixote,' added he, 'to your silence again; and, lest 'you should be forced to break it a se-'cond time, do not listen to what we 'shall say.' The knight took his advice, gave over all attention to their discourse, and, occupying his thoughts with the great feats he was to perform before Dulcinea, was entirely wrapped in meditation, and punctually observed his silence for four days.

By this time, they drew near Argamasilla and Toboso, and were almost in sight of those two villages, when the barber said to Don Quixote—'At 'length, Sir Knight, after a long 'journey, we are now near the place 'where your presence is so necessary.' —'We can never come soon enough, 'my dear Tobosin,' answered Don Quixote. 'What a multitude of dis-'mal notions occur to me! My valour 'is ready to sink under them. When 'I consider our country desolated, our 'fields thronged with Pagans, our 'crops carried away by strangers, our 'friends and townsmen slaughtered; 'and, above all, when I think on my 'princess in despair, counting as im-'patiently as myself, the moments I 'am wanting; good God! what a tor-'ment is this for a heart so tender as 'mine!'—'I must confess,' said Tobosin, 'those are woeful thoughts; but 'we must hope Dulcinea will be more 'afraid than hurt. Let us think of 'defending her; and all three of us 'resolve to cut and thrust.'—'Why all 'three?' quoth Sancho. 'Must we, 'that are no knights, run our heads 'into the battle?'—'Sure enough,' answered Master Nicolas. 'It is true, 'we cannot fight knights, but it is 'lawful for us to engage scoundrels 'and rakes; and, I believe, there are 'enough of them in an army of six 'hundred thousand men.'—'You 'need not second me, my friends,' said Don Quixote. 'Though this army be 'very numerous, I shall soon put it to 'flight myself; for I will go directly 'to the emperor's quarters; and, find-'ing out that prince, by the three 'crowns he wears on his head, as is 'the custom of the emperors of Trebi-'sond, I will make myself way through 'the soldiers and knights that encom-'pass him, and then I will attack him. 'He will not be able to withstand my 'force: I will strike him down, and 'cut off his head; as one of his pre-'decessors was served by Contumelian 'of Phœnicia. Then the news of 'his death being spread abroad among 'his troops, they will fall into con-'sternation and fly.'—'So our coun-'try,' quoth the barber, 'will be at 'once delivered from those Pagans. 'Heavens be praised! By my troth! 'well fare the books of chivalry! they 'teach us curious stratagems in war.' Thus they discoursed till they discovered Argamasilla; and, when they were come within two hundred paces of it, the barber, designing to get into the village to acquaint the curate with the arrival of their countryman, and to make ready the cage, said to the knight —'Don Quixote, do you halt here 'with Sancho: I will go view the ene-'my; and will return in a moment 'with an account of the posture I find 'them in. Be you upon your guard, 'the mean while, for fear of a sur-'prize.'—'Go, brave Tobosin,' answered Don Quixote; 'and observe all 'things attentively.'—'I will not 'fail,' replied the barber: 'I will 'examine all things nicely; but I will 'endeavour chiefly to discover where 'the emperor's quarters are.' This said, he left Don Quixote, and made haste into the village. 'Sancho, my 'son,' said the knight, 'let us both 'stand centinel: let us look about; and 'be so watchful that nothing may 'escape us.'—'Would to God,' answered the squire, 'these six hundred 'thousand Pagans would make their 'escape! By my faith, I would never 'hinder them!' As they thus stood, looking around them on all sides, they chanced to espy ten or twelve men on horseback in the plain, making towards Toboso; and these were a party of the Holy Brotherhood. 'To arms! to 'arms!' cried Don Quixote. 'See 'there a strong detachment of the Pa-'gan army! They are the flower of the 'knights of Trebisond, whom the em-'peror, being informed of my arrival, 'sends out to hem me in! But I will 'fall upon them; and, having put them 'all to the sword, will, by their de-'feat, strike a terror into the enemy's 'army!' This said, he spurred on

Rozinante



Stothard del. Walker sculp.

Plate V. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & C.o Sept.r 18, 1784.

Rozinante towards the knights of Trebiſond. Alas, poor Knight of La Mancha! whither is your valour hurrying you? What rueful ſpectacle, alas! are you now about to exhibit to the eyes of the univerſe? O ye Tartars and Chineſe! ye nations who behold the bright Aurora ope the curtains of the day! and ye inhabitants of the new-found world, with whom the great luminary that lights us ſets! ye ſcorched Ethiopians, and ye frozen Laplanders! Don Quixote advances to the combat: attend all of ye to this mighty event.

The troopers ſeeing Don Quixote make towards them, halted to expect him; but, though they were ſurprized at his mien and garb, they were much more amazed, when, being come within hearing, he cried out to them with a menacing voice—'O ye contempti-'ble mortals, who do not deſerve to be 'called knights, ſince you are not 'aſhamed to ſupport the baſe cauſe of 'the infamous prince you ſerve, ſtand 'upon your guard!' The officer who commanded the party, underſtanding theſe words as a reflection on the king his maſter, replied haſtily—'Sure 'thou art mad, or ſome damned inſo-'lent fellow, that dareſt ſpeak ſuch 'words of the moſt honourable of all 'princes!' Don Quixote, hearing himſelf called madman and damned fellow, ſet himſelf faſt in his ſtirrups, couched his lance, and ran full tilt at the officer; who, having neither time nor ſkill to avoid the thruſt, received it in his heart, and fell down dead under his horſe's belly. Upon this, the troopers drew their ſwords, and hemmed in the knight to ſeize him; but he drew as well as they, and charged ſo furiouſly, that he wounded two or three of them. The others, fearing the ſame fate, began to give way; when one of their number aſhamed that the whole party could not ſecure a ſingle man, laid hold of his carbine; and, taking aim at the face of the unfortunate Manchegan, lodged a brace of bullets in his brain. The poor knight had no need of a ſecond ſhot. His feeble hand dropped Rozinante's bridle; and, tottering a while in the ſaddle, he fell off near the dead body of the officer he had ſlain. Sancho, who beheld the combat at a diſtance, put on to help up his maſter; but finding him ſtretched out ſenſeleſs on the ground, and his viſage covered with blood, he broke forth into all the frantick exceſſes of a truly-afflicted ſquire. He wept, he tore his hair, beard, and eye-brows; and made the plain ring with his cries, ſighs, and lamentations.

Whilſt Sancho thus raved, the curate Peter Perez, and the barber, arrived on the field of battle; and, finding no ſigns of life in Don Quixote, were much troubled. The troopers were diſpoſed, at firſt, to have taken poſſeſſion of the dead knight's body, in order to form a proceſs againſt him as a common diſturber of the peace, and render him and his memory infamous; but, as ſoon as they were made acquainted with his ſtrange infirmity, they gave him up to the care of his countrymen, and retired with the carcaſe of their comrade, whom they buried in a place which the Arabian hiſtorian has omitted to ſpecify. When they were gone, the curate and the barber began mutually to bewail the fate of Don Quixote; and were the more inconſolable, as having been themſelves, though innocently, the occaſion of it. Sancho, on his ſide, renewed his lamentations. 'O my good 'lord and maſter!' cried he, ſhedding bitter tears, 'now it is we are parted! 'We ſhall never ſee one another more 'till we meet in the great valley!—A-'las! poor orphans, your father is 'dead! Princeſſes may now cry, no-'body will ſuccour them; and chi-'valry will fall altogether, ſince it has 'loſt the knight that ſupported it.—'Alas! what ſhall I do in this world 'without you, my dear maſter? I 'have neither oxen, nor ſheep; the 'Pagans have diſpatched them; and 'the Emperor of Trebiſond has eaten 'my cock, comb and all. I have 'nothing left but our portmanteau, 'which you gave me the other day; 'and I cannot tell but Mr. Curate 'may ſweep that away for your bu-'rial.'—'No, Sancho,' cried the curate, 'I ſhall aſk nothing for that, my 'friend; and if your maſter has given 'you that portmanteau, you ſhall keep 'it.' The barber, having added ſome

other words of comfort to the drooping ſquire, they all three ſet forth with the remains of Don Quixote for the village of Argamaſilla, where it is to be ſuppoſed they rendered him the laſt ſad offices with a pomp ſuited to the dignity of his character. It is to be ſuppoſed, I ſay; for in this place the ſage Aliſolan, through grief, lets fall his pen. Melted with the melancholy ſituation in which he beholds his hero, he averts his eyes from the diſtreſsful ſpectacle; and, abandoning his work, concludes here this hiſtory*.

* This account of the death of Don Quixote originates with the French tranſlator. Avellaneda does not terminate the knight's life at the cloſe of his work; but, in conſiſtency with the intention hinted in his preface of bringing out his hero in Old Caſtile, (which is alluded to by Cervantes at the concluſion of his Don Quixote) leaves him in health and readineſs for farther atchievements.

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